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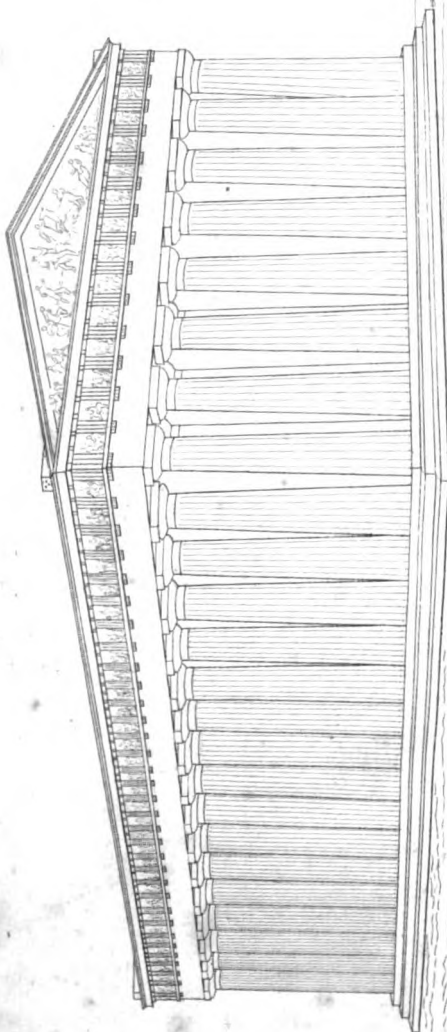
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THE
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(NEW SERIES.)

COMPRISING ORIGINAL REVIEWS, BIOGRAPHY, ANALYTICAL AB-
STRACTS OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, TRANSLATIONS FROM FRENCH
JOURNALS, AND SELECTIONS FROM THE MOST ESTEEMED BRITISH
REVIEWS.

VOL. II. JULY TO DECEMBER, 1890.

PHILADELPHIA:

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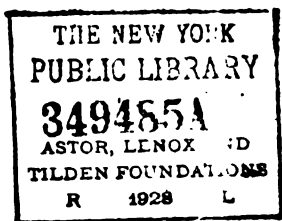
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THE
ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1820.

ART. I.—*An account of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Samuel Stanhope Smith, D. D. L. L. D., late President of Princeton College.*

(Continued from vol. 1. p. 474.)

WE shall now proceed to state his claims as a philosopher, a president of the college, a writer, a pulpit orator and a man. Dr. Smith, from the earliest period of life, devoted himself exclusively to the cultivation of science. His pretensions as a philosopher do honour to his country. In all his works we discover great justness and profoundness of observation, extensive acquaintance with science and literature, together with a liberal and philosophical cast of thinking. His Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion, his Moral Philosophy, his Lectures upon the Evidences of Christianity delivered to the students in college, his Treatise upon the Figure and Complexion of the human species, and lastly, his sermons, consisting of one volume already published, and what will probably fill two volumes more that are at present in manuscript, are the works upon which his reputation is built, and they are all written with the hand of a master. In his Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion, he has given a concise but neat and perspicuous view of the doctrines and rites of the christian religion, as they are received and practiced in the presbyterian church. His views are decidedly calvinistick,

but couched in terms of so much moderation and liberality, that in his hands they are rendered as little offensive to those who have embraced a different creed, as it is possible to make them. In this treatise he has comprised within a small compass, a great variety of theological learning and useful and interesting disquisition, expressed in a language at once neat and elegant, while his doctrines are recommended by profound reflections and happy illustrations. His Moral Philosophy is certainly among the best productions of this kind at present in the possession of the literary world. As a book for the use of colleges and schools, it is liable to fewer objections than any that can be obtained. The treatise of Dr. Paley on this subject, although perhaps as a work of genius superior to any other, and characterised by all those excellences usually discoverable in the productions of that amiable moralist and elegant writer, is well known, and I believe, generally admitted to be most materially defective in tracing the foundations of moral duty. The excellent work of Hutcheson, is too abstract and diffuse for the use of schools, and that of Dr. Beattie rather an inferior production, and without that body of interesting matter which we have reason to expect in an elementary treatise intended for the instruction of youth. It is a common objection against this work of Dr. Smith, that he has introduced into it many topics, which are irrelative to the subject of moral and political philosophy; and, perhaps, it is, in some degree, liable to an exception of this kind. But even this circumstance which may be admitted to be a real imperfection in the work, when estimated as a production of genius, may be of service to it, when received into our colleges as a manual of instruction in the education of youth. The variety of subjects discussed serves to open, and expand the faculties of youthful minds, to extend the sphere of their acquaintance with science and literature, and at once to gratify their fondness for novelty, and to strengthen and invigorate their intellectual powers. His Lectures upon the Evidences of the Christian Religion, hold a respectable rank with the works

of Stillingfleet, Grotius, Paley, and the numerous writers who have undertaken the discussion of the same subject, and his volume of sermons is one of the best on the subjects of practical divinity, which issued from the press during the last century. The treatise, however, upon which, if he had written no other, he might found a high and well-merited reputation as a philosopher, is that upon the variety of figure and complexion in the human species, which is among the first and best of his productions. It was at first published as delivered to the philosophical society of Philadelphia, and of course much less in size than it now appears in a separate volume, but it may reasonably be doubted whether by introducing into it a greater accumulation of matter, although that matter be of a very interesting and useful kind, and undoubtedly contributes to the information and amusement of the reader, he has not upon the whole weakened the impression, which the argument produces upon the mind. However this may be, in its present form, it is indisputably a masterpiece of philosophical writing, and such as would have done honour to any man that ever lived. He who contributes to the detection and exposure of error and the establishment of the great principles of truth and duty, who exhibits important doctrines in science, morals or religion in new and interesting points of light, recommends them by original embellishments of fancy and all the graces of style and composition, may, alike with him who has the happiness to make great discoveries in philosophy, be regarded as one of the benefactors of his race. In efforts of this kind lies the merit of Dr. Smith, in the treatise of which we are now speaking. If he had not the honour of conceiving the original plan upon which the varieties in the race might be explained, which it is conceded had been sketched out by the philosophers of Europe, he is entitled to the still higher merit of having reduced what they had only conjectured, or feebly supported, to a finished and conclusive argument amounting to the highest degree of moral certainty. His object in this treatise, is

to show that all that great variety exhibited among our race in their stature, complexion and figure, commencing from the Tartar and Simoide in the north of Europe, including the fair complexion and regular features of the temperate zones, the copper-coloured Indian, the deep olive of the Moors, and terminating in the indelibly black of tropical Africa, together with the other peculiarities of that nation, may be explained from the united action of climate, the state of society, and manner of living. Besides that this doctrine would seem to be evidently deducible from the account given in the Sacred Scriptures of the original of our race, which is there traced, in the first instance to Adam our great progenitor, and in the next, to Noah and his sons after the deluge, by whom the whole earth is said to have been overspread, it would appear equally to result by unavoidable inference from the maxims of a sound philosophy. No more causes of things are to be admitted than are both true and sufficient to explain the phenomena, is a maxim which, ever since the days of Newton, has been held as undeniable. That admirable simplicity, which runs through all the adjustments and operations of nature, would seem to indicate that the Creator, in accomplishing the purposes of infinite wisdom, would resort to no more expedients than are absolutely necessary to the attainment of his ends. If, therefore, from, a single pair, or from the family of Noah, in the natural course of propagation, the whole globe would be speedily peopled and the purposes of the Creator in replenishing it with inhabitants be accomplished, it would be against all the principles of a just philosophy to resort to the supposition of a diversity of origin, in order to account for the varieties which exist. Nothing can be imagined more unphilosophical and less founded in fact and experience, than the opinion of those who, with Voltaire, imagine different races to be produced, suited to their various situations, like vegetable productions springing out of the soils to which they are severally adapted. Such

a crude and unconcocted theory as this could have arisen only out of a wanton spirit of hostility to religion. How completely would the scene displayed in this affair have been reversed, had the Sacred Scriptures contained an account of the original of the human race, and the first settlement of the globe, conformable to the views of those who now undertake, by this indirect means, to invalidate their claims to credit? Had they informed us, that progenitors for the different nations sprang up, like mushrooms, suited to their conditions upon the globe; what sage lessons would have been read to us by the same men who are now maintaining these absurdities, about the simplicity of nature in her operations, the necessity of being guided in all our inquiries by the strictest rules of philosophising, which require us to assign no more causes of things than are absolutely necessary to explain the phenomena, and since a single pair would be all that would be necessary to the population of the earth, it would be contrary to the principles of right reason, to suppose that the Supreme Being would have originally created more? This method of reasoning would at least be more consistent with their usual course of procedure in attacking the doctrines of religion or the authority of revelation, than the one to which they have resorted in the present case, as they generally wish to conduct their operations against us, if not with the genuine and authentic arms of philosophy, at least, with those which counterfeit her venerable image and superscription. Complaint has been made on this subject, that the advocates of the identity of the race, by attempting to enlist revelation on their side, would wish to extinguish the lights of philosophical investigation or stifle the voice of free inquiry. But might not the same complaint be made with equal justness and application, in reference to any other doctrines inculcated upon the authority of revelation? Might not the Sacred Scriptures be considered as liable to a similar reprehension, because they establish the truths

that there is a God, a future state of rewards and punishments, an immortal existence intended for the souls of men, and all the other tenets of the christian faith, and no longer allow a license to the erring reason of men, to subject them to the trial of vain and doubtful disputations? Far be it from us to feel any inclination to check the progress of free inquiry, or set limits to that full and ample range, which we would allow to philosophy while she confines her researches within those tracts, over which God and nature have assigned her a just and lawful dominion. We are sensible of no tendency to partake of that spirit of bigotry and intolerance, which led to the persecution of Roger Bacon and Copernicus, exposed Gallileo to confinement, and put his life in jeopardy for his philosophical discoveries; but we cannot conceive why what is undoubtedly revealed in the word of God or deducible from it by unavoidable inference, should be withheld or not boldly maintained, and pertinaciously adhered to, from an apprehension of checking reason in her range, or stifling the voice of free inquiry. We entertain no fears that after a full and complete investigation, the doctrine inculcated in Sacred Scripture on this or any other topic will be found at variance with the conclusions of a just philosophy. The experience of the church in the case of Gallileo, if she had not been taught many other lessons of a similar nature during the course of her history, should have put her on her guard, not to be too sensitive or over-jealous in points of this kind, or allow her fears to be too easily alarmed, for the safety of that precious treasure of divine truth, entrusted to her keeping; but, to repose in entire confidence upon the conviction, that the same God who has indited his holy word, will not allow it to be invalidated or falsified by his works, when rightly interpreted. As far as the parallel has been hitherto run, between the word of God and his works, as disclosed to us by the discoveries of science, the accordance, or correspondence traced between them has

been strict and wonderful, and it is not likely, that any future investigations of science, will be found to set them at variance with each other. The truth of this observation has been still more strikingly verified in the present instance. Dr. Smith has shown, in the treatise, whose merits we are now canvassing, that the inference to which we should be naturally led from the representations of sacred scripture, in regard to the identity of the human race, is the same which we should deduce from the principles of philosophy. We cannot but be of opinion, that any one who shall take the trouble, not only to read, but to study and comprehend this work, will find that by his able and learned argument upon the subject, he has fairly brought it to a conclusion, and supplied us with an evidence, as satisfactory to the understanding as the nature of the case admits. To all the objections, which have been alleged against his system, commencing with those of that elegant writer and profound critic lord Kaimes, and terminating in the efforts of some later authors, who have had the presumption to controvert his principles, without taking the trouble to comprehend them, we consider him as having furnished satisfactory refutations. That his doctrine will ultimately triumph, and that all future discoveries of science will contribute to its support and confirmation, we entertain not the smallest doubt; nor that the work in which it is maintained, will, by all those who are capable of judging, be regarded as a valuable accession to the stock of human knowledge, and remain a lasting monument of his genius.

From his pretensions as a philosopher, we proceed to those which he sustained as the president of the college. His talents, it is true, were rather of the contemplative than the executive kind, and he was more fitted for researches and speculations of the closet, than for the prompt exertions, the quick perception of the best expedients to accomplish ends, together with the ready and vigorous prosecution of them,

which are indispensable qualifications in conducting to successful issues, the affairs of active life. To cool contemplation, or the calm pursuits of mild philosophy, rather than to the tumult and heat of action, he seems to have been formed by his habits, which were those of study and reflection. But, on important occasions in which his feelings became engaged, and his sense of duty propelled him to exertion, no man discovered more promptitude, decision and energy of character, or more firmness and perseverance. He entered upon the duties of the presidency in the college at a conjuncture, in which they had become peculiarly delicate and arduous. The French revolution which had just taken place, at the same time, that it uprooted the very foundation of the ancient monarchy of that nation, and threw the state into confusion and wild misrule as well as deluged it with blood, did not confine its effects to the limits of that single kingdom, but extended its influence to many of the contemporary nations. In no country was this effect more sensibly felt than in our own, as was natural, on account of the severe struggle from which we had just released ourselves in the establishment of our independence, and the train of feelings and opinions to which that struggle gave rise. It awoke among the citizens of this republic an enthusiasm in favour of the civil rights of mankind, which had an immediate tendency to extravagance and excess, and which extended itself throughout all the departments of civil and social life. If our people were not prepared to consider all government useless and oppressive, they were at least not in a condition to bear with tameness and acquiescence any thing that bore the semblance of a restraint upon their liberty. From the members of the republic this infection spread itself among our youth, who strange to tell, carried these false notions of liberty along with them into our seminaries of learning, and the same cause that gave rise to all the uneasiness of our Washington, the stay of the federal government and the guardian

genius of his country, and which on more than one occasion shook to its foundations the noble fabric he had reared, extended its action also into the colleges and schools of our country. The spirit of insubordination, which showed itself amongst the students and their unceasing tendency to tumult and revolt against the exercise of just and lawful authority, was the spring out of which flowed all Dr. Smith's anxieties and difficulties, in discharging the duties of his high and responsible station. From this fruitful source, storm after storm succeeded in the institution, which required all the address, influence and knowledge of human nature, which he could summon to his aid, to prevent from leading to its utter ruin. On these occasions, his readiness of resource, his firmness and decision of character, his commanding powers of eloquence, and all those talents that constitute real greatness, as it is capable of being exhibited in active life, conspicuously appeared. The dignity of his presence overawed disaffection and revolt. Never did he address himself in vain to the students under his care. His eloquent appeals to their understandings, their pride of character, and their sense of duty were always irresistible. Armed with his powers, the authority of college never failed to triumph. Confusion and wild uproar heard his voice and was still. Severe as was the contests he had thus frequently to sustain with the students, they never ceased to regard him with the highest respect, and to entertain for his person undiminished affection. Of all those young men who were successively under his charge, I very much doubt whether a single one could be found who does not cherish for his memory the highest veneration. Never, perhaps, did any president of a college receive from his pupils a more flattering proof of attention and respect, than he received from his, when, after the conflagration of the college-buildings, he was taking his journey through the middle and southern states, in order to make up subscriptions to defray the expense of repairing the

injuries which had been sustained. The gentlemen in the several districts through which he passed, who had graduated under his care, met together to consult not only about the best method of paying their respects to him, by waiting upon him in person, but also for the purpose of anticipating, in the way the most grateful to his feelings, the object of his visit. To save him from the task, at no time agreeable, of making application in person to the men of wealth in the places through which he went, they not only presented him unsolicited the several sums which they themselves subscribed, but voluntarily undertook the office, of soliciting in his stead the contributions of others. An act of complicated virtue, by which they at once discharged the obligation of gratitude which they owed to their venerable preceptor, exhibited an example of the most delicate courtesy to the object of their esteem, and fulfilled an important public duty.

As a writer he is entitled to a very distinguished rank. He had a mind which was, indeed, capable of comprehending the abstruse and penetrating into the profound, but which following its natural impulses, chose rather to devote itself to the acquisition of what is elegant and agreeable in science and literature. If his natural parts did not prompt him, with Locke, Clarke and Butler, successfully to fathom the depths of that vast ocean of truth and certainty presented to us in metaphysics and divinity; with Addison, Pope and Swift, he found a high degree of mental enjoyment in exploring the more flowery fields of the Belles-lettres, and all that part of knowledge which comes under the denomination of polite learning. With this kind of literary treasure his mind was richly stored, and he was at all times able to give vent to it in a correct and elegant style of writing. He was versed in the Latin, Greek, French and Hebrew languages; and his style of writing was remarkably neat and chastened, when compared with that which is now becoming every day more and more prevalent. In his works we find none of those

meretricious ornaments, that perpetual splendour of diction, those studied efforts to dazzle by brilliant thoughts, and pompous expressions, which are now becoming but too common, and are always sure indications of a corrupt taste. His periods, it is true, are generally well turned, and harmonious, and he discovers no disinclination to receive legitimate embellishments of fancy, when they come to him unsought. His style is full, flowing and polished, but never glitters with gaudy ornaments. If there be any fault that is worthy of being noticed, it is the want of ease, grace and that artless simplicity which give to the production of some writers an irresistible charm. Whatever defects, however, a scrupulous criticism might descry in the compositions of this writer, they are compensated by his uniform perspicuity, strength and elegance, the most indispensable requisites in fine writing. Circumstances elicit the powers of authors, as well as the talents of those who perform their parts upon the active scenes of life, and are called upon to gain the ear of listening senates or sway the rod of empires. Had Dr. Smith lived at the time of the reformation, or at any critical and interesting period in the history of the church, when great interests were at stake and important controversies maintained, he would have been found one of the ablest champions, that ever espoused a cause. In the days of Luther, Calvin and Cranmer, when all his powers would have been excited into strenuous exertion, we very much overrate his talents, if he would not have approved himself a worthy coadjutor to those illustrious men and entirely equal to that sublime undertaking on which they had embarked.

As a pulpit orator he would have done honour to any age or nation. There was a dignity and even majesty in his person and appearance in the pulpit, as well as in his conceptions and style of speaking, which excited involuntary respect and commanded the most unremitted attention. He seems to have formed himself upon that imaginary model of a perfect pulpit orator, which Dr. Blair in his excellent lec-

tures upon rhetoric has so well delineated, in whose sermons and mode of address there should be transfused into the sound sense and masterly argument of the English preachers, the spirit, fire and vehemence of the French. To a certain extent, it must be admitted, that he carried into execution what his mind had conceived. In his sermons there was always contained a large body of judicious and interesting matter, wrought with the highest art, and the whole animated with the glow of passion and imagination. Adorned by his genius the pulpit was converted into a fountain at once of light to illuminate the understandings of his hearers, and of heat to warm and fructify their hearts. We have often listened to preachers who, at times, would produce a more powerful effect upon their audience and awake more sensation; but we have never heard one who throughout the whole of his address afforded them a richer and more delightful repast. His discourses were always constructed with exquisite art and address, commencing with a regular exordium and exciting a deeper interest as he advanced through their different stages, and such was the earnestness and pathos of his mode of delivery, and his masculine eloquence, that the attention seldom flagged until he arrived at the conclusion. His oratory was a gentle stream that flowed, for the most part equably and smoothly, but, which at times could swell into the force, impetuosity and sublimity of the torrent. His voice was clear, full and harmonious, his enunciation distinct, his gestures few, but significant and impressive, his whole appearance dignified and imposing, and, on some occasions, when he was more than usually excited by passion, every feature spoke, and that fine expressive eye, which nature had given him, became lighted up with a fire which penetrated every heart. In him we perceived no frothy declamations, no little arts to captivate the vulgar, none of the tricks and flourishes of eloquence, with which the discourses of those preachers who aim at popularity are too frequently disgraced.

ed. All was sober, chastened and dignified both in his matter and manner. A vein of ardent but rational piety ran through his discourses that warmed every bosom, and kept the devotional feelings in a state of agreeable and wholesome excitement. No one returned from the church in which he had officiated without being sensible his heart had been made better, his understanding furnished with useful aliment for reflection, and his moral feelings softened and improved. In his private qualities he was no less distinguished than in his public character. His person was somewhat above the ordinary size, his limbs well proportioned, his complexion fair and delicate, the features of his countenance which were regular, remarkably handsome, and strongly marked with the lines of thinking, were crowned by an open and manly forehead and a large blue eye, in a high degree expressive and penetrating, and which, when any thing interested him, kindled with intelligence and spoke the language of an ardent and noble mind. To a person thus well proportioned, he added an agreeable and insinuating address and an ease and urbanity of manners, that would have adorned the most polished circles and given grace and dignity to a court. His principles were all of a high and honourable kind, and bore the stamp of greatness and of the sternest integrity. No man had a deeper detestation of vice, or would more instinctively have shrunk from any act that would have cast a blemish upon the purity of his character. Slander did, indeed, as usual, fabricate against him her calumnious tale and essay to tarnish his reputation, and that envy which could not reach his excellence endeavoured to bring him down to its own level, but the uniform tenor of his life, answered and refuted the aspersions of his detractors. In domestic life his manners were amiable, affable and engaging. As a husband, parent and master, no one could be more gentle, affectionate and lenient in the exercise of discipline. To his family he was indulgent even to a fault. Arduous as were his public

duties and devoted as he was to the pursuit of science and literature, he found time to assist in the education of his own children, daughters as well as the only son that lived beyond the state of infancy; and after repeated strokes of the palsy had disqualified him from his attendance on the duties of the college, we find him spending the last remains of his strength in educating his little grand children, two sons of a favourite daughter, Mrs. Prevost, whom he had the misfortune to lose some years after her marriage. With politics he never publicly interfered, after the conclusion of the revolutionary war, although at its commencement in his youth, he is said to have assisted by his eloquent sermons, in exciting among the people in the state of Virginia a spirit of resistance to the measures at that time proposed and adopted by the parliament of England. He was a warm and decided friend to rational liberty, but a determined enemy to that democrattick rage, which would level all those distinctions so necessary to the existence of society, pull down authorities and powers, and under the sacred name of liberty, give rise to a general insubordination and licentiousness, incompatible with the existence of a just and equal government. Under these impressions, he was a warm supporter of the administration of Washington, and ranked among those who amidst the party distinctions of the times, were denominated federalists. As a friend and companion, he is not so highly to be commended as for his domestic qualities. There was a coldness, reserve, and even stateliness in his demeanor, arising probably from his habits of abstract reflection and close application to study, which threw a damp at first upon the efforts of those who were desirous of approaching him on terms of intimacy and friendship. Upon more familiar intercourse, however, this reserve was laid aside towards those whom he esteemed, and his natural frankness, cordiality, and susceptibility of the tenderest attachments, appeared. Upon one thing his friends might calculate with per-

fect confidence, that he would never deceive them by false appearances. He professed no regard which he did not feel, and where he made overtures of esteem and friendship, it was always done in candour and sincerity. His generous and noble mind, was infinitely superior to all dissimulation, disguise or artifice. He was equally above all intrigue and management to promote his own elevation. The honours which were conferred upon him, came to him unsought and unsolicited. To the advantages and splendour which are derived from wealth, he appeared to be entirely indifferent. Of these his own intrinsic worth and real greatness prevented from ever feeling the want, while his religion taught him to elevate his views and affections above them. His piety was genuine and sincere, without being obtrusive, deep and heartfelt without being gloomy, ardent but not noisy, active but not ostentatious. His uniform integrity and uprightness of conduct, his sedulous devotion to all his moral and religious duties, his unabated zeal for the promotion of the temporal and spiritual interests of his fellow-men, the readiness and alacrity with which he entered into all plans of usefulness, and above all, his calm, composed and happy exit from the world, showed, as far as such matters can be exhibited to the view of men, that he had a good conscience, and that the fear of God reigned in his heart, and was the ruling spring of all his actions. He has gone to his great account and we doubt not, that his works of piety and virtue will follow him, and through the mercy of his Creator, will render his futurity as blessed as his life was exemplary, and his death tranquil. The peace of Heaven be with his spirit.—
Illustrious man! A pupil who once revered thee as a preceptor and whom thou afterwards didst honour with thy friendship, would erect to thee this frail monument, as a memento at once of his gratitude and attachment. By the efforts of thy genius thou hast reared for thyself, an imperishable monument. Long shall thy memory be cherished by the

friends of science and virtue, of religion and thy country, of which thou wast so bright an ornament. May thy mantle fall upon thy successors in the pulpit, and thy spirit and eloquence be caught, in promulging the doctrines of thy Divine Master. Taught by thy great and good example, may future divines and orators of the pulpit, place their chief glory in the triumphs of their sacred eloquence over the vices and passions of mankind, and in conducting them by the charm of a virtuous and pious life in the ways of peace and salvation.

ART. II.—*Sketches of an Excursion from Edinburgh to Dublin.*

(concluded.)

May 5.—Rising betimes, I bent my steps towards the pass of Borrowdale. It was the 'hour of prime,' and truly,

—*ῥοδοδάκτυλος ἠὺς*—

a 'rosy fingered morn.' The sun indeed was hardly risen, but the dappled east gave presage of his near approach. The air breathed a balmy fragrance;—not a ripple played upon the surface of the lake;—all around was peaceful and motionless.

Leaving the town of Keswick, I entered upon a path which followed closely the margin of the Derwent,—keeping it on the right, Skiddaw was behind,—his summit gray with the morning mists; Helvellyn further off on the left, rose towering in his pride;—like a giant, overtopping the vassal heights which encircled him.

A walk of a mile or two brought me to a thick wood, which presented a luxuriant, native growth of oak, beech, ash, birch, poplar and elder. These trees abound in the neighbourhood of the lake;—indeed, throughout the valley of K. there is much of woodland, and some of it in the first order.—Several beautiful rills, spanned by rustic little

bridges, crossed my path;—the noise of their waterfalls, breaking upon the ear, relieved the stillness of morning: soon too, the warbling of the sky-lark was heard, a prelude to a general concert which burst from every hedge and thicket and wood.—

The road at length conducted to a champaign tract, which was spread at the feet of a steep eminence on the left;—the latter rather barren as well as rugged. A shepherd—or I should say, his busier dog,—was leading a small flock to the hill side to clip the little herbage which it yielded. As I continued my walk, the valley narrowed, though what remained of it was still lovely. The hill on the other hand, under which I was passing, assumed a sterner aspect; and gradually changed to a perpendicular ridge of cliffs, forming a solid wall of many hundred feet in height. Large masses of rocks which had been dislodged in conflicts of the elements, and tumbled from a fearful elevation, were strown along the way-side, and in some places almost entirely blocked the passage.—Further on, the Fall of Lowdore presented itself. There was little about it, to attract attention. The stream being low, all that it exhibited was a narrow strip of foam sliding down a rocky declivity, of an hundred and fifty feet or more, and falling with a gentle murmur upon a bed of smoothly chafed pebbles. From the breadth of the channel however, it is obvious, that the body of water must be greatly increased in seasons of freshes. At such times the aspect of things is doubtless materially changed;—and the Fall of Lowdore, now so gentle and pretty, transformed into a wild and terrible cataract.

Approaching the entrance into Borrowdale, I paused to admire the little hamlet of Grange. A scene so perfectly picturesque, considering all its accompaniments, I think I never beheld. The cots were clustered on the margin of a softly flowing current whose waters were clear to transparency. A group of aged pines threw their dark shadows

over them; a few yards distant, an old bridge partly delapidated, but which aided admirably the effect of the landscape, connected the opposite banks of the little river;—around the hamlet were several neatly trimmed gardens; and far down the valleys extended a succession of rich pastures and fertile meads, whereon herds of cattle were straying, and the peasantry actively plying their morning labours. The whole scene was in *keeping*:—its features perfectly harmonised; and over the whole there was an air of Claude-like softness which was inexpressibly lovely.

Nothing however could be more striking than the contrast which this scene bore to the savage aspect of the mountain glens within which I was entering. The beautiful and the picturesque soon vanished; and I found myself enclosed within a defile hemmed on all sides by lofty, precipitous crags, or hills scarcely less rugged and bleak. So sudden and entire was the change, that the whole seemed the effect of magic. The impression moreover made by the objects a little before witnessed remaining fresh and vivid, and the path which I was pursuing, continuing to wind among fells and passes the features of which at every step became wilder,—I could not help looking back in recollection upon the dale of Grange, with some such feelings as Mirzah must have gazed upon the Isles of the blessed. The comparison indeed would have failed most in the objects which immediately surrounded us; for if the mountains of Bagdad are as sterile as those of Borrowdale that must have been a strange fancy which induced a contemplatist to select them as the scene of devotional meditations.

The Fells of Borrowdale are singularly precipitous and abrupt. They crowd too so much upon one another that the defiles which separate them are very narrow, and greatly obstructed with the rocky fragments which often fall from the neighbouring acclivities. The mountains being chiefly composed of slate, at least in their external structure, splin-

ters and indeed heavy masses are easily disintegrated; and the ravages committed in their descent are sometimes very terrible.

Their summits and sides are mostly bare, and exhibit only here and there a tinge of green:—a few blades of grass perhaps, or a patch of stunted heath.—The birch however, as usual, persists in asserting his claim to the scanty soil which is left; and it was curious to see a fearless little sapling, among some of the topmost crags where only the eagle would build her ærie—thrusting its slender branches through the yawning clefts, and waving sportingly in the wind.

With difficulty I clambered an eminence, near an high steep called castle crag, and sheltering myself from the wind under a ledge of rocks, contemplated for some time the scene around; and the impressions which it has left upon my mind can never be erased. The clouds which had previously lowered seemed to assume an angrier cast, and threw a peculiar gloom over every object. The wind swept through the crags in hoarse sullen murmurs;—above, an eagle was sailing round a cliff, and occasionally piercing the air with its cry;—near me a mountain stream dashed from the rocks, and rushed furiously into a ravine beneath;—not the slightest trace of a human habitation, nor in fact, of a human footstep excepting along the half-beaten track by which I had entered the pass, appeared, on any side;—even the sheep which had been seen browsing on Skiddaw, and near the feet of Helvellyn, had deserted this frightful waste, and the whole seemed condemned to sterility, and designed as the very seat of desolation. The scene was one on which the genius of Salvator might have loved to riot,—but for myself, were it possible, I should prefer to contemplate it when transferred to the canvass, than again behold it in its native wildness and deformity.—Indeed, my feelings were never so powerfully affected by any scene before; and I can truly say that all my imagination had ever depicted of the sub-

lime in natural objects fell short of what I now saw and felt, what impression indeed, an alpine scene would excite, as yet I know not;—but that scene must be awfully grand which can surpass in effect, the solemn wildness which reigns over this pass and the surrounding fells of Borrowdale.*

* The little which the writer has since witnessed, has not induced him to subtract a single iota from the above description, and that given in a former paper, of the impressions naturally produced by a view of the mountain scenery of Keswick, and its environs. It possesses a character perfectly distinctive and ‘sui generis;’—and although differing in expression is nowise inferior in effect to many of the stronger features of the alpine landscape.—There is such a thing as having too much of *mountain*; and the writer refers to any traveller who has visited the Vale of Chamouni for the truth of this remark;—as seen from there, Mont Blanc and his imperial brotherhood appear inordinately and disproportionably huge;—and the reason obviously is, that while they are thus immensely enlarged, the other objects in their neighbourhood retain their natural dimensions, and consequently exhibit a contrast which borders not a little on the ludicrous.—The river Arve though respectable enough in itself, seems nothing more than a paltry brook:—the tall firs which wave upon the acclivities of the mountains dwindle into insignificant shrubs;—the valley of Chamouni narrows into a Scottish glen:—and the town in the centre, a short distance off, has the appearance of a group of martin boxes.

But, in remarking in general upon the disappointing effect of Alpine scenery, the writer would be understood to except the vale and neighbourhood of Geneva. No view on earth perhaps, can rival the combined beauty and grandeur of the latter as displayed from Mt. St. Claude on the Jura;—and this precisely for the reason that every object properly harmonises for the effect of the whole perspective. He never can forget the impression produced upon him, when from that summit, the valley with its stupendous girdle of mountains was first descried. Just then the declining sun was gilding the distant glaciers of the Alps, Mont Blanc and Mont Rosa were sufficiently removed to bear a due proportion to the surrounding objects. The nearer Alps matched perfectly with the valley beneath; which latter throughout its extent was embellished with tints of the richest magnificence; whilst the lake, stretching to an immense distance, till lost in the mountains of the Vallais and the Pays de Vaud, resembled, at the height I viewed it, a broad majestic river, Ovid’s—*Speluncae, vivique lacus, et Tempe amena*,—would have expressed well a part of the scene; but better, if coupled with,——*nubiferos montes, et saxa minantia coelo*.

Descending the hill, I prepared to retrace my steps,—satisfied with what I had seen of Borrowdale's mountains and defiles. A second view of the dale and hamlet of Grange confirmed the impressions which its beauty had before excited. Near the edge of it I passed a peasant cutting peats;—a fuel however which he said is little used by the villagers or any of the neighbouring inhabitants. Coals and wood, are chiefly burnt;—and are preferred both for cheapness and usefulness.

Near the town of Keswick, I was met by a buxom damsel who, with a face tinged with a bloom which Hebe might have envied, came bounding along, skipping a slack rope, and showing more of her legs in the exercise than comported with the most feminine modesty:—her *hose* I would have said, but this would have been a licence of speech on a par with a Highlander's *knee-buckle*. She paused on my passing, and dropt her head to conceal, as I thought, a blush;—but, in this I was doubtless mistaken, for a moment after, she commenced again with an agility which would have done honour to Harlequin.

The public clock was striking eleven as I entered Keswick. The many satisfactions which I had experienced on my ramble rendered me in some degree insensible to its length and fatigue;—but on the whole I was nowise unwilling to take up for a while with other enjoyments, and suspend the gratification of gazing upon valleys and rocks and mountains for the substantial comforts and refreshing shelter of the Royal Oak.'—

I had resolved yesterday upon ascending Helvellyn to-day should I have ascertained the attempt to be practicable;—but it is represented as attended with so much danger and labour, particularly at this season of the year, that I have abandoned the thought entirely. The chief difficulty is in the heavy clouds, which often suddenly come over its summit, rendering a safe return almost impossible. A year or

two ago, a strong experienced young man, well acquainted with the mountain, attempted a journey over it, and being overtaken in this manner, was unable to find his way down and perished. The justice of those representations I saw signally exemplified, on leaving the pass of Borrowdale. Thick mists suddenly rolled over the heights which I had just left, and in a few minutes completely concealed their summits. What enhances the danger in such an extremity is the number of precipices which occur at irregular intervals, down which a person is liable to fall, without being apprised a moment before of his danger.

To one contemplating the effect at a distance, there is something strikingly grand in the appearance which those clouds exhibit when investing the mountain tops. The face of the heavens has been seldom free from them during any part of the day;—and in returning from my morning's walk, I often lingered to behold them sweeping majestically along, and throwing their loose aerial drapery over the summits of the surrounding mountains.

But Keswick, as is well known, boasts other attractions than the charms of its landscape. It is distinguished by being the residence of Mr. S. the poet laureat; and a fitter place for wooing the 'coy muse,' he could not have selected. Her favourite Helicon did not offer a better: This gentleman is chief of a trio who constitute what is termed the Lake school of Poetry:—their different but equally eccentric tastes, and brilliant genius, having introduced and given celebrity to, an order of composition of a peculiar and novel character. I had anticipated the satisfaction of a personal interview with Mr. S.; but on arriving in Keswick, was disappointed in learning that he was absent in London on the famous 'Wat Tyler' affair.

At one o'clock in company with a Swedish traveller, I left Keswick for Penrith, distant eighteen miles. Two miles from the former on the summit of a hill near the road, we

stopped to examine a Druidical remain. It is of an oval form; the greatest diameter being about 150 feet in length. The stones which compose the figure are chiefly standing; they are ranged at some distance apart, and are about six feet above the ground. It is probable, however, that they have sunk considerably, owing to their weight, and the long period in which they have remained in their present position. In the centre of the circle is a clump of small larches; and on one side is a massive flat stone, which an antiquary would doubtless have pointed out as the old altar. Instead, however, of the ferocious priests who once celebrated thereon the rites of their horrid superstition, and fattened the soil around with the blood of human victims, the only living creatures which we saw, on entering the area, were a few sheep, that were feeding peaceably upon the green sward.

Pursuing our route we often looked back upon the retiring vale of Keswick. Distance, as it softened, seemed to add new lovelines to its features. The rich meads of Newdale and St. Johnsdale, watered by the limpid Greta, which next appeared, pleased us very much. Saddleback, a huge mishapen lump of a mountain, soon came in sight. Though possessing little beauty in its general aspect, in point of magnitude it yields to none of the English mountains, with the exception of Helvellyn. Our road conducted us along its base. Near Threlkeld, we noticed the effects of the bursting of a surcharged thunder cloud:—the water having committed frightful ravages in its descent into the valey. Approaching Penrith we traversed some extensive downs; covered, as usual, by fine flocks of sheep. Saddleback, as we receded from it, looked bolder than on a first view. Its top is naked, a circumstance which rather adds to its grandeur, instead of diminishing it. It shows more distinctly its outline; and in one or two points of view discloses with tolerably good effect the stupendous masses of rocks which crown its summit.

Near the town of Penrith are the extensive ruins of a castle. It is constructed of red free stone, which, a short distance off, resembles brick. Its appearance, of course, is very indifferent; and it is destitute moreover of ivy, moss and other usual mourning habiliments of English castle ruins.—To an American, the frequency of those ruins is truly astonishing. England especially abounds with them; and wherever the traveller goes, he is sure to meet with them. Sometimes, and particularly in certain stages of decay, they greatly embellish the landscape. Abbey ruins also, are occasionally seen; and they form a feature entirely distinct, but equally picturesque with the former. An American, however, whatever satisfaction there may be to the eye, in surveying these objects, has little reason to regret the want of them in his own country. They are all the mournful monuments of the mutations of human prosperity;—and many of them to an Englishman, are standing remembrancers of events which he could gladly consign to oblivion.—The *finest* of these ruins, whether castle or abbey, which the tourist meets with in his rambles through this country, he owes to the violence of the two most tyrannic rulers, who ever governed England;—the former to the cannon of Cromwell, and the latter to the rapacity of Henry 8th.

Penrith is rather a mean looking town. The *red* freestone of which its houses are built, gives it a dingy and disagreeable appearance; although it answers better for houses than for castles. It is an ancient town, and was formerly claimed and held by the Scots. The English however, at length succeeded, not only in disputing their title to it, but in removing their border thirty miles further north.

The river Emont flows a short distance from the town. While dinner was preparing we walked to it, and visited also the frontier village of Westmoreland;—the river forming the boundary line here between the counties of Cumberland and W. On the north bank of the Emont are two spacious caves,

of narrow and difficult entrance, dug from the solid rock, which it is supposed were intended as places of safety during the incursions of the Scots. However this may be, the latter also have found it convenient to avail themselves of similar precautions in times of English invasions. Not long since, visiting the domain of Roslin, I explored those caverns which have been excavated with incredible labour, from a rock which overhangs the north Esk, about a mile distant from the castle. The largest is ninety feet long, and communicates with the other cave, the outer entrance being from the face of the rock towards the river by a ladder which was drawn up and let down at pleasure. Those caverns, it is reported, have often afforded shelter to the family and weaker tenantry of Roslin. Happy it is for the cause of humanity, as well as for the interests of the two kingdoms, that neither these, nor other mutual defences are requisite for the security of their respective inhabitants;—that one common throb of national feeling beats responsive in every bosom;—and that the stranger now searches uncertainly for the border line, which formerly was traced in blood from Berwick bay to the Frith of Solway.

May 6th.—Adjoining Penrith, is an high hill which commands an excellent view of the country, for a wide circuit. The morning proving uncommonly clear I was induced at an early hour to ascend it, and was amply repaid for the exertion. The hill stands within a park, or rather, chase, belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale. Formerly, it served as a look-out, and was a very important station for that purpose. On its summit is a watch-tower in almost entire preservation. It is constructed with immensely thick walls, through which are a few loopholes, the only inlets of light, excepting at the door-entrance. I noticed on one of the stones the date of 1719;—but its actual erection was probably at a much earlier period. Similar towers are found at intervals along the whole extent of the Scotch and English marches.

The view from the height embraced no less than seven counties; and on every side was terminated by a noble perspective of distant mountains. Cumberland and Westmoreland, with their fertile and picturesque tracts were spread beneath;—beyond, extended Lancaster and a part of Yorkshire;—in the east appeared the blue heights of Northumberland and Durham; and far in the north, the Cheviot Hills of Scotland. The latter I hailed with peculiar satisfaction; for they seemed to be my own; and to Caledonia I turned with something at least of the affection of a step-son.

Among the nearer objects in the landscape it gave me pleasure to distinguish Ulswater;—which next to Keswick, is reputed to be the prettiest of all the pretty lakes in this romantic region. I had looked for it last evening, but was prevented from descrying it, by a mist which hung over its surface. It was now plainly perceptible throughout its extent;—its ‘deep line,’ including ‘promontory, creek and bay,’ being marked with singular precision; and its waters, under the radiance of the morning sun, presenting ‘one burnished sheet of living gold.’—

At eight o’clock, I left Penrith in the stage coach for Hawick, a journey of sixty miles. Between P. and Carlisle the country presented few objects of attention. In general, its face was diversified with rich long swells, mostly well cultivated. A few patches of woodland appeared, and our road lay through Inglewood Forest, so called: a tract, however, which little deserves the appellation. I was rather pleased than otherwise with the first view of Carlisle. Several large public buildings, which have recently been erected, contribute to modernise somewhat its appearance: but still it looks very old, as it is. Formerly, it was strongly fortified;—but its walls, excepting on one side, are in a state of decay. The portion which remains is used by the proprietors of the neighbouring soil as a garden wall; and the fruit trees which they have trained against it, thrive uncommonly well. The castle also which anciently was

a fortress of great strength, is at present going fast to ruin: only a part of it is kept in tolerable repair, and that for the accommodation of a few soldiers who are appointed to garrison it.—As the coach was delayed an hour at Carlisle, I employed the interval in visiting this castle;—and a more venerable and imposing pile is hardly to be met with in Great Britain. It forms one great quadrangle, the outer circuit of its walls being not less than half a mile. The inclosed area is now covered with a turf of the liveliest verdure;—so fresh and smooth that no bowling green in England can surpass it in beauty. The matted ivy is seen creeping over its wall in the wildest luxuriance, as if to conceal the ravages which time and the tempest are continually augmenting; and along its ramparts the rank grass grows profusely, interspersed with numberless wall-flowers, which are now in perfection and exhale the choicest fragrance. The castle, with a citadel which was recently standing, was built by William Rufus; and during the repairs which it has undergone at successive periods since, the original plan of its construction has in most respects been adhered to.—Of the many transactions which marks its long and eventful history, are of the most painful and interesting, is the confinement within its walls, of the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots. I looked into the apartments which she occupied; they are in a round tower, which, though partly dilapidated, has not suffered so much as other portions of the castle. Some lumber and a few pieces of rude furniture are ranged around them; and the walls and floor are thickly covered with cobwebs and dust. From the battlements of the tower a view is obtained of the hills of Dumfrieshire in Scotland;—objects the sight of which must have administered little comfort to the captive, ill fated Queen. The ancient keep of the castle remains, and a well of great depth is also shown, the work, as it is supposed, of the Romans. Returning from the castle I visited the cathedral, a venerable structure, partly of

Saxon and partly of Gothic architecture. On the screens in the aisles, I noticed some singular and amusing legendary paintings of St. Augustine and St. Anthony, with a doggerel distich attached to each. Turning from these, I sought the tomb of Paley; but I sought it in vain among the 'storied urns and animated busts,' which were ranged ostentatiously along the aisles and transepts of the cathedral. But is there no monument to Paley? inquired I, of the verger who attended me.—'His ashes are under you,' he replied, and in truth they were. Stepping aside I traced on a plain gray slab in the pavement on which I had been standing, this simple inscription.—'Here lie interred the remains of Wm. Paley, D. D., who died May 25th, 1805, aged 62 years.'—This imperfect memorial is all that marks the spot, which is consecrated by the mortal remains of one of the purest Christians, and soundest philosophers of his age and country. His works however survive him;—and they will abide an imperishable record of his worth;—

—————, monumentum, —————
 Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
 Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
 Annorum series, et fuga temporum.

A monument, which

Nor years though numberless the train,
 Nor flight of seasons, wasting rain,
 Nor winds, that loud in tempest break,
 Shall e'er its firm foundation shake.

The famous Roman wall which was built from sea to sea, passed within a quarter of a mile of Carlisle. It is said that the city owes its name to this circumstance; Carlisle being compounded of the Saxon words *caer lyell*, which mean a *city near a wall*. Remains of this stupendous work are very perceptible in the neighbourhood.

Leaving Carlisle, another stage brought us to Longtown, a frontier town, where we stopped to dine. Four miles further, we entered Scotland, at a place called the Scots Dyke; leaving Gretna Green, of hymeneal memory, at a little distance on our left. The stage to Langholm was delightful;—the road leading along the romantic windings of Eskdale, and crossing its pretty river some five or six times in the course of as many miles. What added to its interest, was the circumstance of its traversing the scene of Lady Heron's song in *Marmion*. Netherby Hall was passed a little way distant on our right: after which we entered on Canobie Lea whereon was the 'racing and chasing,' when the fair Ellen eloped with young lord Lochinvar.—It was impossible also to forget the renowned Jonny Armstrong, in viewing spots rendered memorable by his exploits;—and approaching Langholm, I did not fail to look out for Hallows Tower, formerly the residence of this redoubtable hero.

Near Mossbail, we crossed a ridge of land which separates the waters that flow east and west. The Esk had left us at Langholm; but it sent on a little branch which accompanied us a few miles, and struggled hard, though in vain, to hold out further. Its loss however was not long perceived;—for soon another rill was seen purling by the way side, and pursuing an opposite direction. This was the Teviot, just in the commencement of its course. I had beheld the stream only once before, and then at Kelso, where it mingles its waters with the Tweed. Its appearance there was very respectable;—and contrasting it with its present *infantile* aspect, it would have required a rare degree of physiognomical skill to have traced any resemblance in its features, or other marks of its identity. This stream gives name to one of the most romantic dales in Scotland, and after dispensing fertility and beauty throughout its own course, and swelling not a little the waters of the Tweed, at length enters the sea by an outlet, an hundred miles distant from the mouth of the Esk.

Before reaching Hawick, we crossed the Teviot two or three times. The last was by Branhholm bridge;—the road a little before having passed within a few yards of Branhholm castle, or more properly, house. This is the Branksome of Walter Scott. Its situation he has well described; being, as he says, ‘upon a steep bank, surrounded by the Teviot, and flanked by a deep ravine, formed by a precipitous brook.’ In point of size, it must have been greatly reduced since the days of Magaret of Branksome; and the various alterations which it has undergone have left it little of the castellated form, excepting one square, massive tower. It still, however, is a spacious structure, having much of comfort, though nothing of elegance in its appearance.

Opposite to Branhholm is a hill which the poet’s fancy has marvellously magnified into a mountain. It is the same which he introduces as conferring with ‘Teviot’s tide,’ in that whimsical colloquy between the river and mountain spirits described in the First Canto to the ‘Lay.’—

On the borders of the barony we beheld the confluence of the Borthwick and Teviot waters.—Leaving this, we passed Goldiland ruins;—and a ride of two miles more brought us, late in the evening, to Hawick.

May 7th.—At an early hour, the coach was again on the road. The morning light showed imperfectly, as we drove from Hawick, an artificial eminence which Scott refers to, as

the moathill’s mound
Where Druid forms once flitted round.

It is conjectured to be a remain of Celtic antiquity; and, if so, was probably a place of rendezvous for general councils from the adjacent clans. Similar heaps are not infrequent in north Britain. Approaching Selkirk, we crossed Philiphaugh, memorable as the battle ground between the parliament forces and those of king Charles, when the latter, under

lord Dundee were routed after a short but very bloody action.

A little beyond Selkirk, we came in sight of Ettrick, another of those classic streams which are the pride of the Lowlands. We next entered Tweeddale and drove for some miles along it, crossing the river in two places. Of the streams which subsequently met us, were the Gala, Lugate and Herist Waters,* which contributed much to vary and beautify the landscape.

Our road at length brought us to Half Law Kiln;—a place which the Romans are said to have occupied, as a military station. Traces of a camp, I was *told*, are very visible:—but not having *Monkbarns* at my side, nor his ‘*Essay of Castrametation*’ in my hands, I was not so fortunate as to distinguish them. Shortly however, a more interesting object appeared. This was Borthwick Castle, formerly a princely fabric, and venerable in decay. Once, it was a place of shelter to injured royalty, and opened its gates to the unfortunate Queen Mary after the battle of Carberry Hill; and once too, its walls imprisoned the same princess when Bothwell succeeded in intercepting her on her route from Dumbarton.

From this place during the remaining twelve miles of the journey, every object showed that we were approaching the proud metropolis of the north.—Cots and farm-houses, lodges and mansions, hamlets and villages crowded the landscape in every direction. Passengers also on horse and foot, and carriages of various descriptions,—post-chaises, gigs, socia-
bles, barouches,—began to throng the way. Descending Dalkeith hill we entered Mid Lothian, the garden of Edinburgh; and to me its fertile fields and green parks and lordly manors seemed arrayed in new beauty. At length, Arthur’s

* The Scotch apply the term Water, to express a second-rate stream: a third-rate, they call Burn; as Leith Water, Bannock Burn

Seat was descried towering above the 'Gude Town;' and to the left, appeared the gray ramparts of the castle. A nearer approach discovered Nelson's column crowning the summit of Calton:—St. Andrew's spire, and the towers of St Giles and the Tron next peered through the surrounding haze; and last, though not least, the turrets of Holyrood glanced on the eye as the coach drove into a suburb of the city. Emerging from the Old Town, we entered on the magnificent bridge which connects it with the New, and soon arrived in front of the Register office. Here I alighted, and having found a porter, proceeded on foot along Prince's street. A turn to the right brought me further into the centre of the city; and after a minute's walk, I had the satisfaction of reentering my lodgings at the corner of north Hanover and George Streets. B.

ART. III.—*A Discourse on the Religion of the Indian tribes of North America.* By S. F. Jarvis, D. D. New York, 1820.

OUR literati whose taste for research leads them to investigate the state of our country, in ages that are long since gone by, have little on which to employ their attention. Our land has not, like some European countries been marked by the vestiges of Roman renown, or Gothick taste, and offers no revolutions in governments or monuments of literature. In the only subject which it presents, the Indian history, character, and manners, almost the sole information which can be obtained, arises from the personal observation of those individuals who have mingled with that singular race of men. In the pamphlet under review, Dr. Jarvis has attempted, by collecting and weighing the testimonies of different travellers relative to the religion of the Indians, to furnish some assistance towards the delineation of that most important feature of their moral character.

It would be well, perhaps, for the scientific, could rules of philosophizing, capable of an exact application, and, in

some measure, similar to those which Newton prescribed to the natural philosopher, be introduced into literary speculations. How many finely spun theories, and ingenious hypotheses, resting on facts, totally inadequate to support them, would then sink into nothing. Among them we think might be numbered the opinion, that the Indians of North America, are descendants of the ten tribes of Israel. This hypothesis Dr. Jarvis refutes, by adducing a comparison of the Hebrew language, with that of the Indians.

One of the principal objects of this discourse, is to prove that the religion of the Indians, exhibits traces of that primeval worship and belief, which existed among all mankind in the early ages, and thus to show that these remote wanderers, form a part of the family, by whom the earth was peopled. The veneration of one Supreme Being, attended with the corrupt worship of inferior divinities, marks the first departure of all nations from the true faith, and still prevails among the Indians, not only of the continent, but also of the West Indian islands. They have abstained from that grosser idolatry, which characterised the subsequent degenerations of the inhabitants of the old world.

Another tie of moral affinity between the nations of the two hemispheres, is to be found in their common belief of a future state of rewards and punishments. On this subject, the ideas of the Indians are, certainly, not very elevated; and their expectations of future happiness are confined to the tranquil enjoyment of those pleasures, which are calculated to delight the senses.

It is easy to suppose, that the doctrines of the primeval religion might be distorted by tradition, while many of its external rites continued the same. Among the latter may be considered that of sacrifice, which prevailed in the early ages, among all nations, and is to be found among the Indians. The reasoning of Dr. Jarvis, as to the origin of this institution, has, we think, considerable force.

‘That the practice of sacrifice, as an expiation for sin, formed a prominent feature in the religion of all the nations of the old world, is a truth too well known to require proof. That it formed a part of the patriarchal religion is equally evident; and that it must have been of divine institution will, I think, be admitted, after a very little reflection. The earliest instance of worship, recorded in the Holy Scriptures, is the sacrifice offered by Cain and Abel, at a period when no permission had yet been given to eat animal food, and no pretext could have possibly presented itself to the mind of man for taking the life of any of the creatures of God. It is equally inconceivable, that by any deduction of unassisted reason, the mind could have arrived at the conclusion, that to destroy a part of creation, could be acceptable to the Creator; much less, that it could be viewed as an act of homage. The difficulty is still greater, when it is considered that this was intended as an expiation for the sins of the offerer. How could the shedding of the blood of an animal be looked upon as an atonement for the offences which man had committed against his Maker? This would have been to make an act at which nature would at once have involuntarily shuddered, the expiation of another act which might not in itself be so hurtful or so barbarous.

‘This reasoning is further strengthened by the next instance of worship recorded in the Bible. When Noah had descended from the Ark, the first act of a religious nature which he performed, was to build an altar and to offer sacrifice. Human reason would have dictated a course of conduct directly opposite; for it would have told him not to diminish the scanty remnant of life; especially when the earth was already covered with the victims which had perished in the mighty waste of waters.

‘But if of divine institution, the question then arises, what was the reason of the institution? Every intelligent being proposes to himself some end—some design to be accom-

plished by his actions. What, then, with reverence let it be asked, was the design of God?

‘To the Christian the solution of this inquiry is not difficult. He has learned, that in the secret counsels of almighty wisdom, the death of the Messiah was essential for the salvation of man; that in his death, the first of our race was as much interested as he will be, who will listen to the last stroke of departing time; that it was necessary, therefore, to establish a representation of this great event as a sign of the future blessing; in order to keep alive the hopes and the expectations of men; and that this was effected by the slaughter of an innocent animal, whose life was in the blood, and whose blood poured out was the symbol of His death, who offered himself a ransom for the sins of men.’

‘To find the same practice prevailing among all the Indian tribes of America, a practice deriving its origin, not from any dictate of nature, or from the deductions of reason, but resting solely upon the positive institution of God, affords the most triumphant evidence, that they sprang from the common parent of mankind, and that their religion, like that of all other heathen nations, is derived by a gradual deterioration from that of Noah. At the same time, it will be seen, that they are far from having sunk to the lowest round on the scale of corruption. With the exception of the Mexicans, their religious rites have a character of mildness which we should elsewhere seek in vain.’

The organization of society is so imperfect among the Indians, that we could not expect to find the priesthood established as a separate office among them, so distinctly as among ancient nations, who were more civilized; but, while each individual performs private sacrifices, we may trace the patriarchal form of the civil ruler being clothed with the public sacerdotal character.

The last feature of resemblance which Dr. Jarvis traces between the religion of the Indians, and that of the nations

of the old world, while the primitive faith was preserved in one nation, and was but partially corrupted among the rest, consists in those arts of witchcraft, which are practised by the Indian conjurers.

‘ The power, then, of these impostors, is supposed to consist, in the miraculous cure of diseases, the procuring of rain, and other temporal blessings, in the same supernatural manner—the miraculous infliction of punishment upon the subjects of their displeasure—and the foretelling of future events. It will immediately be seen, that these are, in fact, the characteristics of the prophetic office; those, I mean, which are external, which produce, therefore, a lasting impression upon the senses of men, and from the force of ocular tradition, would naturally be pretended to, even after the power of God was withdrawn.

‘ That true prophets had such power, is evident from the whole tenor of Sacred History. On their power of predicting future events, it is not necessary to dwell; but it will be seen, that there is a striking analogy between the pretensions of the Indian impostors, and the miracles wrought by the prophets. We have seen, that the former assume the power of curing or inflicting diseases by supernatural means. We find the prophets curing or inflicting the most inveterate diseases, by a word, by a touch, by washing, and other means naturally the most inadequate.* We have seen that the Indian impostors pretend to foretel drought or rain. So, Elijah the Tishbite said to Ahab, ‘ As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word.’† And again, the same prophet, when there was no appearance of change in the heavens, said to the King, ‘ Get thee up, eat and drink,

* Thus Naaman was cured of his leprosy by Elisha, and the same disease inflicted by the prophet on his servant Gehazi. 2 Kings, v.

† 1 Kings, xvii. 1.

for there is a sound of abundance of rain.* We have seen, that among the Indians, the conjurers pretend to inflict punishment on their enemies by supernatural means. So we read of a true prophet, that he commanded fire to descend from heaven and consume the soldiers who were sent by the King of Israel to take him.†

We have not room for the insertion of Dr. Jarvis's view of the existence of this prophetic spirit among the Gentile nations, while as yet they were not wholly cut off from the patriarchal church, and of those arts of divination to which they resorted, when the divine influence was withdrawn. We only insert his conclusion.

‘In proportion, then, as Idolatry increased, the prophetic spirit in the patriarchal church, was gradually withdrawn. While the true God was worshipped, even though in absurd connexion with Idols, the divine influence was sometimes communicated. But being gradually more and more frequently denied, the prophets had recourse to the superstitious observances of divination and judicial astrology. And as Idolatry, in its downward course, at length lost sight of the Creator, and worshipped only the creatures, so the prophetic office degenerated into the arts by which imposters preyed upon the superstition of the ignorant.’

According to Dr. Jarvis's theory, it cannot be determined that the Indians are emigrants from any particular nation of the old world, as he supposes them to be one of those mighty streams, which, not very long after the deluge, began to pour their separated currents throughout the habitable world. He thinks that this accounts for the uniformity of their religion, for the distinct structure of their languages, and for that degree of similarity in their character which extends as well through the southern as the northern continent.

* 1 Kings, xviii. 41. † 2 Kings, 1. 10. 12.

The piety of Dr. Jarvis has led him to express an opinion which seems to be perfectly just, that the mild character of Indian heathenism, is favourable to the introduction of Christianity. Stronger obstacles will perhaps be found in their ignorance, their roving and barbarous mode of life, and their practice of savage warfare. Yet even these impediments may be overcome by pious zeal, under the Divine blessing, and education, civilization, peace, and Christianity may be offered and accepted.

A large body of Notes, in the form of extracts, and observations, accompanies this discourse, and considerably exceeds its bulk. The author appears to have made an extensive and accurate examination of many different works on the subject of the Indians, and the views which he has deduced are just and luminous. Yet, while this pamphlet is respectable, it has not, we think, any pretensions to be profound, and it furnishes another evidence, that literature cannot be prosecuted to the best advantage, unless it be made a principal business of life. S.

ART. IV.—*Remarks on 'Volney's view of the soil and climate of the United States.*

SCARCELY any work, descriptive of our country, has had a more extensive circulation than the one above mentioned. This makes it necessary that any errors or mistakes which may be in that work, should be corrected, to prevent their being perpetuated. Mr. Brown the judicious American translator of Volney's View, has noted a considerable number of those errors; but there are others which either escaped his notice, or he did not possess sufficient local knowledge of all parts of the country described to correct them.

It may be useful, even at this late day, to point out some which he has omitted, more especially as several of them have been transcribed into popular works; and thus, if some means are not taken to prevent it, they will be extensively

disseminated and long perpetuated. Those errors, it is true, are not generally very important; but being errors, the chance of their being continued ought, as far as possible, to be prevented.

The first I shall notice is contained in page eighteen of the Philadelphia edition of 1804. In the preceding page Mr. Volney, speaking of the valley of the Mississippi, says, 'The people of the maritime provinces are accustomed to distinguish this space by the names of the Backcountry, the Backwoods, the Wilderness, or more fancifully the Western country. I had scarcely passed, he adds, the Allegany when I heard *this phrase* applied, by the dwellers on the Great Kenhawa and the Ohio, to the maritime country,' and he goes on to make some reflections on so remarkable a fact. But Mr. Volney is certainly mistaken in the fact itself. Persons who have lived many years on the Kenhawa and Ohio, assert they never heard the phrase applied there, as Mr. Volney has stated, nor do they believe the idea expressed by it ever occurred to the minds of the people of that country. It will appear presently, from some quotations from his work, and the remarks which will be made upon them, that Mr. Volney, from an imperfect knowledge of our language, or some other cause, sometimes put a very erroneous construction on what he heard.

In page nineteen he tells us the vine, in the Western country, climbs to the height of *twenty or thirty feet*.' When Mr. Volney errs he generally goes beyond the truth; but in this case he has fallen short of it. He would in this case have been near the truth had he told us that the vine, in that country, climbs to the height of from twenty to seventy-five or eighty feet.

In page twenty, he tells us very correctly, that some of the western mountains are 'distinguished by their rapid slopes and the narrowness of their summits,' but in a note he adds, 'it is on the summits however, that the Indians, and

after them the Americans, have traced their paths or roads. One of the most striking specimens of this kind of road is to be found on Gauly-ridge among the Kenhawa mountains. This ridge is not fifteen feet broad in the course of a mile, while there is a *perpendicular descent, on either side*, of six or seven hundred feet.' If this description were correct, this would be the most extraordinary curiosity in North America. A natural wall, a mile in length, fifteen feet thick, and six or seven hundred feet high, would be more astonishing than the Natural Bridge, or the Falls of Niagara. But no such place exists as Mr. Volney here describes. The ridge which he refers to is very narrow at the top and the sides are very steep, but far from being perpendicular. Mr. Volney, it is believed, is also mistaken when he says the Indians traced their paths on the summits of these mountains. Their paths, so far as the writer of this article has had an opportunity of ascertaining, were traced along the valleys, and not on the summits of the ridges; and certain it is that at the particular place Mr. Volney describes the road does not follow the trace of an Indian path.

In page twenty-nine, he tells us very correctly, that the Blue ridge 'is detached from the great bow or knot of the Allegany,' and, 'is the immediate elongation of this chain in coming from the south;' but adds that 'it crosses James' river above the junction of its two higher ridges, the Patowmac above the Shanandoah, and the Susquehannah above Harrisburg.' We suspect there must be, in this sentence, some error of the translator or of the press. Part of it is unintelligible, and part of it not only contrary to fact, but to Volney's own ideas expressed in other parts of his book. The Blue ridge, it is well known crosses James' river just *below* its two principal *branches*—the Patowmac not 'above' but immediately below where that river receives the Shanandoah, and it crosses the Susquehannah not above, but considerably below Harrisburgh.

In page thirty, we are told the north mountain 'detaches itself also from the great bow of the Allegany, and holding a course *westward*, but parallel to the former, traverses the higher branches of James' river,' &c. I suspect that here also there is an error of the press or of the translator. Volney probably wrote, or intended to write, that the North mountain holds its course *eastward*. It would have been more correct however to have written *north eastward*; for that, as is well known, is the general course of that mountain.

In the thirty-third page, Mr. Volney informs us that among the mountains which he passed through from Staunton to Greenbriar, are the warm, the hot, and the red springs. It is not easy to ascertain what spring he here means by the red spring, as there is no spring of that name along the road which he travelled. There is a red spring in the county of Monroe; but Mr. Volney did not pass very near to it. He however must have passed the white sulphur—a spring more resorted to in the watering season than any other in Virginia; but it can hardly be supposed that it is *that* which he denominated the red-spring. It is strange however that he should not mention so noted a spring as the white sulphur, especially as the road he travelled passed within a few feet of the spring itself. In describing the warm spring he says 'it rises at the bottom of a deep valley shaped like a funnel, and *easily perceived* to be the water of an extinguished volcano. It is believed no person but Volney himself ever 'perceived,' this water. There are certainly no indications at the place of any such thing. Besides, a spring issuing out of the water of even an extinguished volcano, is a phenomenon, it is supposed, not as yet seen any where. Surely a water is one of the last paces in the world in which we would expect to find a spring.

In the page last quoted we are also told that 'west of the Allegany, towards the vale of the Ohio, there are many remarkable hills. The first of these called Reynick, and the high Ballentines, eight miles west of Greenbrier, appears

to me as lofty, though not so broad, as the Blue ridge.' The author has crowded into this last sentence more mistakes, than I recollect to have ever noticed in a sentence of the same length. It is also in one respect extremely vague and indefinite. What does Mr. Volney mean here by Greenbrier?' Is it Greenbrier river, or Greenbrier county, or Greenbrier court-house? Probably he means the latter. If so, he ought to have said Lewisburgh, for that is the name of the village where Greenbrier Court-house stands. Now for his mistakes. He evidently speaks of Reynick, and the High Ballentines, as one mountain. But those he means are not one, but two distinct mountains. He farther says, it appears as lofty, though not so broad as the Blue-ridge.' If the two mountains, he here refers to, are considered separately, neither of them is half so high as the Blue-ridge; but considered as one mountain, they may be almost as high, for they stand like terraces—the base of the second being almost as high as the top of the first. If we consider those two mountains as one, as Volney has done, they are certainly broader than the Blue-ridge generally is, or than it is where Mr. Volney crossed it. The most extraordinary thing however in this sentence is, that Mr. Volney has entirely mistaken the names of those mountains. The name of the first is the Brushy ridge, being a projection or elongation of Muddy-Creek mountain. The name of the second is the Meadow mountain. At the time Volney passed through that country there lived at the foot, or rather on the side of the Brushy ridge, a man whose name was Renick, and there lived near the foot of the Meadow mountain a man whose name was Hugh Ballentine. Mr. Volney then was probably led into his mistake in the following manner. Some person giving him directions of the road he was to travel, told him that after going a certain distance he would pass Renick's, and going on two or three miles farther he would pass Hugh Ballentine's. Volney travelling on the distance first men-

tioned, found himself ascending a mountain, and though, that was what was intended by 'Rennick's' and going on two or three miles farther found himself ascending another lofty elevation; this he concluded must be what was intended by the second name which had been mentioned to him, and changing the christian name Hugh into the adjective High, he metamorphosed Hugh Ballentine into the 'High Ballentines. This was certainly a very ludicrous blunder, and the man who could commit it, is evidently entitled to less confidence in his statements as a traveller, than we might otherwise be disposed to repose in them. A few sentences farther on, we are told 'The Gauley ridge originates among the fountains of the Great Kenhawa. This is a mistake. Gauley mountain crosses the Great Kenhawa, where it is called New-river a little above the Great falls and several hundred miles below its source. The fountains of the Great Kenhawa are in mountains distinct and far distant from the Gauley ridge. This shows what vague and indefinite conceptions Mr. Volney sometimes formed, and what little pains he sometimes took to obtain accurate and distinct information. In the 46th page we are told that in the country round Pittsburgh, on the Ohio, in the district of Greenbrier, on the Kenhawa and throughout Kentucky, an examination always leads to the *grand calcareous foundation*.' This assertion is much too broad. The 'calcareous foundation' is found only in a small part of the extensive territory included in the county of Greenbrier. It is found nowhere on the Kenhawa; it is found only in a part of Kentucky. A great proportion of what is called the wilderness, in that state shows no calcareous rock. There are likewise extensive districts along the Ohio where it is not found.

In pages 51 and 52 we are told that there is a calcareous region between the Blue-ridge and North Mountain, which extends from the Delaware about Easton to the great bow of the Allegany. This is tolerably correct; but he adds

‘The county of Botetount, which occupies the latter region, is called the *limestone country*, because it supplies with that material, all the country east of the Blue ridge, where *none* is to be found.’ There is doubtless limestone in Botetount county; but it is not so universally abundant in that county as in many others above the Blue Ridge, and Botetount has never by way of eminence, been called the limestone county, nor has it ever supplied the country east of the Blue Ridge with that material to any considerable extent. It is moreover very strange that Mr. Volney did not know, that east of the Blue Ridge, a vein of limestone extends quite across Virginia, from which the upper counties east of the Blue Ridge, obtain almost all the lime they use. There are some other statements of Mr. Volney, which might be noticed; such as his assertion that Col. Lewis of Point pleasant, was a relation of Gen. Washington; and his assertion, in page twenty-six, that he was ‘enabled in various situations, to make accurate measurements of our mountains, and then proceeding to give measurements none of which it would seem were made by him. But I will not detain my readers with these matters.

Upon the whole, Mr. Volney’s work is a valuable one; and although there are in it a great many mistakes, yet he certainly collected, during the short time he was among us, a great deal of information respecting our country; and has given new and interesting views of some subjects to which we Americans, had scarcely before turned our attention. G.

ART. V.—*Description of the State Capitol of Pennsylvania, now building at Harrisburg.*

[with an engraving.]

Soon after the Legislature of Pennsylvania, made choice of Harrisburg, as the seat of government, a ten acre lot of ground was purchased for the purpose of erecting thereon, suitable buildings to accommodate both houses of the gene-

ral assembly, and the various departments of Government. The neighbourhood of Harrisburg, fortunately offered a most appropriate spot for this purpose, an eminence of moderate height a little to the north of the built part of the borough, from which the eye takes in almost at one glance, a view of the whole town below; an extensive prospect of the river Susquehanna, which is here a mile in breadth, and peculiarly romantic and beautiful; a noble bridge, stretching on twelve broad arches across this wide stream; several villages scattered up and down its fertile and well cultivated banks, and on the north a line of blue hills, covered with wood, the uniformity of which is only broken by a single gap, through which the river passes, and which forms one of the finest features of this extensive and diversified landscape.

The situation is at once picturesque, commanding and healthful, and will, by its superior height, exhibit the public buildings to the greatest advantage, and show them at a distance of many miles, as objects of great magnitude and conspicuous beauty.

The county of Dauphin, having very comfortably accommodated the legislature, on its arrival, in their new Courthouse, no effectual steps were taken until last year, for the *completion* of a Capitol, although the two wings had for a long while been built for the offices of the secretary of the commonwealth, the treasurer, auditor general, and surveyor general. These wings are in a style of architecture to correspond with the main body of the edifice, whenever it shall be finished; they are fire-proof, and cost ninety thousand dollars.

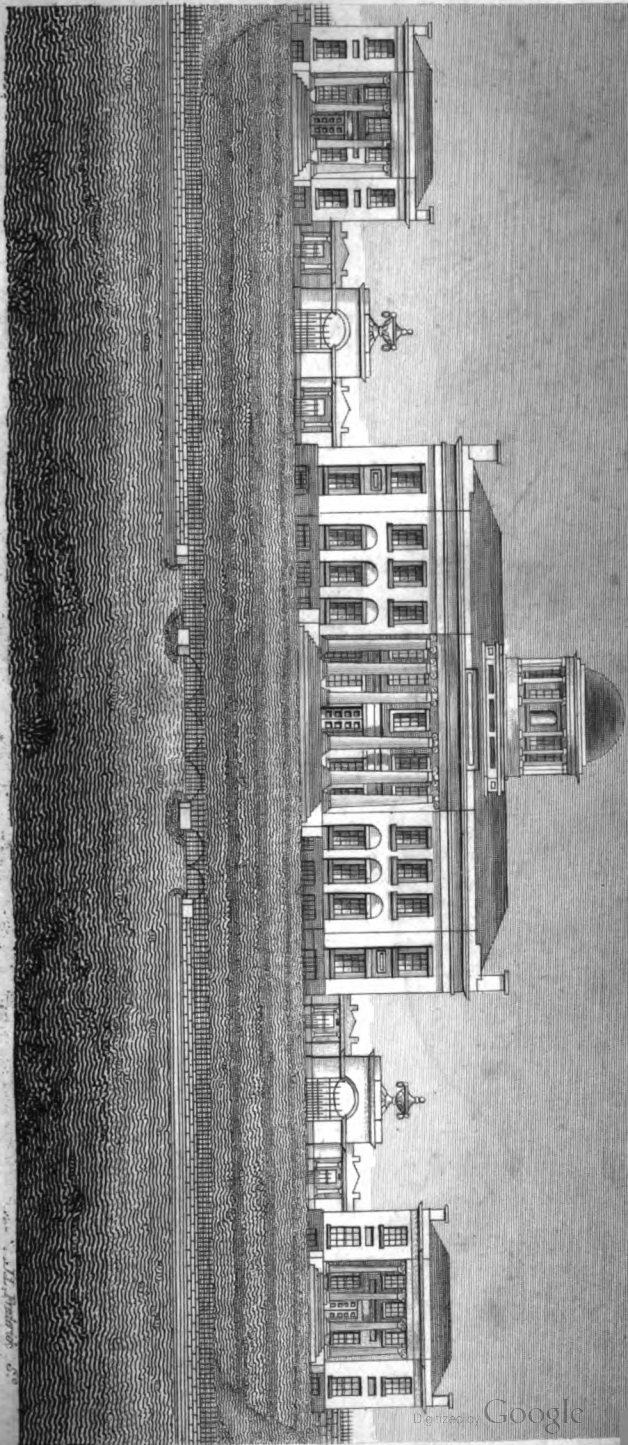
Several attempts were made in 1816, to obtain a law for the purpose of erecting the grand centre, and a bill was actually passed by the senate that year, appropriating three hundred thousand dollars for that object. The house of Representatives very properly refused to sanction such an

enormous expenditure; and it was not until January 1819, that a bill granting one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for this edifice was passed into a law. One of the provisions of that law, makes it the duty of the commissioners to offer a premium of four hundred dollars for the plan that should be adopted by them, and two hundred dollars for the next best. These premiums, after a public invitation in the newspapers had been given to the artists of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore and Washington, to furnish *plans* were awarded to Stephen Hills of Harrisburg, and Robert Mills of Baltimore.

Mr. Hills, who received the first premium, undertook to carry into execution the plan which he had offered, and to limit the expense to the sum granted by the general assembly; namely, one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, to which, however, fifteen thousand additional were voted at the last session, for the purpose of giving superior solidity, beauty and security to certain parts of the edifice. With these preliminary remarks, we proceed to give some account of the elevation and distribution of the building now erecting, and which may be properly denominated the capitol, as it is especially designed for the accommodation of the state Legislature. It forms the main or middle part of the edifice exhibited in the print.

The capitol (in the language of the architect) is set back of the wings so far that the inner columns of each portico will range, giving a clear view from one building to the other, through the portico. A great terrace or gravel walk, can be made straight from one end of the public ground to the other. The main entrance to the public ground, is in front of State street, opposite the capitol, by gates and flights of steps; and at each end of the buildings, a circular carriage road will communicate with State street, by an easy descent. One other entrance will be from Pine street by a turnstile and flight of steps; one from North street, and three from High

STATE CAPITOL AT HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.



street by gateways. The front of the ground will be laid off in slopes, from the capitol to Third street, and likewise to North street. The walk leading from the capitol, will be a very easy descent when the ground is levelled, and will extend thirteen hundred feet, and be upwards of sixty feet above the waters of the Susquehanna.

The dimensions of the capitol are one hundred and eighty feet front, and eighty feet deep, two stories high. The lower story is designed for the accommodation of both branches of the legislature, and the second for committee rooms, library, &c. with a portico in front to correspond with those of the wings, and a dome on the top of the roof. The great western entrance is a circular portico, the whole height of the building, composed of six Ionic stone columns, four feet in diameter and thirty-six feet high, and recessing thirty-seven feet to a circular wall, which leads into the vestibule, from whence a double stair is seen through the great arch, communicating with every part of the interior above; likewise may be seen through the openings of the several landings, the vaulted ceiling of the vestibule; and through the opening in this ceiling, may be seen the inside of the rotunda and fluted ceiling of the dome, one hundred feet above the floor of the vestibule. It is in the centre of the building, of a circular form and the great thoroughfare of the interior. It receives abundant light from above, and through it both houses will communicate with each other. It is made spacious—thirty-four feet in diameter, and forty feet from the door of one chamber of the legislature to the other. It consists of eight openings or door ways in each story; four of which are in the first; two whereof for the accommodation of the sergeant-at-arms, and door keepers, and the others leading by a spacious circular staircase to the parts above, namely, to the committee rooms, library, and into the roof and rotunda, &c. all of which, entire in themselves, tend as

rays to the centre; and at the first view the spectator will be able to point out the way to any one of them.

The *Senate* chamber, situated in the west end of the building, is seventy-five feet, by fifty-seven in the clear, and twenty-one feet high, calculated to contain thirty-six members. The Hall of *Representatives*, situated in the east end, is seventy-five feet by sixty-eight in the clear, and twenty-one feet high, calculated to contain one hundred and eight members. Sufficient room will be found in the great circle round the speaker's chair in this Hall, for the accommodation of the senate in joint meeting of both houses. The space allotted for each member of the senate, is three feet six inches. The desks are two feet wide, and the platform five feet nine inches wide; and a space is left between the members' seats and gallery five feet six inches wide. The gallery will contain one hundred and eighty persons. On each side of the speaker's chair are two rooms; one for the office of clerk, and one for the transcriber's office; likewise two committee rooms, for the immediate use of the senate, the sergeant-at-arms and door-keeper; besides, the two rooms in the vestibule will have four large closets recessed in the wall of the gallery.

The Senate room will receive light by three large windows in front, and three back, one under the portico, and one Venetian behind the speaker's chair; making eight large windows in the whole. The chamber will be heated by two fire places, and two stoves set in niches, in the gallery. The walls on each side of the speaker's chair being circular, give ample room round the fire places. All the seats in the chamber and walls of the gallery are concentric circles.

The space allotted to each member of the house of Representatives is two feet nine inches. The desks one foot nine inches, and the platform, four feet nine inches. The space between the members and gallery four feet. The galleries, stoves, fire-places and windows, the same as in the Senate

chamber, excepting the addition of two windows, on each side of the speaker's chair. The offices of the clerk and transcriber, are placed one on each side of the speaker's chair, each having five paper cases recessed in the wall, together with a niche for a stove, and two large windows.

The second story is divided off into committee rooms. These are thirty-one feet by thirty-four in the clear, for forty members each, and one of the same dimensions for the joint library; likewise four other committee rooms, thirty-one by twenty-two in the clear, each having their appropriate doors, windows, fire places, &c. The passage leading from the vestibule, to the committee rooms is twelve feet wide, and twenty-one feet high; receiving light from a large venetian window in each end of the building.

The landing of the portico is four feet six inches high from the ground; (two steps higher than those of the wings) from whence to the top of the cornice is forty-six feet; making the front fifty feet six inches high from the ground. From the top of the cornice, to the top of the dome, is fifty-seven feet six inches; making the whole height one hundred and eight feet. The rotunda above the roof, is composed of sixteen columns, twenty-two inches in diameter, and seventeen feet high. It is forty-eight feet in diameter outside of the columns. The dome is forty feet diameter. It contains eight windows, and eight niches. The faces of the great clock can be placed between the two front columns, facing the four sides of the building round the rotunda; the space left below the dials, to be filled with pannel work. The dials can be seven feet diameter. The niches can be occupied with such statues as government may direct, allegorical figures of Liberty, Justice, Authority, Clemency, &c., may be thought most appropriate.

The cellar walls are remarkably substantial, and that part of them which is above ground, is faced with cut stone and superbly wrought iron gratings, in the proper places for

light and air. The windows in the superstructure, contain twenty-four panes of glass, fourteen by twenty-two: the second story, twenty-four panes fourteen by nineteen. The ceilings are admirably well contrived, and those of both chambers of the legislature, will be supported *without columns*; timbers above, having the power within themselves to carry the whole weight between the walls. The roof of the whole building, including that of the dome, is to be slated and coppered. The whole cost, including wings and furniture, will be about two hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars.

ART. VI.—*Maurice and Berghetta: or the Priest of Rahery, a Tale.* Republished by Wells and Lilly, Boston.

THE high reputation of this novel in England where it was published in the last year, has induced an American bookseller to republish it, and it is one of the very few new works at present advertised for sale to the public of this country.

The author is said to be a Mr. Parnell, a member of the British Parliament for the county of Wicklow in Ireland, and, it may therefore be presumed, an Irishman. The object of his lucubrations is professed to be of a patriotic nature; to exhibit Ireland as she deserves to be shown, in an amiable point of view; to reconcile differences between the Catholics and the Protestants, and ‘to place such observations on the manners of the Irish peasantry, as have occurred to him, in a less formal shape than that of a regular dissertation.’

We confess we regret his choice of this mode of conveying his notions to our understandings. There is an intense degree of interest attached to the actual condition of Ireland that does not require the aid of fiction, to give it a hold upon our feelings; and the impossibility of distinguishing what is

portaiture from what is caricature very much weakens the effect of the most natural descriptions.

From Miss Edgeworth or Lady Morgan a tale comes with better grace than a dissertation, but Mr. Curwen's observations on the state of Ireland, if they do not afford so much amusement, excite a deeper interest than the 'manners painting' prose of either of those ladies. These thoughts are much confirmed by perceiving how discriminative, perspicuous and instructive Mr. Parnell can be, when he condescends to 'stoop to truth,' and generalize his opinions. As a specimen of which we make the following extract from his prefatory remarks.

'Perhaps it will not be difficult to account for the conversational wit, intelligence, and suavity of manner, which the Irish possess in a superior degree to the English peasantry.

'The English peasantry may be pretty generally considered as a domestic race of people—they have the virtues of domestic habits, and the defects, if they may be called so, of a want of vivacity and conversation.

'On the whole their character is well adapted to their station of life, and they are pretty much what one would wish a religious and industrious peasantry to be.

'On the contrary, the habits of the Irish peasantry are all antidomestic; they miss no opportunity of being in society, and these perpetually occur; hence the habit of conversation and art of manners are familiar to them.

'Irish merry meetings of the lower ranks, though they may differ in the polish of the detail, have the same general effects as the more fashionable assemblies of the higher ranks; funerals, wakes, and saints' days, though they have duty for their pretence, are all a species of route; and when to these fairs, markets, races, occasional parties for a fight, hurling or football match, and several night dances, and card assemblies in each parish are added, and all eagerly attended, it

may easily be conceived, that an Irish peasant is rather more sociable and polished than befits his station.

‘ The causes which lead to this disturbance, as it must be considered in the order of society, appear to be principally these.

‘ 1st.—That landlords in Ireland generally throw upon the tenants the business of building, while the leases they give, fall short of the length which a building lease ought to be. The peasantry have generally to build their own houses, and being either possessed of no capital, or naturally unwilling to lay out any that they have to the reversionary profit of the landlord, they build houses of the most wretched description, usually of mud with clay floors, too often without windows and chimneys. It is impossible, that domestic habits should be formed in these horrid habitations, and the natural result is, that the whole family feel happier any where than at home.

‘ 2d.—Being generally illiterate, or at best possessing no books, they have no means of amusement at home during the long winter evenings; and as a substitute assemble either at a neighbour’s house, or a dancing house, where the conversation and amusement are of a very questionable description. The establishment of lending libraries in Ireland has already been found to check this evil.

‘ 3d.—As individuals, the Irish peasantry have been degraded and oppressed, and they are not connected in any manner with the civil business of the country, an evil that is aggravated by their exclusion from vestries.

‘ An Irishman of the lower orders, individually, is dejected, timid, and spiritless; it is only in combinations and social confederacies that he feels himself a man, and that his natural energy and vivacity display themselves.

‘ This seems to be the principal cause of the uncommon avidity with which the lower orders in Ireland seize every pretence and opportunity for assembling together, and also

for their proneness to every kind of illegal combination: legally, they have no opportunity of escaping from their individual insignificance; in these, at least, they find that they are of sufficient importance, to make themselves feared.

‘ And yet the tendency of all modern legislation, that concerns Ireland, is to render this exclusion of the lower orders from all participation in civil affairs more strict and their separation from the higher orders more marked!

‘ The peasantry in Ireland, compared with the same class in England, are distinguished by a very striking superiority in benevolence and charity. That they have long been a suffering race, may partly account for their compassionate temper and generosity. Virtues, like grosser commodities, generally exist in proportion to the demand for them; and in no country has suffering humanity presented a more importunate claim for mutual commiseration and assistance than in Ireland. But the difference, in its extreme degree, we should ascribe principally to the operation of the poor laws in the one country, and the absence of all legal provision for the poor in the other. It is evident, that, where the domestic and neighbourly affections in the one country are seldom called into exertion, they will exist in a very torpid degree—and where in the other country the remedy for all the casual evils of life is sought for only in their exertion, they will be in the same degree abundant and energetic.’

The tale is deficient in *effect*; the characters are quite overdrawn, and the incidents quite too prodigious; with these large qualifications we are willing to allow it to be a very good tale indeed, as to lively description and pathetic sentiment. The commencement is as follows:

‘ I am a priest of the Island of Rahery. I shall soon follow the good and beloved that I baptized and buried, for my heart is not at home in this world, praise be to God. Yet while it is his good will that I should live in clay, let me

still be enacting, if nothing for his glory, sinner that I am, something for his service.

‘Shall I not be called to account at the great harvest, what good seed I have sown, what full ears I have to show? there will be confusion for my own sins, and burning blushes for yours; sons and daughters mine!

‘How may I incense you with that wisdom, which is like coals of fire upon the lips of the old, and which burns under the snows of age? My voice is grown weak and has a silly sound, and therefore you do not heed my exhortations. You see me about to die, and you already look upon my jurisdiction as a fire-side chronicle. The young will never be persuaded by the aged, or the foolish boy by the wise, but the living will condescend to learn from the dead, for them they neither envy nor hate. The memory of the good multiplies into virtues, and the moral fruits of succeeding ages derives their nutriment from the ashes of the past.

‘—You all knew Moriortagh O’Neal and Berghetta his wife: are you not the better for their having lived amongst you? and can I give your children a greater blessing than by setting before their eyes an exemplification of such industrious and sainted lives?’

Maurice, the hero, is a descendant of the ancient family of the O’Neals, and is left an orphan, as well as his sister at a very tender age, and in possession only of a mud cabin and a few acres of miserable soil. The priest after describing the death of their father David O’Neal, proceeds:

‘I never saw any thing so moving as the grief of his darling children, while the poor wife sat like one amazed. But there was no want of stir where Mrs. M’Cormick was, and now she would dole out a scrap of consolation to the widow, and now give fifty directions for the waking of the body. I knew that it was no use to oppose this pagan rite, neither had Mrs. M’Cormick lost any of her predominance by the

failure of her prescription; his time was come, and that being the case, a saint would have failed to cure him; so I took my departure, grieving much for the widow and orphans.

‘The next morning I saw one of their neighbours standing before my window.

“What news?” said I.

“Please your reverence, I made bold to step over and ask your reverence’s interposition to save something for the desolate orphans, for Rose M’Cormick insists there must be another wake to-night, though the dead body’s friends are considerate and to a man against it; otherwise there will not be a copper left for the childers’ maintenance.”

“Another wake!” cried I; “sure the woman’s beside herself, did ever any one hear, even in this island of superstition,—of a dead body being waked twice?”

“Oh, your reverence is out,” rejoined the man, “sure you have not heard, then, that the wife, Peggy O’Neal, died this morning?”

“Ah, well-a-day!” cried I, “how’s that?”

“Sure, there was an inhuman noise all last night, and the cratur was almost distract, she wrung her hands piteously; but Rose M’Cormick said, it would get up her spirits to keep her with us while the gambols were going on, and, indeed, where else could she go? the spare room was full of horses, the stable being but small; but it was all one, she regarded none of our plays and the like, but kept her eyes full on the corpse, lying laid out in the room all the while; and early this morning, just before we parted, whether the noise was too much for her, being a delicate one always, or being kept too long from her natural rest, having tended the sick so many nights before, or might be pure grief, her heart burst, and she died with but one groan.”

‘I sent by this man a message to the big woman, that a public wake might be dispensed with, and only herself and a neighbour or two to watch at night, that something might

be saved for the orphans.—What was her answer?—"Heavens send that Father O'Brien is not a worse Catholic for his foreign breeding; but let that be as it will, it shall never be said that this poor dead thing; born a M'Cormick, and married to an O'Neal, shall be buried without a wake, and that a decent one too."—So refractory was she grown, in the conceit of her old customs and superstitions.

'Well, I buried the two, and a great funeral Mrs. M'Cormick made of it; proud enough she was, and looked as if she was drunk; and nothing particular if she was, for there were two thousand people there, men and women, and not one but was drunk or noisy. "Better," thought I, "my friends, if you had staid at home, and minded your industry." But the Irish are full of ostentation, and mighty fond of being wherever there is a crowd, and then they flatter themselves withal, that this is being vastly good Christians. But I said nothing, for I knew they looked on me in the light of half a foreigner.'

Maurice and his sister are more particularly introduced to the reader in a subsequent page; the Priest who continues to be the narrator, had set out with a determination to seek for the orphans and bring them home with him:

'When I got to the house, I concluded the poor things had been forced to give it up to some new possessor, more the pity when it had been so long in the family, for the house was new thatched and white washed, and a very pretty garden with flowers and cabbage in it, things unseen before on the headland of Bengore.'

'As I approached, a young lass came out so tidy and genteel withal, that I could scarce recognise her for O'Neal's daughter, Una.'

"My pretty one," said I, "I am glad to see you in such good case; then your poor father left more behind him than was supposed."

“Indeed he did not Sir,” she replied, “we were poor enough at first, but Maurice is such a good manager, that he has brought every thing about, and we are now comfortable and decent without being obliged to any one.”

“Maurice,” exclaimed I, “why the boy is but a child! what could he do?”

“What can he not do?” replied Una, with a proudish look that became her well; “but will not your reverence walk in, and I will go for Maurice to the field, for he never returns from the time he goes out to his work.”

“No don’t go yet,” said I, when I was seated, “for this all seems very amazing, and I want to ask you a question or two more. The house is stanch and clean, more so than ever I saw it in its best of days; you are tidy and smart too, and a garden into the bargain, and yet I cannot conceive, for the life of me, how the lad could even crop or stock his land.”

“O, he found a good tenant, and set the land the first thing he did, for he said the value of the time lost on the ground, without money to do things as they ought to be done, was more than any good that was got out of the ground—and it was better to set the ground and work for wages, and then he should be certain that both the farm and his own labour would pay something.”

“Then what do you do for a cow—what do you do for potatoes?”

“We never eat potatoes.”

“Never eat potatoes, pretty one—then how do you live?”

“Maurice lives on meat and wheaten bread, and drinks nothing but water, unless he takes tea with me in the evening.”

“Meat! tea! wheaten bread! Why how do you pay for it all? I believe your old grand-aunt, Rose M’Cormick, has taught you to dream for gold.”

“I earn two-pence a day by spinning, and Maurice thirteen pence a day by his work. We get good meat for two-pence a pound, and bread for a penny, so after paying the week's expenses, there is enough to buy clothes, something for charity, and to help a neighbour; and we have a strong box, with two guineas already in it, in case of sickness and accidents; all the rent of the farm will go for some years to pay our grandfather's debts.”

“My pretty maid,” said I, for I would not interrupt her, “if I did not know the veracity of your family, I should think you were rhodomontading. Maurice earns thirteen pence a day, when the best man in the parish only gets six-pence!”

“Yes; but Maurice works task work, and he is so well fed, he says he is able to work better than many grown up men. Indeed, he says eating meat is the cheapest and best, for besides being able to earn so much more, he can take his cold meat and bread with him, and look for work five miles off, but if he ate potatoes, I should be forced to carry them twice a day through all weathers, which would oblige him to work only near home; besides, I should lose the most of what I earn by spinning, and wear out my shoes and clothes; have to pay for medicines two or three times a year, from colds; and what he thinks worst of, be in company with all the labourers during their meals, without mentioning the idle tattered girls who carry them their meals; and any how he cannot endure that I should leave the house, unless he is with me. Now he takes his cold meat and bread with him and asks no more till he comes home to supper.”

“God love your brother, child,” said I, “I never heard the like before: where is he? for my heart will not be at ease till I see him.”

“He is about two miles off, but if your Reverence will have patience the while, I will run and bring him; he will

not mind my going alone, when he hears that you are at home, where there has been nothing holy for a long time."

"Run you shall not," said I, "but stay here till I visit a neighbour or two and by that time your brother will be back; and if you have a wad of straw in any corner, I will sleep here to-night, preferable to the best house in the parish."

"Then come and see your bed," said the charming maid, giving me her hand, "many's the envious heart there will be to-night, when it is known the honour we have got; but we will not rejoice the less for that."

'She showed me a tidy room and a white bed, that might have served a Cardinal.

"This is my room," said she, "which you shall have, with a pair of sheets of my own spinning."

"And where, love, will you sleep?"

"Oh never mind, I have settled it all just as I know my brother would have it; here you sleep, that's all; I shall sleep in his bed, and he will sleep on the wad of straw by the kitchen fire—but it will go hard with him if he had not a spare bed by another year."

'I went my ways, as I said, and though I had a great opinion of the blood of the O'Neals, which in spite of poverty and depression still would speak out in some of its ancient splendour, yet what I had seen and heard surprised me. The girl was grown the handsomest creature I had ever seen, something of the kind I had seen in Spain, her eyes were large, and of a velvet black, with very long eyelashes, her teeth beautiful and regular, and her cheeks ruddied. She had no brogue or accent, but an ease, jauntiness, and gentility of manner, quite uncommon—and the boy seemed to have all the industry of his forefathers, with more conduct to boot.

'I went to rate half a score of my flock, who had been leagued in plundering a wreck, and after dining with one of

the most respectable of them, I returned in the evening to O'Neal's tenement.

'Maurice was returned from his work, and at the first sight my heart warmed to him; his face and forehead were full of nobleness, and I ceased to be surprised at what his sister told me of the produce of his labour, for he was very large and robust for his age, with a look of great sagacity and graveness, indeed, to describe his countenance once for all, it seemed to feel more and think more than any visage I ever saw.'

Maurice continues his prosperous course of industry until he is enabled to place his sister in a situation as companion to a Catholic lady in London, whither he accompanies her, and his letters descriptive of his views of England, particularly the agricultural character, relieve the priest's narrative and afford a lively picture of English husbandry.

"Oh," he exclaims in one of the letters, "what a sight to me was an English farm-house and farm! Every thing within so clean, lightsome, airy, and orderly; all the yards so neatly swept; the garden and shrubbery so trim; the men so decent, the maids so tidy; the grounds so well laboured, not a weed—no scutch; gates to every field, hedges too, and all clipped; and such wagons and carts, and in such profusion, with houses for all, to save them from sun and weather. But oh, the horses! the horses! never shall I forget the first time I saw a wagon and the eight noble animals that drew it; I could have fallen down on my knees to them, as they went by; and indeed, though while I was on foot about the farm, seeing and admiring every thing, I was as gay as the blaze of the sun; yet when we came home in the evening, and there was no conversation like yours, my dear sir, to call one out of oneself, I thought of our miserable cats of garrons, and logs of cars, the naked fields, and all the desolation of the headland of Bengore, I became so sad, that when I was

left alone with young John Headcroft, the tears came so fast from my eyes that I could not hide them. He stared at me, but thinking it was because I felt strange among new acquaintance, told me he was like an old acquaintance with me already, and his father and all the rest would be in a day or two. I said that his farm was a darling spot of ground, and I was quite obliged to him for bringing me to it; but when I made him understand what it was that had come across my mind, "Cheer up, my lad," said he, "if that is all, I will bring father's wagons and team over to you, and set all things to rights," and he was quite in earnest; but I who knew how all our self-sufficient boobies would set their heads against any thing new, shook my head, and could not help telling him of our Sir Phelimy French, who brought over an English wagon and horses, but forgot to bring a driver, and when he ordered it out, it came round with eight drivers, one to every horse, and the horses not knowing what was meant by *hup* and *hough*, and the drivers as little understanding what they called the humours of the wagon, it was overturned into the ha-ha, pronounced a folly, and left to rot, no office being large enough to hold it. Young Headcroft roared with laughter at this account, but said he would bring the wagon and team notwithstanding, and put on his smock frock and drive it himself.'

'With us labour is called slavery; here they have a pride in it, and young Headcroft told me, that he should not be able to hold up his head, if he was not able to mow, reap, thrash, drive a wagon, and do every thing else better than the other lads. At first I own I neither liked young Headcroft, nor any of his family, they seemed so little agreeable; but they improved every day, and when I began to reflect on all the vicious and pernicious qualities of our "hail fellow, well met, and lively boys," I was obliged to give preference to homely English. What will Merritt M'Cormick think of the young fellows here, when he hears that they do

not know how to dance? and yet, when I saw them in their clean white smock frocks, sitting quietly in the farm kitchen on Sunday, and listening to old Mr. Headcroft reading the Bible, or reading some religious book themselves, I wished that I could be sure that Merrit was at the same time as well employed. Yet there certainly are great faults in the character of this people, for they were striking in all of them. They are always thinking of themselves, and eat up with conceit and selfishness. They either pride themselves in a course unfeelingness, or fall into an affection of humanity, which equally proves them destitute of all heart and nature. I heard of and observed instances of extreme obduracy between the nearest connections, which were shocking. Even aunt M'Cormick, beast as she is, would share her last meal with a cousin, and would never say an uncivil word to a stranger. They are also great vaunters, and when they do talk, every thing they say is with an air, but clumsily concealed, of exalting themselves, or something belonging to them. The same selfishness makes them gluttons both in meat and drink; all their farming merits and virtues, which are without end, seem to have no other object but the gratification of this gross sensuality. And the only displeasing object you see about the farm is the possessor, who, at a middle age, is literally crammed with ale and meat; and is swollen into an enormous disproportion of flesh, to which I never saw any thing similar in Ireland. It is the strangest shape! a pig, when he gets fat, fattens at all points, and still keeps a certain symmetry; but an English farmer flattens down as he gets bloated, and if it was not for the immense number of these shapes that you see, who keep each other in countenance, I should think that they would be ashamed to appear abroad. These people too have no look, language, or manner, that expresses affection, but they are great critics of proprieties; and I found from young Headcroft, that the unguardedness of my Irish manners had led me into a great

many offences against what they considered good breeding. All their conversation too consists in common-place observations, which extreme inanity seems to arise as much from the coldness of their hearts as from the poverty of their imaginations. Yet notwithstanding these great deficiencies in manners and character, in point of conduct, and the virtues of their station, they far exceed us. I was surprised at the difference between an English and an Irish fair: at the latter, every species of the grossest fraud is practised; and a man can scarcely do business to any extent, from the perpetual wrangles he is engaged in to avoid imposition; but in an English fair, words are binding oaths, and business passes on quietly and speedily. Another great and pure feature they possess, which it grieves my heart to know how sadly we want,—their women never drink. Almost every vice of our character I could confess here, but I should have died with shame to have allowed this. As I found that to work well was the only thing that gave a man credit here, I set out with the mowers,—as you know that I am reckoned a first-rate hand among ourselves; but I soon found that I had need of all my Irish indifference to success, to keep me in countenance; for though I made twice the efforts of my companions, I could but just keep up with them; and while they cut close and even without distressing themselves, my mowing, with all my exertions, was execrable; being used to our straight handled sithes, I stooped too low, and did not understand the set of mine, so that I was the derision of the whole field. At last one of them, better natured than the rest, said, “Lord love thee lad, thou wilt kill thyself, and break thy back at this fashion, what queer sort of a tool hast thou been used to cut with?” So, desiring me to stand more upright, and setting my sithe not quite so flat, I found that I could mow with much more ease than ever I had done before, and before I left the field, they all pronounced that I promised well.

‘In the evening I had my revenge; for while the men were boasting after their fashion of their feats of activity and strength, I took up half a hundred weight, and challenged them to try who would throw it the farthest. I threw it a few steps; all the men tried again and again, but could not throw so far. Young Headcroft strained with all his might, but fell short; and after several attempts, each being less successful than the first, he grew peevish and angry. I again took the weight, and exerting myself for the honour of my country, if honour it can be called, with that peculiar spring of the whole body from the ground, which you, dear sir, have seen on many a market day, I flung the weight three times as far as I had done at first. They all seemed astonished, and would try no more: but young Headcroft said it was all a trick, he was sure. “No trick at all,” I replied, “but only practice: what made you mow better than I this morning makes me fling a weight better than you this evening.” However, he was much put out of his way by being outdone, even in so trifling a matter, that it was not till I had put myself under his tuition again, and he had an opportunity of showing his superiority in many ways, that he recovered his temper.’

Having furnished specimens which we consider favourable of the author’s manner, we will not do him the injustice to attempt an abridgment of his narrative.

ART. VII.—*Winter Evening Tales*, collected among the cottagers in the South of Scotland, by James Hogg. 2 vols. 12mo.

[It was sometime since announced in the *Edinburgh Journals*, that ‘the Ettrick Shepherd,’ was engaged in making a collection of popular tales and traditions among the peasantry of Scotland. The result of his labours has at length reached us in the volumes above mentioned. We extract the two following tales, not as the best, but among the shortest, and as a fair specimen of the whole.]

THE WIFE OF LOCHMABEN.

NOT many years ago, there lived in the ancient royal borough of Lochmaben, an amiable and good christian woman, the wife of a blacksmith, named James Neil, whose death gave rise to a singularly romantic story, and, finally, to a criminal trial at the Circuit-Court of Dumfries. The story was related to me by a strolling gipsy of the town of Lochmaben, pretty nearly as follows:

The smith's wife had been for several days in a state of great bodily suffering and debility, which she bore with all resignation, and even cheerfulness, although during the period of her illness, she had been utterly neglected by her husband, who was of a loose profligate character, and in every thing the reverse of his wife. Her hours were, however, greatly cheered by the company of a neighbouring widow, of the same devout and religious cast of mind with herself. These two spent most of their time together, taking great delight in each other's society. The widow attended to all her friend's little wants, and often watched by her bed a good part of the night, reading to her out of the Bible, and other religious books, and giving every instance of disinterested kindness and attention.

The gallant blacksmith was all this while consoling himself in the company of another jolly buxom quean, of the tinker breed, who lived in an apartment under the same roof with him and his spouse. He seldom visited the latter; but on pretence of not disturbing her, both boarded and lodged with his swarthy Egyptian. Nevertheless, whenever the two devout friends said their evening prayers, the blacksmith was not forgotten, but every blessing besought to rest on his head.

One morning, when the widow came in about the usual hour to visit her friend, she found, to her utter astonishment, that she was gone, though she had been very ill the preceding night. The bed-clothes were cold, the fire on the hearth

was gone out, and a part of her dailly wearing apparel was lying at the bed side as usual.

She instantly ran and informed the smith. But he hated this widow, and answered her churlishly, without deigning to look up to her, or so much as delaying his work for a moment to listen to her narrative. There he stood, with his sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, pelting away at his hot iron, and bidding his informant "gang to the devil, for an auld fraizing hypocritical jade; an' if she didna find her praying, snivelling crony there, to seek her where she saw her last—If she didna ken where she was, how was he to ken?"

The widow alarmed the neighbours, and a general search was instantly set on foot; but, before that time, the body of the lost woman had been discovered floating in the middle of the loch adjoining the town. Few people paid any attention to the unfortunate circumstance. They knew, or believed, that the woman lived unhappily, and on bad terms with her husband, and had no doubt that she had drowned herself in a fit of despair; and, impressed with all the horror that country people naturally have of suicide, they refused her the rites of Christian burial. The body was, in consequence, early next morning, tied between two deals, and carried out to the height, several miles to the westward of the town, where it was consigned to a dishonourable grave; being deep buried precisely in the march, or boundary, between the lands of two different proprietors.

Time passed away, and the gossips of Lochmaben were very free both with the character of the deceased and her surviving husband, not forgetting his jolly Egyptian. The more profligate part of the inhabitants said, "they never saw ony good come o' sae muckle canting an' praying, an' singing o' psalms; an' that for a' the wife's high pretensions to religious zeal, an' faith, an' hope, an' a' the leave o't, there she had gien hersel up to the deil at a smack." But the more serious part of the community only shook their heads, and said, "alas, it was

hard kenning fouk frae outward appearances; for nane wha kend that wife wad hae expectit sic an end as this!"

But the state of the widow's mind after this horrible catastrophe, is not to be described. Her confidence in the mercy of Heaven was shaken; and she began to doubt of its justice. Her faith was stunned, and she felt her heart bewildered in its researches after truth. For several days she was so hardened, that she dared not fall on her knees before the footstool of divine grace. But after casting all about, and finding no other hold or anchor, she again, one evening, in full bitterness of heart kneeled before her Maker, and poured out her spirit in prayer; begging, that if the tenets she held, were tenets of error, and disapproved of by the fountain of life, she might be forgiven, and directed in the true path to Heaven.

When she had finished, she sat down on her lowly form, leaned her face upon both her hands, and wept bitterly, as she thought on the dismal exit of her beloved friend, with whom she had last prayed. As she sat thus, she heard the footsteps of one approaching her, and looking up, she beheld her friend whom she supposed to have been dead and buried, standing on the floor, and looking at her with a face of so much mildness and benignity, that the widow, instead of being terrified, was rejoiced to see her. The following dialogue then passed between them, as nearly as I could gather it from the confused narrative of a strolling gypsy, who, however, knew all the parties.

"God of mercy preserve us, Mary, is that you? Where have you been? We thought it had been you that was found drowned in the Loch."

"And who did you think drowned me?"

"We thought you had drowned yourself."

"Oh, fie! how could *you* do me so much injustice? Would that have been ought in conformity to the life we two have

led together, and the sweet heavenly conversation we maintained?"

"What could we say? Or what could we think? The best are sometimes left to themselves. But where have you been, Mary?"

"I have been on a journey far away."

"But why did you go away without informing me?"

"I was hurried away, and had no time?"

"But you were so ill, how could you go away?"

"I am better now. I never was so well in my life, no, not in the gayest and happiest hour I ever saw. My husband cured me."

"How did he cure you?"

"With a bottle."

"Why then did he not inform us? I cannot comprehend this. Where have you been, Mary?"

"I have been on a journey at a strange place. But you do not know it, my dear friend. You know only the first stage at which I rested on my way, and a cold damp lodging it is. It was at a place called the Crane Moor."

"Heaven defend us! That was the name of the place where they buried the body that was found in the loch. Tell me implicitly, Mary, were you not dead?"

"How can you ask such a question? Do you not see me alive, and well, and cheerful, and happy?"

"I know and believe that the soul can never die; but strange realities come over my mind. Tell me, was it not your body that was found floating in the loch, and buried in shame and disgrace on the top of the Crane Moor?"

"You have so far judged right; but I am raised from the dead as you see, and restored to life, and it is all for your sake; for the faith of the just must not perish. How could *you* believe that I would throw away my precious soul, by taking away my own life? My husband felled me with a bottle on the back part of the head, breaking my scull. He then put

my body into a sack, carried it out in the dark, and threw it into the loch. It was a deed of atrocity and guilt, but he will live to repent it, and it has proved a deed of mercy to me. I am well and happy; and all that we believed of a Saviour, and a future state of existence, is true."

On receiving this extraordinary information, and precisely at this part of the dialogue, the widow fainted; and on recovering from her swoon, she found that her friend was gone; but, conscious of having been in her perfect senses, and remembering every thing that had passed between them, she was convinced that she had seen and conversed with her deceased friend's ghost, or some good benevolent spirit in her likeness.

Accordingly, the next morning she went to a magistrate, and informed him of the circumstances; but he only laughed her to scorn, and entreated her, for her own sake, never again to mention the matter, else people would account her mad. She offered to make oath before witness, to the truth of every particular: but this only increased the chagrin of the man in office, and the worthy widow was dismissed with many bitter reproaches. She next went to the minister, and informed him of what she had seen and heard. He answered her kindly, and with caution; but ultimately strove only to reason her from her belief; assuring her that it was the effect of a dis-tempered imagination, and occasioned by reflecting too deeply on the unfortunate end of her beloved friend; and his reasoning being too powerful for her to answer, she was obliged to give up the point.

She failed not, however, to publish the matter among her neighbours, relating the circumstances in that firm serious manner in which a person always stands to the truth, thereby making an impression on the minds of every one who heard her. The story was of a nature to take, among such a society as that of which the main bulk of the population of Lochmaben and its vicinity consists. It flew like wild-fire. The

people blamed their magistrates and ministers; and on the third day after the appearance of the deceased, they rose in a body, and with two ministers, two magistrates and two surgeons at their head, they marched away to the Crane-Moor, and lifted the corpse for inspection.

To the astonishment of all present, it appeared on the very first examination, that the deceased had been felled by a stroke on the back part of the head, which had broken her skull, and occasioned instant death. Little cognizance had been taken of the affair at her death; but, at any rate, her long hair was folded so carefully over the wound, and bound with a snood so close to her head, that without a minute investigation, the fracture could not have been discovered. Farther still, in confirmation of the words of the apparition, on the surgeon's opening the head, it appeared plainly from the semi-circular form of the fracture, that it had actually been inflicted by one side of the bottom of a bottle; and there being hundreds of respectable witnesses to all these things, the body was forthwith carried to the church-yard, and interred there; the smith was seized, and conveyed to jail; and the inhabitants of Annandale were left to wonder in the utmost astonishment.

The smith was tried at the ensuing circuit court of Dumfries, where the widow was examined as a principal witness. She told her story before the judges with firmness, and swore to every circumstance communicated to her by the ghost; and even when cross-examined by the prisoner's counsel, she was not found to prevaricate in the least. The jury appeared to be staggered, and could not refuse their assent to the truth of this relation. The counsel, however, obviated this proof, on account of its being related at second hand, and not by an eye-witness of the transaction. He therefore refused to admit it against his client, unless the ghost appeared personally, and made a verbal accusation; and, being a gentleman of a sarcastic turn, he was but too successful in turning this part of

the evidence into ridicule, thereby quite, or in a great measure, undoing the effect that it had made on the minds of the jury.

A material witness being still wanting, the smith was remanded back to prison until the autumnal circuit, at which time his trial was concluded. The witness above mentioned having then been found, he stated to the court, That as he chanced to pass the prisoner's door, between one and two in the morning of that day on which the deceased was found in the loch, he heard a noise as of one forcing his way out: and wondering who it could be that was in the house at that hour, he had the curiosity to conceal himself in an adjoining door, until he saw who come out: That the night being very dark, he was obliged to crouch down almost close to the earth, in order that he might have the object between him and the sky; and, while sitting in that posture, he saw a man come out of the smith's house, with something in a sack upon his back: That he followed the figure for some time, and intended to have followed farther; but he was seized with an indescribable terror, and went away home; and that, on the morning, when he heard of the dead body being found in the loch, he entertained not a doubt of the smith having murdered his wife, and then conveyed her in a sack to the loch. On being asked, if he could aver upon oath, that it was the prisoner, whom he saw come out of the house bearing the burden—He said he could not, because the burden which he carried caused the person to stoop, and prevented him from seeing his figure distinctly; but, that it was him, he had no doubt remaining on his mind. On being asked why he had not divulged this sooner and more publicly; he said, that he was afraid the business in which he was engaged that night might have been inquired into, which it was of great consequence to him at that time to keep secret; and, therefore, he was not only obliged to conceal what he had seen, but to escape for a season out of the way, for fear of being examined.

The crime of the prisoner appeared now to be obvious; at least the presumption was strong against him. Nevertheless, the judge, in summing up the evidence, considered the proof as defective; expatiated at considerable length on the extraordinary story related by the widow, which it could not be denied had been the occasion of bringing the whole to light, and had been most wonderfully exemplified by corresponding facts; and said he considered himself bound to account for it in a natural way, for the satisfaction of his own mind and the minds of the jury, and could account for it in no other way, than by supposing that the witness had discovered the fracture before the body of her friend had been consigned to the grave; and that, on considering leisurely and seriously the various circumstances connected with the fatal catastrophe, she had become convinced of the prisoner's guilt, and had either fancied, or, more probably, dreamed the story, on which she had dwelt so long, that she believed it as a fact.

After all, the jury, by a small majority, returned a verdict of *not proven*; and, after a severe reprehension and suitable exhortation, the smith was dismissed from the bar. I forgot to mention in its proper place, that one of the principal things in his favour was, that of his abandoned innamorata having made oath that he was in her apartment all that night, and never left it.

He was now acquitted in the eye of the law, but not in the eyes of his countrymen; for all those who knew the circumstances, believed him guilty of the murder of his wife. On the very night of his acquittal, he repaired at a late hour to the abode of his beloved Egyptian; but he was suspected, and his motions watched with all due care. Accordingly next morning, at break of day, a large mob, who had assembled with all quietness, broke into the house, and dragged both the parties from the same den; and, after making them ride the stang through all the principal streets of the town, threw them into the loch, and gave them a complete ducking, suffering

them barely to escape with life. At the same time, on their dismissal, they were informed, that if they continued in the same course of life, the experiment would be very frequently repeated. Shortly after that, the two offending delinquents made a moonlight flitting, and escaped into Cumberland. My informant had not heard more of them, but she assured me they would make a bad end.

ADAM BELL.

THIS tale, which may be depended on as in every part true, is singular, for the circumstance of its being insolvable either from the facts that have been discovered relating to it, or by reason: for though events sometimes occur among mankind, which at the time seem inexplicable, yet there being always some individuals acquainted with the primary cause of those events, they seldom fail of being brought to light before all the actors in them, or their confidants, are removed from this state of existence. But the causes which produced the events here related, have never been accounted for in this world; even conjecture is left to wander in a labyrinth, unable to get hold of the thread that leads to the catastrophe.

Mr. Bell was a gentleman of Annandale, in Dumfriesshire, in the south of Scotland, the proprietor of a considerable estate in that district, part of which he occupied himself. He lost his father when he was an infant, and his mother dying when he was about twenty years of age, left him the sole proprietor of the estate, besides a large sum of money at interest, for which he was indebted, in a great measure to his mother's parsimony during his minority. His person was tall, comely, and athletic, and his whole delight was in warlike and violent exercises. He was the best horseman and marksman in the country, and valued himself particularly upon his skill in the broad sword exercise. Of this he often boasted aloud, and regretted that there was not one in the country whose prowess was in some degree equal to his own.

In the autumn of 1745, after being for several days busily and silently employed in preparing for his journey, he left his own house and went for Edinburgh, giving at the same time such directions to his servants, as indicated his intention of being absent for some time.

A few days after he had left his home, in the morning, while his house-keeper was putting the house in order for the day, her master, as she thought, entered by the kitchen door, the other being bolted, and passed her in the middle of the floor. He was buttoned in his great coat, which was the same he had on when he went from home; he likewise had the same hat on his head, and the same whip in his hand which he took with him. At sight of him she uttered a shriek, but recovering her surprise, instantly said to him, 'You have not staid so long from us, Sir.' He made no reply but went sullenly into his own room, without throwing off his great coat. After a pause of about five minutes, she followed him into the room—he was standing at his desk with his back toward her—she asked him if he wished to have a fire kindled? and afterwards if he was well enough? but he still made no reply to any of these question. She was astonished, and returned into the kitchen. After tarrying about other five minutes he went out at the front door, it being then open, and walked deliberately toward the bank of the river Kinnel, which was deep and wooded, and in that he vanished from her sight. The woman ran out in the utmost consternation to acquaint the men who were servants belonging to the house; and coming to one of the ploughmen, she told him that their master was come home, and had certainly lost his reason, for that he was wandering about the house and would not speak. The man loosed his horses from the plough and came home, listened to the woman's relation, made her repeat it again and again, and then assured her that she was raving, for their master's horse was not in the stable, and of course he had not be come home.—

However, as she persisted in her asseveration with every appearance of sincerity, he went into the linn to see what was become of his mysterious master. He was neither to be seen nor heard of in all the country!—It was then concluded that the house-keeper had seen an apparition, and that something had befallen their master; but on consulting with some old people, skilled in those matters, they learned, that when a *wraith*, or apparition of a living person, appeared while the sun was up, instead of being a prelude of instant death, it prognosticated very long life: and, moreover, that it could not possibly be a ghost that she had seen, for they always chose the night season for making their visits. In short, though it was the general topic of conversation among the servants, and the people in their vicinity, no reasonable conclusion could be formed on the subject.

The most probable conjecture was, that as Mr. Bell was known to be so fond of arms, and had left his home on the very day that prince Charles Stuart and his Highlanders defeated General Hawley on Falkirk moor, he had gone either with him or the Duke of Cumberland to the north. It was, however, afterwards ascertained, that he had never joined any of the armies. Week came after week, and month after month, but no word of Mr. Bell. A female cousin was his nearest living relation; her husband took the management of his affairs; and, concluding that he had either joined the army, or drowned himself in the Kinnel when he was seen go into the linn, made no more inquiries after him.

About this very time, a respectable farmer, whose surname was M'Millan, and who resided in the neighbourhood of Musselburgh, happened to be in Edinburgh about some business. In the evening he called upon a friend, who lived near Holyrood-house; and being seized with an indisposition, they persuaded him to tarry with them all night. About the middle of the night he grew exceedingly ill, and not being able to find any rest or ease in his bed, imagined he would

be the better of a walk. He put on his clothes, and that he might not disturb the family, slipped quietly out at the back door, and walked in St. Anthony's garden behind the house. The moon shone so bright that it was almost as light as noon-day, and he had scarcely taken a single turn, until he saw a tall man enter from the other side, buttoned in a drab-coloured great coat. It so happened that at that time M'Millan stood in the shadow of the wall, and perceiving that the stranger did not observe him, a thought struck him that it would not be amiss to keep himself concealed, that he might see what the man was going to be about. He walked backwards and forwards for some time in apparent impatience, looking at his watch every minute, until at length another man came in by the same way, buttoned likewise in a great coat, and having a bonnet on his head. He was remarkably stout made, but considerably lower in stature than the other. They exchanged only a single word; then turning both about, they threw off their great coats, drew their swords, and began a most desperate and well contested combat.

The tall gentleman appeared to have the advantage. He constantly gained ground on the other, and drove him half round the division of the garden in which they fought. Each of them strove to fight with his back toward the moon, so that she might shine full in the face of his opponent; and many rapid wheels were made for the purpose of gaining this position. The engagement was long and obstinate, and by the desperate thrusts that were frequently aimed on both sides, was evident that they meant one another's destruction. They came at length within a few yards of the place where M'Millan still stood concealed. They were both out of breath, and at that instant a small cloud chancing to overshadow the moon, one of them called out, 'Hold, we can't see.'—They uncovered their heads—wiped their faces—and as soon as the moon emerged from the cloud, each resumed

his guard. Surely that was an awful pause! and short, indeed, was the stage between it and eternity with the one! The tall gentleman made a lunge at the other, who parried and returned it; and as the former sprung back to avoid the thrust, his foot slipped, and he stumbled forward toward his antagonist, who dexterously met his breast in the fall with the point of his sword, and ran him through the body. He made only one feeble convulsive struggle, as if attempting to rise; and expired almost instantaneously.

M'Millan was petrified with horror; but conceiving himself to be in a perilous situation, having stolen out of the house at that dead hour of the night, he had so much presence of mind as to hold his peace, and to keep from interfering in the smallest degree.

The surviving combatant wiped his sword with great composure—put on his bonnet—covered the body with one of the great coats—took up the other, and departed; M'Millan returned quietly to his chamber without awakening any of the family. His pains were gone; but his mind was shocked and exceedingly perturbed; and after deliberating until morning, he determined to say nothing of the matter, and to make no living creature acquainted with what he had seen; thinking that suspicion would infallibly rest on him. Accordingly, he kept his bed next morning until his friend brought him the tidings, that a gentleman had been murdered at the back of the house during the night. He then arose and examined the body, which was that of a young man, seemingly from the country, having brown hair, and fine manly features. He had neither letter, book, nor signature of any kind about him, that could in the least lead to a discovery of who he was; only a common silver watch was found in his pocket, and an elegant sword was clasped in his cold bloody hand, which had an A. and B. engraved on the hilt. The sword had entered at his breast, and gone out at his

back a little below the left shoulder. He had likewise received a slight wound on the sword arm.

The body was carried to the dead-room, where it lay for eight days, and though great numbers inspected it, yet none knew who or whence the deceased was, and he was at length buried among the strangers in the Grayfriars Church-yard.

Sixteen years elapsed before M'Millan once mentioned the circumstance of his having seen the duel, to any person; but, at that period, being in Annandale receiving some sheep that he had bought, and chancing to hear of the astonishing circumstances of Bell's disappearance, he divulged the whole. —The time, the description of his person, his clothes, and above all, the sword with the initials of his name engraven upon it, confirmed the fact beyond the smallest shadow of doubt, that it was Mr. Bell whom he had seen killed in the duel behind the Abbey. But who the person was that slew him, how the quarrel commenced, or who it was that appeared to his housekeeper, remains to this day a profound secret, and is likely to remain so, until that day when every deed of darkness shall be brought to light.

Some have even ventured to blame M'Millan for the whole, on account of his long concealment of facts; and likewise in consideration of his uncommon bodily strength, and daring disposition, he being one of the boldest and most enterprising men of the age in which he lived; but all who knew him despised such insinuations, and declared them to be entirely inconsistent with his character, which was most honourable and disinterested; and besides, his tale has every appearance of truth, 'Pluris est oculatus testis unus quam auriti decem.'

ART. VIII.—*Miscellaneous Articles.*

Nemoir of Lord Castlereagh.
(from the New Monthly Magazine.)

Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, is the eldest son of the Marquis of Londonderry, his father being elevated to the rank of a marquis in 1816. The family was first ennobled in 1789, when the present marquis was created a baron, on the 18th of August. His first wife whom he married June 3d, 1766, was Sarah Frances, a daughter of the Earl of Hertford, but who died on the 18th of July, 1770. Lord Castlereagh was the issue of this marriage, and was born on the 18th of June, 1769. His lordship married, secondly, on the 3d of June, 1775, Frances, daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl Camden, by whom he has had several children.

Before Lord Castlereagh had attained his twenty-first year he was returned to the Irish Parliament, as knight of the shire for the county of Down, where the family estates chiefly lie. In his election, which was severely contested, he was supported by the wealth and influence of his father, who is reported to have expended nearly 36,000*l.* in order to secure his son's triumph. He was not long in Parliament before he essayed his powers as an orator. The subject which called forth his maiden effort, was upon the question, whether Ireland had a right to trade to India, notwithstanding the monopoly of the East India company. The Hon. Mr. Stewart (for the Marquis of Londonderry was then only a baron,) maintained the affirmative of the question; and it is said, he exhibited considerable knowledge as well as a sound understanding.

When Lord Camden was sent out to Ireland as viceroy, his kinsman, as might be expected, felt the influence of those ties by which the families were connected. Lord Castlereagh was soon raised to the ho-

nour of a place in the Irish cabinet. But it would be unjust to infer that he owed this distinction solely to that influence. His lordship's talents, his extreme assiduity, and his persevering habits of business, pointed him out as a person eminently qualified to serve the government; and he had, by this time, made his election, as to the political path which he was determined to pursue. At the outset of his career, he had shown some disposition towards whiggism, captivated, as young minds are apt to be, by the specious principles of that once popular party. As his judgment became more matured, however, he soon discovered that his means of doing good would be increased by an alliance with the government, and that in exchanging for these means, the privilege of complaint, and the assumption of superior wisdom, he was merely renouncing a plausible but exploded patriotism, for a rational, and therefore practicable sphere of action. This change, if change it can be called, which was little else than abandoning the neutral character of an observer, the moment he discerned the path in which he felt he could best exercise his talents, subjected him, of course, to a charge of apostacy: a charge which he shared in common with Mr Pitt, whose youthful mind was equally fascinated with the allurements of exclusive virtue and honour, as assumed by the Whigs; but whose riper faculties disdained the trickery and delusion inherent in such arrogant pretensions.

In 1798, Lord Castlereagh became the chief secretary of Ireland, an office then filled by the Hon. Thomas Pelham, now Earl of Chichester. That gentleman had, for some months, been obliged to suspend his attention to his official duties in consequence of ill-health, and Lord Castlereagh performed them tem-

porarily as his substitute. This was under the viceroyalty of Earl Camden. At length, however, he found it expedient to retire altogether from the arduous station; and when the Marquis of Cornwallis assumed the reins of the viceregal government, Lord Castlereagh was formally appointed to the chief secretaryship, an office which he continued to hold till 1801, when he resigned it, during the administration of the Earl of Hardwicke, in favour of the Right Hon. Charles Abbot, afterwards distinguished as the Speaker of the House of Commons, and lately elevated to the peerage by the title of Lord Colchester.

The office of chief secretary of the Irish government, before the Union, was one of great importance; and accordingly, if we look back to the list of persons who filled the situation during the present reign, we shall find in it the names of many who afterwards became eminent among the statesmen of their time. He was, in fact, the prime minister of Ireland, and stood in nearly the same degree of connexion, with respect to the viceroy, which the prime minister of England does with respect to the sovereign. Upon him devolved the management of the Irish House of Commons, a task of no small difficulty or delicacy, when it is recollected of what materials that House was commonly composed, and what principles were recognised and acted upon in its management. In addition, however, to what may be considered as the ordinary exigencies of this office, there were others of a still more formidable and trying character attached to it, at the time when its duties were assumed by Lord Castlereagh. The rebellion, which had long agitated Ireland, now began to develop itself in all its most aggravated qualities, and to rage with all the calamitous symptoms of a civil war. In this crisis of his country's fate, Lord Castlereagh exhibited a de-

gree of fortitude, of presence of mind, and of discretion, which far surpassed his years. That these virtues exposed him to the hatred and reproaches of those who found in them insuperable obstacles to the success of their criminal enterprises, may easily be imagined; and the calumnies which had their origin in that disastrous period of civil strife, have since been perpetuated by the unforgiving passions of men, who fled from Ireland to save their forfeited lives. A minister who does his duty to his king and country, when both are menaced by traitors, must expect, if he survive the conflict, to incur the bitterest enmity of those whom he has baffled. Hence, Lord Castlereagh has been stigmatised by expatriated Irish rebels, who have taken up their abode in England, as the contriver and patron of cruelties during the rebellion, which require a rebel's heart to imagine, and a rebel's head to believe. The whippings, the stranglings, the half-hangings, &c. which are currently alleged to have taken place in the Castle-yard, Dublin, under the sanction of the chief secretary, but which are not as currently believed, are gross exaggerations. They never did take place, to the extent, or in the manner, which has been represented. But if they had, they would not, of themselves, constitute a *prima facie* case of cruelty and oppression against the government of that day, or against Lord Castlereagh, whom it has been the fashion, from malignant motives, to consider as synonymous with the government. Such calamities are incident to a state of civil commotion, where neither the eye of authority, nor the power of the law can always be effectual. They form the melancholy consequence of crime which, when general, too often devolves punishment upon the innocent; for what can stop the passions and resentment of a multitude acting from public and private feel-

ings? It would be impossible to devise any plan, any scheme of government, any degree of vigilance, competent to restrain or punish unauthorised excesses, when a nation is agitated and torn by internal faction and open rebellion. Before, then, the severities exercised by the Irish government [admitting the most exaggerated accounts of them to be true,] are stigmatised as sanguinary and needless, let it be satisfactorily shown that proceedings of a more lenient and conciliatory character could have been wisely and safely adopted. If this cannot be shown, and we firmly believe it cannot, we may lament the constrained rigor of insulted authority, but we cannot condemn it.

The Union was another of those measures which increased the arduous responsibilities of the office of Irish secretary, during the period when Lord Castlereagh filled it. It is obvious that in this brief Memoir of his lordship, it would be impossible for us to enter into any consideration of this great national event, or to mark the progress of those violent passions engendered by it, which the lapse of twenty years has not been sufficient to subdue. Suffice it to say, that his lordship's parliamentary conduct, during the time of its discussion in the Irish legislature, was such as held forth the strongest promise of that political eminence to which he has since attained. Coupled, however, as his name inevitably was, with the stern measures which led to the suppression of the rebellion, and with those which deprived Ireland of her Parliament, it may be supposed that he incurred no ordinary share of popular odium. Some idea of the extent to which this disfavour was carried, may be formed from the following emphatic toast, which was commonly drunk, at that period, by the United Irishmen, and the disaffected generally in their convivial meetings:—

A high gallows, and a windy day,
To Corney, Pitt, and Castlereagh.

By Corney, was meant the Marquis of Cornwallis, who continued Viceroy of Ireland from the year 1796 to 1801.

It may be mentioned as a striking instance of the youthful character of his lordship, while taking a leading part in these momentous transactions, that he was frequently designated by the epithet of *stripling*, in the Irish House of Commons, during the stormy discussions upon the Union; and Mr. Plunkett, in the course of one of his speeches, made use of the following expressions:—"I was induced to think that we had, at the head of the executive government of this country, a plain honest soldier, unaccustomed to, and disdaining, the intrigues of politics; and who, as an additional evidence of the directness and purity of his views, had chosen for his secretary a simple and modest youth, (*puer ingenui cultus, ingenuique pudoris*,) whose inexperience was the voucher of his innocence; yet, am I bold to say, that during the viceroyalty of that unspotted veteran, and during the administration of that unassuming stripling, within the last six weeks, a system of black corruption had been carried on, &c."—It was in a similar way that Mr. Pitt was taunted by Sheridan, Fox, and others, with his youth, when he first assumed the office of prime minister.

When the Union was carried, and the Irish Parliament blended with that of England, Lord Castlereagh quitted his native country for the latter, animated by the ambition of signalizing his talents in the councils of the united empire. Having been returned to the Imperial Parliament, he took an active part in the debates, and gradually won upon the confidence of the House. When Mr. Pitt retired from the situation of prime minister, in 1801, a change of administration of course

took place; and Lord Castlereagh accepted, under Mr. Addington, the office of President of the Board of Control for the affairs of India, succeeding in that department, Lord Viscount Lewisham, now Earl Dartmouth. In May, 1804, Mr. Pitt returned to power, and his lordship continued to hold his appointment with much credit to himself, and great advantage to the interests of our Indian possessions. Shortly afterwards, he succeeded to the more important office (more important in reference to the period of which we are speaking,) of secretary of state for war and colonies; but when the lamented death of that great minister took place, in January, 1806, he retired, with his colleagues, to make room for the Whig ministry of Mr. Fox. He was succeeded in his office by the late Mr. Windham, who, on moving the thanks of the House, in December, 1806, to Sir John Stuart, for his services at the battle of Maida, took occasion to bestow some liberal compliments upon Lord Castlereagh, under whose administration the enterprize had been planned.

Lord Castlereagh did not long remain out of office. Mr. Fox died in August, 1806, only a few short months after the decease of his illustrious rival. An effort was made to supply his loss, and keep the party in their places; but *all their talents* could not prevail. The country soon became disgusted with their conduct; for it was now glaringly obvious that their pretensions to superior political virtue, as compared with their opponents, were mere illusion. The Catholic question at last destroyed them, more, perhaps, from the inflexible manner with which they endeavoured to force it upon their sovereign, than from its intrinsic unpopularity, though that was considerable. When the Whigs retired, after their short glimpse of power, patronage, and profit, a new ministry was formed in April, 1807,

under the auspices of the late Duke of Portland, who was nominated prime minister. Lord Castlereagh then resumed his former situation as secretary of state for war and colonies: and in which he continued till 1809, till the unfortunate misunderstanding between himself and Mr. Canning, induced him to resign. It is not our intention to enter into the complicated merits of this question; but we have no hesitation in stating it, as the result of a mature examination of the whole transaction, that Lord Castlereagh was entirely justified in the view he took of it. We do not mean to say that Mr. Canning was any party to the duplicity, which was practised upon his noble colleague; but that there was duplicity, or something very nearly approaching to it, and that, too, at the expense of Lord Castlereagh's honour and feelings, is unquestionable. There is every reason, however, to believe that Mr. Canning was himself deluded. The duel that followed, and all the circumstances attending it, are too fresh in the memory of the public to require any thing more than this brief allusion to the unpleasant event.

Lord Castlereagh was succeeded in his office by the Earl of Liverpool, and he remained unattached to his Majesty's government till the year 1812, when, upon the assassination of Mr. Percival, another ministerial change took place and Lord Castlereagh accepted the seals of the Foreign Office, which he has ever since continued to hold.

The distinguished character which he sustained, as a negotiator, at Chatillon, at Paris, and at Vienna, after the abdication of Bonaparte, has placed his name higher in the scroll of diplomatic fame than ever was attained before by any British minister. When his lordship returned from Paris, in June, 1814, and laid upon the table of the House of Commons, the treaty of peace

between France and the Allies, he was received, upon his entrance into the House, with loud acclamations from all sides. Even the sullen spirit of Whiggism relaxed, and lost something of its arrogant selfishness, while it acknowledged the extraordinary abilities displayed by the noble lord as a negotiator. The sagacity, the firmness, and the profound policy which he evinced, subsequently, at the first Congress of Vienna, (whose sittings were interrupted by the escape of Bonaparte from Elbe,) impressed upon the continental sovereigns and their ministers a high notion of his character.

As an orator, Lord Castlereagh is not greatly distinguished. His style is difficult, and his language not always correct. But the acute and comprehensive views which he takes of almost every subject, amply compensate for the absence of any embellishments in his mode of discussing them. He is always listened to with great attention, and whatever differences of opinion may subsist between him and his opponents, the mild and conciliatory tone which he invariably adopts—his polished manners—and insinuating courtesy—neutralise all asperity of feeling. It very rarely happens that he is animated into any thing like fervour, though we have occasionally seen him thus excited. The effect was not unpleasing. On the contrary, it rather inspired a wish in the observers, that he could oftener divest himself of a coldness, bordering upon apathy, which must weaken his influence over a popular assembly.

It only remains to mention, that his lordship married, in the year 1794, Amelia Hobart, youngest daughter and co-heiress of John, second Earl of Buckinghamshire.

—
Account of an Improvisatore; in a letter from an English traveller at Rome.

‘A new improvisatore has made his appearance at Rome. We had heard much of his prodigious talents, and went to see him yesterday. When the company had assembled, subjects were requested and given by a variety of persons, some of whom were known to us, and who could not have an understanding with the improvisatore. All those subjects were thrown into a box, which was sent round to ladies principally; and those who chose (they happened to be foreigners) drew the subjects, four in number, on which the improvisatore was to exert his talents that night. He then (Tommaso Scroggi) entered the room,—for these preparative arrangements had been made in his absence,—and I own I was strongly prepossessed against him at first. He is a well made little man, about 25 years old, with the shuffling gait and mincing step of a woman in man’s clothes, with nice yellow morocco shoes, and white pantaloons and waistcoat; a lily white hand, with diamonds that put out your eyes; an embroidered shirt collar, like lace falling over his shoulders; no neckcloth, a bare neck, with a handsome expressive face, shaded with abundance of black hair and luxuriant whiskers. He took the subjects and read them over; they were, “The dispute about the armour of Achilles,”—“The creation of the world,”—and “Sophonisba.” He paused and then began, without recitativo, singing, or musical accompaniment of any sort, and went on without hesitation or seeming effort, only occasionally repeating the same verse twice over. The two first subjects took him an hour and an half, with very little pause between. I lost too much to give any opinion on what he said, the manner, indeed, took up, at first, so much of my attention, as to make me lose more of the sense than I should otherwise have done;—that manner was admirably good, voice, action, and expression of counte-

nance was that of a good actor, knowing his part thoroughly, and full of its spirit. I felt uneasy a long while, thinking he could not go on thus fluently and easily, and must come to a full stop, be lost in difficulties, and tumble down from the giddy height. Sometimes I thought this must be a studied part, and an imposition on our credulity; yet when I recollected the circumstance of the giving the subjects and the drawing out of the numbers, I was satisfied it was impossible. The attention of the Italians was rivetted upon him; yet their applause was not too frequent and indiscriminate, it burst out now and then with great violence, but in general they were silent. If we had been astonished at Scriggi's two first extempore poems, how much more when he gave a tragedy in three acts, on the story of Sophonisba, stating first his dramatis personæ, viz. Sophonisba, and Syphax her husband; Massanissa and Scipio; Sophonisba's female attendant and a Roman soldier. One of the audience, a lady of our party, better skilled in Italian than myself, wrote from memory the following account of the tragedy, which was shown to an Italian present, and thought correct.

The attendant enters lamenting the misfortunes of her mistress, whom she says she has left in her bed paler than the sheets on which she reclines; while her attendants are preparing her bridal ornaments, she, wrapped in her mourning garments, heeds them not. Sophonisba enters, confesses that she has fervently loved Massanissa, but abhors the idea of uniting herself to the enemy of her country. Massanissa appears transported with joy at the thought of obtaining Sophonisba. She endeavours to persuade him to forsake the Romans, and become the friend of Carthage. He asks for what quality she formerly loved him; it was not for a fine figure or a strong arm, but for a faithful and an honest

heart, and what should he be if he should desert the Romans, and Scipio, the friend to whom he owed every thing! He then urges every argument to prevail with her to be his, and at last the victorious one, of its being the only means to save herself from being led in triumph to Rome. This is decisive, and she appears rather relieved at her duty and inclination coinciding. The ceremony is actually taking place, and they are exchanging vows before the altar of Juno, when they are interrupted by a Roman soldier, who commands them in the name of Scipio and of the Roman people to stop. Massanissa replies that Scipio is his friend, not his master, that he will sacrifice his life but not his love to him. Scipio himself then appears, and Sophonisba retires. The Roman argues against an union which will render Massanissa the enemy of Rome; the latter then draws the most beautiful picture of his mistress, of her virtues, of her faith, and declares that he cannot abandon her. Scipio yields, though he says at the risk of incurring the indignation of the Roman people. Barca (the maid) now occupies the scene,—a warrior in disguise presents himself to her, and demands an interview with Sophonisba, and gives a ring to be delivered to her. She knows the ring for that of Syphax, and she comes. The warrior tells her that her husband in expiring had commanded him to offer her an asylum, a poor one it must be. She refuses to follow him: Says, perhaps he himself may have been the assassin of Syphax, or have possessed himself by treachery of the ring. He lifts his vizard and shows that he is Syphax. She almost faints at the discovery. He tells her he is aware she never loved him, that obedience not choice had made her his, but asks her, if now that he is abandoned by all, she too will forsake him. After a momentary struggle, she answers, No! she will follow him.

He then tells her of a subterranean passage leading from the Temple of Jupiter to the sea,—that he has a little bark that will carry them safe from their enemies; at midnight he expects her. Massanissa, however, is impatient to receive Sophonisba's vows, and the altar is prepared; but before she is carried to it, she writes to Syphax, swears fidelity to him, and renews her promise to fly with him at the appointed hour, commits her letter to Barca, who says she knows the passage well. Scipio and a Roman soldier now occupy the scene; the latter tells the former, that having entered a passage he had by chance perceived, a woman had met him, and given him this note, accompanied with some mysterious words, and had disappeared, seeming glad to have executed her commission, and he thought it his duty to bring the paper. The general praises the soldier, and promises reward. He reads the letter and though rejoiced at the contents, pours out a great deal of commonplace abuse on women in general, and Sophonisba in particular. Massanissa, in the mean time, hurries his bride to the altar of Juno. She is swearing to him all the love, and all the faith she has a right to give him, when Scipio enters and gives the fatal letter. The ceremony is interrupted, Sophonisba retires, and Massanissa, in transports of rage, swears to murder the lover in her arms. Midnight arrives; Syphax appears; he is attacked and mortally wounded by Massanissa, and suspects for a moment that Sophonisba has betrayed him. She appears, throws herself down beside him, swears not to survive, and kills herself.

The improvisatore never mentioned the names of the interlocutors, but by the change of tone, and frequently, also, the change of place, left no doubt about the speaker. He used the heroic Italian blank verse of eleven syllables, but in the cho-

rus, which recurred several times, he used rhyme of all sorts, from four to twelve syllables. The tragedy lasted two hours and a half; he died twice in the course of it, once in the floor to suit the English taste I presume, and once in an arm chair, in the French decorous manner, both times with appropriate action, very energetic, but very natural and graceful, and never *outré*. His fine tones were quite free from the guttural *r r r* with which the Italians are apt to spoil their sweet harmonious language. He forgot the coxcomb in the transports of the poet, and never once, I really believe, thought of his rings or watch chain during the whole time. His great fault was abundance. Had he had a little time to consider, I have no doubt he would have been much shorter and much better. Yet this very abundance excites astonishment, for who would undertake to construct verses, even if they were nonsense, in correct measure, during two hours and a half; and when it is considered, that, instead of nonsense, a regular plot is to be contrived and carried through, even with the help of recollection as well as invention, and that the story was, in this instance, not only always plain and intelligible, but often told with great force and eloquence, so as to draw sudden bursts of applause from an audience generally cool and silent, the thing appears almost miraculous. At the conclusion there was a rush of a number of admirers towards the poet, and he was carried off among them in a sort of spontaneous triumph!

Tommaso Scriggi is the son of an advocate of Arezzo. He was educated at the University of Pisa, or rather that branch of it established at Florence, and was intended for the law; but his love of poetry, and particular talents for improvising, at which almost all the young men here try their powers at an early period of their lives, has at length made

him a sort of professor of the art, in which he is deemed by most Italians to excel any improvisatore that ever was known. Young men who have been his companions at college told me that his conversation was poetry itself; that he was well informed on most subjects, but chiefly in belles lettres. They admit that he is a great coxcomb, effeminate in his dress and manners, and often admiring himself in a mirror; yet his course of thinking and language is represented to be the very reverse of his manners, and much in the style of Alfieri. He has been accused of being something of a jacobin as most political school-boys are. The poet having been lately accused, at the house of an English lady, of having praised Bonaparte, he replied, with great warmth, 'that he praised so kings:' a speech which was thought rather a confirmation of the charge. M. Scriggi has adopted this exhibition as a trade; a scudo is paid for a ticket of admission; yet he will not speak on a stage, and borrows rooms

in a palace for the night--such are the niceties of pride!--Speaking of palaces, they are so numerous, and the proprietors often so poor, that any body can be lodged in a palace, that is, a house with a *porte cochere*, with a court inside, where a carriage may turn; but as there are no porters here, the gates stand wide open, and form on each side of the entrance a recess,—a sort of place most convenient to passengers, the public having thus a prescriptive right, which nobody thinks of disputing, so that the entrance into most Roman palaces is a perfect *cloaque*, through which you must wade, and often see indecencies which would be deemed incredible in other countries. A stranger who had lately taken apartments in one of these great mansions, finding a man *en flagrant delit* at the foot of the stairs, remonstrated on the proceeding. 'Why, I thought this was a palazzo!' replied the astonished offender, in perfect simplicity.

Correction.

In the Memoir of the late William Lewis, June No. p. 494—it was said 'it is much to be regretted that no report has been preserved,' &c. The language should have been 'it is much to be regretted that a *fuller* report has not been preserved,' &c. The speeches of Messrs. Wilson and M'Kean, have been published, but not those of any other members.

Erratum.

In page 496, of the same Memoir, for 'uniformly and warmly attached to the *judicial* interest.' read 'uniformly and warmly attached to the *federal* interest.' And *delete* the *brackets* in the sentence.



FALLS OF THE PEDLER VIRGINIA.

THE
ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

(NEW SERIES.)

●COMPRISING ORIGINAL REVIEWS, BIOGRAPHY, ANALYTICAL AB-
STRACTS OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, TRANSLATIONS FROM FRENCH
JOURNALS, AND SELECTIONS FROM THE MOST ESTEEMED BRITISH
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AUGUST, 1820.

ART. I.—*Sermons preached in the Tron Church, Glasgow,*
By Thomas Chalmers, D. D. 1 vol. Republished at New
York, from the Glasgow edition.

HOWEVER vexatious may be the controversies which Christians of different religious denominations carry on with each other, yet, we suppose, that every candid observer will agree, that they are all concerned respecting an object of unspeakable importance. Interesting are the social affections, the arts of empire, the mines of knowledge, the gardens of literature, and the scenes which fancy paints in the region of the clouds. Useful are the various orders of labour, distributed with skill throughout society, and the devices by which that labour is abridged. Ornamental are the products of the fine arts. We live in a world where there is much to slake the thirst for happiness; much to exercise and improve the faculties of body and mind. But to each individual how soon do these things pass away! How often do families become extinct. How evanescent is national glory! ‘Perish,’ is the motto written on every thing earthly.

Let us, therefore, cast our eyes further, and survey that permanent state of things, which is to succeed this transitory scene. Human nature, balanced on the brink of eternity, looks out into the expanse, but can discern nothing. Revelation

alone can satisfy the inquiry; and he that turns from this, must relinquish all pretensions to true wisdom.

We behold death reigning throughout the world. That death is an evil, will scarcely be denied, and, under the Divine government evil cannot exist but as a punishment, which implies crime committed by all. How can criminality exist in the actions of infants and idiots? Reason points to the inevitable result, that the nature of man is depraved.

If we observe, minutely, the first dawnings of moral action, in the infant mind, we cannot fail to encounter the melancholy truth, that each individual's natural propensities are in favour of evil, and hostile to good. Let each reader peruse the earliest records of his memory, and he will find this language plainly inscribed on them.

Evil is the lord paramount, in human action. Seated on the throne of the heart, it controls every province of body and mind; nor ever more successfully, than when it conceals, under a fair and decent outside, internal darkness and disorder. It employs various delusive arts, to hide the man from himself, and he goes thoughtlessly on, careless of his path. Outward aliment is never wanting to satiate the appetite for destruction; but this is not needed, for the mind can easily riot on its own stores. Since the creation, education has tried its plastic influence, and the pruning knife of the law has been exercised on man, but he is still the same crooked plant, as when these cares were first employed.

Conscience, if appealed to, will give the same verdict. Where exists the individual, who, if he coolly and calmly ask himself the question, whether or not he is naturally inclined towards evil, and averse from good, will not readily meet with an unfavourable answer?

The ease attending vicious actions, and the difficulty of virtuous ones, proves the same thing. When Virtue invited Hercules, it was to a series of dangers, and hardships; but Pleasure pointed to the bowers of Ease, where every

thing conspired to regale the sense, and to sooth the mind. Excellence was typified by an ascent, which is attended with difficulty; vice, by a descent, which is made without exertion.

————— ‘facilis descensus Avern:

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, aut ardens exexit ad æthera virtus,
Diis geniti, potuere.’

Virg. Æn. l. vi. v. 126. 131.

‘The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
But to return, and view the cheerful skies—
In this the task and mighty labour lies.
To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
And those of shining worth, and heavenly race.’

Dryden.

Now, how could it have happened, unless evil were naturally congenial to the human mind, and virtue a plant which must be engrafted on the parent stock, that a vicious course is so easy, and an upright one so difficult? Even the exertions of fancied virtue are often more fatal, in their effects, than the torpor of indolence, or the listless languor of repose, and the principal part of the sufferings of mankind have been inflicted by those, in whom divine providence stirred up, to vigorous action, the principles of the human heart, revealing them, in open conduct, in a full and unconstrained display.

For a being to change his own nature, is impossible, however, that nature may be controlled. Man is mercifully endowed with reason, by which he is enabled to see the direct tendency of bad actions to produce misery, and of good ones to ensure happiness. Guided by this directress, he has achieved much, in strengthening the bands of social order, and

in the preservation and encouragement of that morality, without which society would go to ruin. But, with all these restraints and improvements, his nature must ever remain, so far as regards his own endeavours, the same as at the first moment of his birth. To change it, requires an exertion of the creating power; a power, which the creature does not possess.

Nothing but such a change as we have adverted to, can fit man for performing the will of the Deity, in this world, or prepare him for his presence and enjoyment, in that which is to come. The designs of God all tend to virtue and good, and are opposed to vice and evil. If human nature, then, be essentially depraved, what an awful spectacle does it present, of an inaptitude to love and serve God; or rather, of a direct hostility to his character, purposes, and will. Reason, indeed, may teach man exalted ideas of his Creator, and prompt to his worship; but as long as evil is in the heart, the rational faculty only adds to guilt. The same principle may conduct to the performance of certain actions, as pleasing to God, and to the avoiding of others as displeasing; but this is the homage resulting from the fear of a foe; a conduct which can never change the party who renders it into a friend; but which, on the contrary, aggravates the hatred which the dread of a superior had inspired.

Nor is this view of human nature peculiar to those who possess the Christian religion. On the contrary, those men of enlarged understanding, who have mingled much in the concerns of the world, and have thus acquired, from experience, ability to form a correct judgment, hold the same language. The maxims of Rochefoucault, each of which seems to have been written down from the life, describe selfishness as the main ingredient in the human character, and the common sentiments of the learned and the great, who have the best opportunities of studying and observing human nature, concur in pronouncing an unfavourable opinion. The caution

and suspicion necessary in the common transactions of society, lead to the same conclusion. Nor let those who enjoy retirement, claim an exemption; for that virtue may well be safe, which has never been tried. To consider human depravity as acquired wholly, by intercourse with the world, is to contradict constant experience, which exhibits the dawning of vice as coeval with those of intellect. Indeed, many vices are checked by the growth of reason; and, if this were not the case, the universality of evil imperiously leads us to pronounce it a part of the innate character of the species, and not of accidental occurrence to each individual. The doctrine of the original depravity of mankind may, therefore, be considered as established by common consent, manifested in conduct, if not in language, by men in all ages.

From a consideration of this fundamental and palpable truth, results the conformity seen in the Christian religion when revealed to right reason; or, rather, the absolute necessity of just such a system to secure the happiness of mankind. Human reason, indeed, never could have imagined such a system; and accordingly we find, that, before it was promulgated, nearly three hundred different opinions, as to the pursuit of happiness, divided the wisdom of ancient times; nor could the light of those faculties which still shine as stars through the distance and darkness of antiquity, astonishing us with thoughts of their magnitude and brilliancy, cast a single ray of light on the path from earth to heaven; or even guide the mass of the community aright in the duties and employments pertaining to this world.

The change which is necessary in human nature, must take place in a supernatural way. The goodness of God leads us to suppose that such a way would be provided. The only way is revealed by Jesus Christ. It obviously requires man's accession to this way, in order to his being saved. It is equally plain, that a corrupt nature cannot effect this. Hence the necessity of faith, and that it should be given by

God. The Sacred Scriptures inform us that it is wrought, in the mind, by the Holy Ghost. The same power which works faith in the soul, by which it becomes justified in the sight of God, can and will produce repentance and good works.

Reason would not lead us to expect that the gift should be received, while the mind is occupied on other objects. From the command, we learn the duty of seeking it; and we are furnished, by the promises, with ample encouragement to seek. The way is abundantly pointed out to us; we are instructed to pray, to read and meditate on the Holy Scriptures, to break off from all known sin, and practise all known duty; to attend diligently on public worship, to seek Christian fellowship; to use frequent self-examination; to relinquish the pursuit of worldly pleasures and honours, and to abandon, except so far as is necessary for the purposes of business, the company of worldly men.

The preceding outline of the state of human nature, and of the remedy provided for its restoration to lost virtue and happiness, will not, we hope, be considered wholly out of place, as an introduction to the review of a work, the object of which is, professedly, of the same nature with our remarks. Having laid before our readers an imperfect sketch of those doctrines which it is the design of Dr. Chalmers to illustrate and enforce, we are prepared to enter on a survey of his work, which we consider a valuable accession to the theological department of literature.

We have been informed that Dr. Chalmers, who is well known as a Scottish clergyman of considerable celebrity, was first led to embrace what are usually termed evangelical doctrines, on the occasion of his writing a theological article for an Encyclopædia. Some time since he published a volume of sermons, designed to obviate certain objections to Christianity, arising from the modern astronomical discoveries, and which were prevalent within his sphere of preaching.

This volume was reprinted in octavo, in the United States, and proved its author to be a writer of no inconsiderable abilities. As a speaker, we have heard him described to be without gracefulness of action, but endued with remarkable powers of interesting the audience in his subject, to which we suppose that the merit of his compositions greatly adds. He is the author of a work on the economy of cities with reference to religious instructions, part of which is reviewed in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*.

The general subject of the present volume, is to point out the depravity of human nature, as a disease infecting the fairest as well as the most degraded of worldly characters: and to unfold the kind and gentle invitations of the gospel. In delivering his message, the author had, doubtless, to conflict with strong prejudices, on the part of many of his hearers; and it appears to have been his aim, at once not to conceal the truth, and to present it under such an aspect as to obtain the approbation of the understanding, and to win the affections.

The object of the first sermon is to show that the human understanding is not equal, of itself, to obtain an adequate knowledge of Divine truth.

This, we apprehend, is a legitimate conclusion from the depravity of human nature. If the works and ways of all mankind, naturally, are of a different tendency from those of the Deity, man, who is a creature endued with reason, and who, if that reason were properly illuminated, must, necessarily, from his constitution, act in obedience to its dictates, must have his understanding, in his natural state, much enfeebled. We are disposed to admit that it is by no means an uncommon thing, in human action, for reason to point one way, and passion another.

Video meliora, proboque;
Deteriora Sequor.

I see the right, and I approve it too;
I hate the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

‘Hélas! en guerre avec moi-même,
Ou pourrai-je trouver la paix?
Je veux, et n’accomplis jamais.
Je veux; mais (ô misère extrême!)
Je ne fais pas le bien que j’aime,
Et je fais le mal que je hais.’

Racine.

But we maintain, that the light which reason sheds must be faint indeed, when it is liable to be obscured by passion, and cannot direct our paths, as to our most important concerns. Indeed, if we consider the whole nature of man as depraved, the greatest depravity must exist in that faculty which ranks the highest is his composition; and this, undoubted, is his understanding.

It may then be said, ‘how is this doctrine consistent with the fact of the mighty exertions of which the human mind is capable? Do not the noble monuments which science has reared, attest the wonderful scope, and the amazing activity of the intellectual powers of man?’

To this argument we answer, that the exclusion of the human mind from one sphere of action, does, by no means suppose that it cannot act in another, and a subordinate sphere.

If these conclusions be correct, it will then follow that no external impressions can have any effect upon the human mind, unless its capacity be enlarged, so as to be suited to their admission. The wonders of nature silently proclaim the being and attributes of God, and call upon man to render obedience to his will. The volume of revelation and the preaching of the gospel more explicitly unfold to man the nature of his Creator, and his own. But so long as his mind remains in its state of original darkness, it cannot receive or comprehend these lessons, in a suitable manner. What affinity has light with darkness, and how can a being,

whose nature is corrupt, understand what is perfectly pure and holy?

Man, therefore, cannot, by any exertion of his natural powers, obtain an adequate acquaintance with the doctrines of the gospel. He is not only averse from them, but he is absolutely incapable of receiving them. It will scarcely be denied, that, if these doctrines were properly known, such is their manifest excellence, that they could not fail to guide the conduct of those who hear them. But this, it is evident, is not the fact, whence it results that ignorance is the impassable bar, which prevents the universal operation of the Christian religion upon the hearts and lives of men.

To remove this ignorance is the work of that creating Power, by which man was originally formed. He who has given us natural life, can alone give us spiritual life. His Holy spirit ordinarily commences this work, by exciting a spirit of inquiry, in relation to the things of religion, which will not let the subject of it rest, until he has obtained a knowledge of the object of his search. Hencetorth, the gratification which was formerly sought and found, in the things of earth, only, is experienced in a much greater degree, in communion with God, and in anticipations of eternal happiness. These new enjoyments, while they moderate indulgence in the pleasure of this world, add to such as are lawful to the Christian, a zest which he never before experienced. Life acquires a new interest from the higher hopes and aims which religion inspires, and a satisfaction, hitherto unknown, is felt in the performance of every duty.

We add an extract from this sermon of Dr. Chalmers as specimens of his style and manner.

‘Now, we would ask what kind of conception is that which a man of entire faculties may form? Only grant us the undeniable truth, that he may understand how he cannot discern the things of the Spirit, unless the Spirit reveal them to him; and yet with this understanding, he may not be one of

those in behalf of whom the Spirit had actually interposed with his peculiar office of revelation; and then you bring into view another barrier, no less insurmountable than that which fixes an immutable distinction between the conceptions of an idiot and of a man of sense,—even that wonderful barrier which separates the natural from the spiritual man. You can conceive him struggling with every power which nature has given him to work his way through this barrier. You can conceive him vainly attempting, by some energies of his own, to force an entrance into that field of light where every object of faith has the bright colouring of reality thrown over it,—where he can command a clear view of the things of eternity,—where spiritual truth comes home with effect upon his every feeling and his every conviction,—where he can expatiate at freedom over a scene of manifestation, which the world knoweth not,—and breathe such a peace, and such a joy, and such a holiness, and such a superiority to time, and such a devotedness of all his affections to the things which are above, as no man of the highest natural wisdom can ever reach, with all his attention to the Bible, and all the efforts of his sagacity, however painful, to unravel, and to compare, and to comprehend its passages. And it is indeed a deeply interesting object to see a man of powerful understanding thus visited with an earnest desire after the light of the gospel, and toiling at the entrance with all the energies which belong to him,—pressing into the service all the resources of argument and philosophy,—mustering, to the high enterprise, his attention, and his conception, and his reason and his imagination, and the whole host of his other faculties, on which science has conferred her imposing names, and laid before us in such a pompous catalogue, as might tempt us to believe, that man, by one mighty grasp of his creative mind, can make all truth his own, and range at pleasure over the wide variety of her dominions. How natural to think that the same powers and habits of investiga-

tion which carried him to so respectable a height in the natural sciences will enable him to clear his way through all the darkneses of theology. It is well that he is seeking,—for if he persevere and be in earnest, he will obtain an interest in the promise, and will at length find:—but not till he find, in the progress of those inquiries on which he entered with so much alacrity, and prosecuted with so much confidence, that there is a barrier between him and the spiritual discernment of his Bible, which all the powers of philosophy cannot scale,—not till he find, that he must cast down his lofty imaginations, and put the pride of all his powers and all his pretensions away from him,—not till he find, that divested of those fancies which deluded his heart into a feeling of its own sufficiency, he must become like a little child, or one of those babes to whom God reveals the things which he hides from the wise and from the prudent,—not till he find, that the attitude of self dependence must be broken down, and he be brought to acknowledge that the light he is aspiring after, is not created by himself, but must be made to shine upon him at the pleasure of another,—not in short, till humbled by the mortifying experience that many a simple cottager who reads his Bible and loves his Saviour has got before him, he puts himself on a level with the most illiterate of them all, and prays that light and truth may beam on his darkened understanding from the sanctuary of God.’

We think our readers will perceive, from the preceding extract, that Dr. Chalmers is a man of no ordinary powers, as a writer. His sentences, it is true, are rather too long, and are sometimes inelegantly formed, by the frequent recurrence of a conjunction, or a dash. His style is flowing, and evinces considerable force of reason, and of imagination, together with a certain elegance of taste, acquired by the study of polite literature.

As a literary composition, we think this sermon bears evident marks of haste. The author appears to have been

warmed with his subject, full of matter, and to have written rather for the pulpit, than the press.

(*To be Continued.*)

ART. VI.—*A Treatise on Adulteration of food and culinary poisons; exhibiting the fraudulent sophistications of bread, beer, spirituous liquors, tea, coffee, cheese, &c. and method of detecting them.* By Frederick Accum, &c. London, 1820. Republished by A. Small, Philadelphia.

[THIS little work may, in London, be very useful, and wherever meat and bread are eaten, and wine is drunk, or physic taken must be interesting. We cannot help fearing however, that the distinguished chemist has been labouring unwittingly, in aid of fraud rather more than for its detection. For one reader that is taught how to avoid adulterated food, ten will have occasion to regret that Mr. Accum has furnished the dishonest venders with so complete a manual, and guide in the manufacture of the most cunningly devised poison. It is, however, whether fortunately or not, presented to the American public. And we consult our own ease, and the amusement of our readers at the same time in presenting them with the remarks and analysis made by the editors of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, instead of any detailed observations of our own.]

There is Death in the Pot.

II. KINGS—CHAP. VI. VERSE XI.

WE bless our stars that a knowledge of the art of cookery does not constitute any part of our acquirements. We are so thoroughly convinced *a priori* of the disgusting character of its secrets, and the impurity of its details, that we are quite sure a more intimate acquaintance with them would have embittered our existence, and have destroyed for ever the usual healthy tone of our stomach. We make it a point, therefore, uniformly, to lull our suspicions, and to discuss

any savoury dish that may be placed before us, without asking any questions about its ingredients. It is really much more agreeable to be allowed quietly to mistake a stewed cat for a rabbit, than to be made *post factum*, accessories to the deception. When we have finished our salad, we are by no means anxious to receive any proof, however clear, that it was seasoned with a preparation of whale's blubber instead of Florence oil. And we should consider ourselves under a very trifling obligation to any "damned good-natured friend," who should take the trouble of demonstrating that the reindeer tongue, which gives so pleasant a relish to our breakfast, had been recently abstracted from the jaws of some distempered poodle. Misfortunes of this kind, it is impossible for human sagacity to prevent, while they are perhaps too grievous for human patience to bear. Our best refuge, therefore, is our ignorance, and where that alone constitutes our happiness, surely we must agree with the poet, that it is indeed folly to be wise.

Mr. Accum, it appears, is one of those very good-natured friends above alluded to, who is quite resolved not to allow us to be cheated and poisoned as our fathers were before us, and our children will be after us, without cackling to us of our danger, and opening our eyes to abysses of fraud and imposition, of the very existence of which we had until now the good fortune to be entirely ignorant. His book is a perfect death's head, a memento mori, the perusal of any single chapter of which is enough to throw any man into the blue devils for a fortnight. Mr. Accum puts us something in mind of an officious blockhead, who, instead of comforting his dying friend, is continually jogging him on the elbow, with such cheering assurances as the following: "I am sorry there is no hope; my dear fellow, you must kick the bucket soon. Your liver is diseased, your lungs gone, your bowels as impenetrable as marble, your legs swelled like door posts, your face as yellow as a guinea, and the doctor just now as-

sured me you could not live a week." It is quite in vain for Mr. Accum to allege, that "our bane and antidote are both before us;" that he has not only made us acquainted with the deadly frauds which are daily practised on our stomachs, but afforded us unerring chemical tests by which these frauds may be detected. Is it for a moment to be supposed, that we are not to eat a muffin or a slice of toast without first subjecting it to an experiment with muriate of barytes? Does Mr. Accum expect us to resort to the cider cellar, or the Burton ale house, loaded with retorts and crucibles, and with our pockets crammed with tincture of gall, ammonia, and prussiate of potash? Are we to refuse to partake of a bottle of old Madeira, whenever we may chance to have forgotten to provide ourselves with the solution of subacetate of lead? For our own part, we must say, that rather than submit to such intolerable restrictions as these, we should prefer (dreadful alternative!) to double the dose of poison, and put a speedy end to our existence, by devouring a second roll to breakfast, and swallowing twice as much wine and porter after dinner as we have hitherto been accustomed to.

' But in the dense and extended atmosphere of fraud, in which, it appears, we are condemned to live, move and have our being, what reason have we to expect, that the very chemical substances which are necessary to expose our danger have not themselves partaken of the general adulteration? Mr. Accum himself tells us, that "nine tenths of the most potent drugs and chemical preparations used in pharmacy are vended in a sophisticated state by dealers, who would be the last to be suspected." Let us therefore, since it must be so, reconcile ourselves to be poisoned with a good grace, and since we can have no hopes of a reprieve, imitate the Jemmy Jessamy thief, who behaves prettily on the scaffold, skips up the ladder with the air of a dancing master, ogles the girls while the halter is adjusting, and drops the handkerchief with all the graces of a Turkish petit-maitre in his Haraam.

‘Mr. Accum’s work is evidently written in the same spirit of dark and melancholy anticipation, which pervades Dr. Robinson’s celebrated “Proofs of a conspiracy, &c. against all the crowned heads of Europe.” The conspiracy disclosed by Mr. Accum is certainly of a still more dreadful nature, and is even more widely ramified than that which excited so much horror in the worthy professor. It is a conspiracy of brewers, bakers, grocers, wine-merchants, confectioners, apothecaries, and cooks, against the lives of all and every one of his majesty’s liege subjects. It is easy to see that Mr. Accum’s nerves are considerably agitated, that—

“Sad forebodings shake him as he writes.”

Not only at the festive board is he haunted by chimeras dire of danger—not only does he tremble over the tureen—and faint over the flesh-pot: but even in his chintz night-gown, and red Morocco slippers, he is not secure. An imaginary sexton is continually jogging his elbow as he writes, a death’s head and cross bones rise on his library table; and at the end of his sofa he beholds a visionary tomb-stone of the best granite——

On which are inscribed the dreadful words—

Hic Jacet
Frederick Accum,
Operative Chemist,
Old Compton Street,
Soho.

Judging from ourselves, Mr. Accum has been tolerably successful in communicating his own terror to his readers. Since we read his book, our appetite has visibly decreased. At the Celtic club, yesterday, we dined almost entirely on roast beef; Mr. Oman’s London-particular Madeira lost all its relish, and we turned pale in the act of eating a custard, when we recollected the dreadful punishment inflicted on cus-

tard-eaters, in page 326 of the present work. We beg to assure our friends, therefore, that at this moment they may invite us to dinner with the greatest impunity. Our diet is at present quite similar to that of Parnell's Hermit;

“Our food the fruits, our drink the crystal well;”

though we trust a few days will recover us from our panic, and enable us to resume our former habits of life. Those of our friends, therefore, who have any intention of pasturing us, had better not lose the present opportunity of doing so. So favourable a combination of circumstances must have been quite un hoped for on their part, and most probably will never occur again. V. S.

Since, by the publication of Mr. Accum's book, an end has been for ever put to our former blessed state of ignorance, let us arm ourselves with philosophy, and boldly venture to look our danger in the face.

The following extract from the prefatory observations of Mr. Accum, will give the reader a sort of a priori taste of what is to follow. Like the preliminary oysters of a Frenchman's dinner, they will serve to whet the appetite for the more substantial banquet which is to succeed.

‘Of all the frauds practised by mercenary dealers, there is none more reprehensible, and at the same time more prevalent, than the sophistication of the various articles of food.

‘This unprincipled and nefarious practice, increasing in degree as it has been found difficult of detection, is now applied to almost every commodity which can be classed among either the necessities or the luxuries of life, and is carried on to a most alarming extent in every part of the United kingdom.

‘It has been pursued by men, who, from the magnitude and apparent respectability of their concerns, would be the least obnoxious to public suspicion; and their successful ex-

ample has called forth, from among the retail dealers, a multitude of competitors in the same iniquitous course.

‘To such perfection of ingenuity has this system of adulterating food arrived, that spurious articles of various kinds are every where to be found, made up so skillfully as to baffle the discrimination of the most experienced judges.

‘Among the number of substances used in domestic economy, which are now very generally found sophisticated, may be distinguished—tea, coffee, bread, beer, wine, spirituous liquors, salad oil, pepper, vinegar, mustard, cream, and other articles of subsistence.

‘Indeed it would be difficult to mention a single article of food which is not to be met with in an adulterated state; and there are some substances which are scarcely ever to be procured genuine.

‘There are particular chemists, who make it a regular trade to supply drugs or nefarious preparations to the unprincipled brewer of porter or ale; others perform the same office to the wine and spirit merchant; and others again to the grocer and the oilman. The operators carry on their processes chiefly in secrecy, and under some delusive firm, with the ostensible denotements of a fair and lawful establishment.

‘These illicit pursuits have assumed all the order and method of a regular trade; they may severally claim to be distinguished as an *art and mystery*; for the workmen employed in them are often wholly ignorant of the nature of the substances which pass through their hands, and of the purposes to which they are ultimately applied.

‘To elude the vigilance of the inquisitive, to defeat the scrutiny of the revenue officer, and to ensure the secrecy of these mysteries, the processes are very ingeniously divided and subdivided among individual operators, and the manufacture is purposely carried on in separate establishments. The task of proportioning the ingredients for use is assigned

to one individual, while the composition and preparation of them may be said to form a distinct part of the business, and is entrusted to another workman. Most of the articles are transmitted to the consumer in a disguised state, or in such a form that their real nature cannot possibly be detected by the unwary. Thus the extract of *cocculus indicus*, employed by fraudulent manufacturers of malt liquors to impart an intoxicating quality to porter or ales, is known in the market by the name of *black extract*, ostensibly destined for the use of tanners and dyers. It is obtained by boiling the berries of the *cocculus indicus* in water, and converting, by a subsequent evaporation, this decoction into a stiff black tenacious mass, possessing, in a high degree, the narcotic and intoxicating quality of the poisonous berry from which it is prepared. Another substance, composed of extract of quassia and liquorice juice, used by fraudulent brewers to economise both malt and hops, is technically called *multum*.

‘The quantities of *cocculus indicus* berries, as well as of black extract, imported into this country for adulterating malt liquors, are enormous. It forms a considerable branch of commerce in the hands of a few brokers; yet, singular as it may seem, no inquiry appears to have been hitherto made by the officers of the revenue respecting its application. Many other substances employed in the adulteration of beer, ale, and spirituous liquors, are in a similar manner intentionally disguised; and of the persons by whom they are purchased, a great number are totally unacquainted with their nature or composition.

‘An extract, said to be innocent, sold in casks, containing from half a cwt. to five cwt. by the brewer’s druggists, under the name of *bittern*, is composed of calcined sulphurate of iron (copperas), extract of *cocculus indicus* berries, extract of quassia, and Spanish liquorice.

‘It would be very easy to adduce, in support of these remarks, the testimony of numerous individuals, by whom I

have been professionally engaged to examine certain mixtures, said to be perfectly innocent, which are used in very extensive manufactories of the above description. Indeed during the long period devoted to the practice of my profession, I have had abundant reason to be convinced that a vast number of dealers, of the highest respectability, have vended to their customers articles absolutely poisonous, which they themselves considered as harmless, and which they would not have offered for sale, had they been apprised of the spurious and pernicious nature of the compounds, and of the purposes to which they are destined.

‘ For instance, I have known cases in which brandy merchants were not aware that the substance which they frequently purchase, under the delusive name of *flash*, for strengthening and clarifying spirituous liquors, and which is held out as consisting of burnt sugar and isinglass only, in the form of an extract, is in reality a compound of sugar with extract of capsicum; and that to the acrid and pungent qualities of the capsicum is to be ascribed the heightened flavour of brandy and rum, when coloured with the above-mentioned matter.

‘ In other cases, the ale-brewer has been supplied with ready-ground coriander seeds, previously mixed with a portion of *nux vomica* and quassia, to give a bitter taste and narcotic property to the beverage.

‘ The baker asserts that he does not put alum into bread; but he is well aware that, in purchasing a certain quantity of flour, he must take a sack of *sharp whites* (a term given to flour contaminated with a quantity of alum), without which it would be impossible for him to produce light, white and porous bread, from a half-spoiled material.

‘ The wholesale mealman frequently purchases this spurious commodity, (which forms a separate branch of business in the hands of certain individuals,) in order to enable himself to sell his decayed and half-spoiled flour.

‘ Other individuals furnish the baker with alum mixed up with salt, under the obscure denomination of *stuff*. There are wholesale manufacturing chemists, whose sole business is to crystallize alum, in such a form as will adapt this salt to the purpose of being mixed in a crystalline state with the crystals of common salt, to disguise the character of the compound. The mixture called *stuff*, is composed of one part of alum, in minute crystals, and three of common salt. In many other trades a similar mode of proceeding prevails. Potatoes are soaked in water to augment their weight.

When these detestable artifices have succeeded in producing on our health the effects that might be anticipated from them, we naturally send to our friend the apothecary’s for a dose of glauher, or proceed to fortify our viscera by a course of tonics. Mark the sequel.

‘ Nine-tenths of the most potent drugs and chemical preparations used in pharmacy, are vended in a sophisticated state by dealers who would be the last to be suspected. It is well known, that of the article Peruvian Bark, there is a variety of species inferior to the genuine; that too little discrimination is exercised by the collectors of this precious medicament; that it is carelessly assorted, and is frequently packed in green hides; that much of it arrives in Spain in a half-decayed state, mixed with fragments of other vegetables and various extraneous substances; and in this state is distributed throughout Europe.

‘ But, as if this were not a sufficient deterioration, the public are often served with a spurious compound of mahogany saw-dust and oak wood, ground into powder, mixed with a proportion of good quinquina, and sold as genuine bark powder.

‘ Every chemist knows that there are mills constantly at work in this metropolis, which furnish bark powder at a much cheaper rate than the substance can be procured for in its natural state. The price of the best genuine bark, upon

an average, is not lower than twelve shillings the pound; but immense quantities of powder bark are supplied to the apothecaries at three or four shillings a pound.

‘It is also notorious, that there are manufacturers of spurious rhubarb powder, ipecacuanha powder, James’s powder, and other simple and compound medicines of great potency, who carry on their diabolical trade on an amazingly large scale. Indeed, the quantity of medical preparations thus sophisticated exceeds belief. Cheapness, and not genuineness and excellence, is the grand desideratum with the unprincipled dealers in drugs and medicines.

‘Those who are familiar with chemistry, may easily convince themselves of the existence of the fraud, by subjecting to a chemical examination either spirits of hartshorn, magnesia, calcined magnesia, calomel, or any other chemical preparation in general demand.

‘Spirit of hartshorn is counterfeited by mixing liquid caustic ammonia with the distilled spirit of hartshorn, to increase the pungency of its odour, and to enable it to bear an addition of water.

‘Calcined magnesia is seldom met with in a pure state. It may be assayed by the same tests as the common magnesia. It ought not to effervesce at all with dilute sulphuric acid; and, if the magnesia and acid be put together into one scale of a balance, no diminution of weight should ensue on mixing them together. Calcined magnesia, however, is very seldom so pure as to be totally dissolved by diluted sulphuric acid; for a small insoluble residue generally remains, consisting chiefly of silicious earth, derived from the alkali employed in the preparation of it. The solution in sulphuric acid, when largely diluted, ought not to afford any precipitation by the addition of oxalate of ammonia.

‘The genuineness of calomel may be ascertained by boiling, for a few minutes, one part, with $\frac{3}{4}$ part of muriate of ammonia in ten parts of distilled water. When carbonate

of potash is added to the filtered solution, no precipitation will ensue if the calomel be pure.

‘ Indeed, some of the most common and cheap drugs do not escape the adulterating hand of the unprincipled druggist. Syrup of buckthorn, for example, instead of being prepared from the juice of buckthorn berries, (*rhamnus catharticus*,) is made from the fruit of the blackberry-bearing alder, and the dogberry tree. A mixture of the berries of the buckthorn and blackberry-bearing alder, and of the dogberry tree, may be seen publicly exposed for sale by some of the vendors of medicinal herbs. This abuse may be discovered by opening the berries: those of buckthorn have almost always four seeds; of the alder, two, and of the dogberry, only one. Buckthorn berries, bruised on white paper, stain it of a green colour, which the others do not.

‘ Instead of worm-seed (*artemisia santonica*), the seeds of tansy are frequently offered for sale, or a mixture of both.

‘ A great many of the essential oils, obtained from the more expensive spices, are frequently so much adulterated, that it is not easy to meet with such as are at all fit for use, nor are these adulterations easily discoverable.

‘ Most of the arrow-root, the fecula of the *Maranta arundinacea*, sold by druggists, is a mixture of potato starch and arrow-root.

‘ The same system of adulteration extends to articles used in various trades and manufactures. For instance, linen tape, and various other household commodities of that kind, instead of being manufactured of linen thread only, are made up of linen and cotton. Colours for painting, not only those used by artists, such as ultramarine, carmine, and lake; Antwerp blue, chrome yellow, and Indian ink; but also the coarser colours used by the common house-painter, are more or less adulterated. Thus, of the latter kind, white lead is mixed with carbonate or sulphate of barytes; vermilion with red lead.

‘The eager and insatiable thirst for gain, which seems to be a leading characteristic of the times, calls into action every human faculty, and gives an irresistible impulse to the power of invention; and where lucre becomes the reigning principle, the possible sacrifice of even a fellow creature’s life is a secondary consideration. In reference to the deterioration of almost all the necessities and comforts of existence, it may be justly observed, in a civil as well as a religious sense, that “*in the midst of life we are in death.*”’

Melancholy as these details are, there is something almost ludicrous, we think, in the very extent to which the deceptions are carried. So inextricably are we all immersed in this mighty labyrinth of fraud, that even the venders of poison themselves are forced, by a sort of retributive justice, to swallow it in their turn. Thus the apothecary, who sells the poisonous ingredients to the brewer, chuckles over his roguery, and swallows his own drugs in his daily copious exhibitions of Brown stout. The brewer, in his turn, is poisoned by the baker, the wine-merchant, and the grocer. And, whenever the baker’s stomach fails him, he meets his *coup de grace* in the adulterated drugs of his friend the apothecary, whose health he has been gradually contributing to undermine, by feeding him every morning on chalk and alum, in the shape of hot rolls.

Our readers will now, we think, be able to form a general idea of the perils to which they are exposed by every meal. Even water drinkers are not safe, as the following extract will pretty satisfactorily demonstrate.

¶ ‘There can be no doubt that the mode of preserving water intended for food or drink in leaden reservoirs, is exceedingly improper; and although pure water exercises no sensible action upon metallic lead, provided air be excluded, the metal is certainly acted on by the water when air is admitted;

this effect is so obvious, that it cannot escape the notice of the least attentive observer.

‘ The white line, which may be seen at the surface of the water preserved in leaden cisterns, where the metal touches the water and where the air is admitted, is a carbonate of lead, formed at the expense of the metal. This substance, when taken into the stomach, is highly deleterious to health. This was the reason which induced the ancients to condemn leaden pipes for the conveyance of water; it having been remarked, that persons who swallowed the sediment of such water, became affected with disorders of the bowels.

‘ Leaden water reservoirs were condemned in ancient times by Hipocrates, Galen, and Vitruvius, as dangerous: in addition to which, we may depend on the observations of Van Swieten, Tronchin, and others, who have quoted numerous unhappy examples of whole families poisoned by water which had remained in reservoirs of lead. Dr. Johnson, Dr. Percival, Sir George Baker, and Dr. Lamb, have likewise recorded numerous instances where dangerous diseases ensued from the use of water impregnated with lead.

‘ Different potable waters have unequal solvent powers on this metal. In some places the use of leaden pumps has been discontinued, from the expense entailed upon the proprietors by the constant want of repair. Dr. Lamb states an instance where the proprietor of a well ordered his plumber to make the lead of a pump of double the thickness of the metal usually employed for pumps, to save the charge of repairs; because he had observed that the water was so hard as he called it, that it corroded the lead very soon.

‘ The following instance is related by Sir George Baker:

‘ ‘ A gentleman was the father of a numerous offspring, having had one-and-twenty children, of whom eight died young, and thirteen survived their parents. During their infancy, and indeed *until they had quitted the place of their usual residence, they were all remarkably unhealthy; being*

particularly subject to disorders of the stomach and bowels. The father, during many years, was paralytic; the mother, for a long time, was subject to colics and bilious obstructions.

‘ ‘ After the death of the parents, the family sold the house which they had so long inhabited. The purchaser found it necessary to repair the pump. This was made of lead; which, upon examination, was found to be so corroded, that several perforations were observed in the cylinder, in which the bucket plays, and the cistern in the upper part was reduced to the thinness of common brown paper, and was full of holes like a seive.’

‘ I have myself seen numerous instances where leaden cisterns have completely corroded by the action of water with which they were in contact: and there is, perhaps, not a plumber who cannot give testimony of having experienced numerous similar instances in the practice of his trade.

‘ I have been frequently called upon to examine leaden cisterns, which had become leaky on account of the action of the water which they contained; and I could adduce an instance of a legal controversy having taken place to settle the disputes between the proprietors of an estate and a plumber, originating from a similar cause,—the plumber being accused of having furnished a faulty reservoir, whereas the case was proved to be owing to the chemical action of the water on the lead. Water containing a large quantity of common air and carbonic acid gas, always acts very sensibly on metallic lead.

‘ Water which has no sensible action, in its natural state, upon lead, may acquire the capability of acting on it by heterogeneous matter, which it may accidentally receive. Numerous instances have shown that vegetable matter, such as leaves, falling into leaden cisterns filled with water, imparted to the water a considerable solvent power of action on the lead, which, in its natural state, it did not possess. Hence

the necessity of keeping leaden cisterns clean; and this is the more necessary, as their situations expose them to accidental impurities. The noted saturnine colic of Amsterdam, described by Tronchin, originated from such a circumstance; as also the case related by Van Swieten, of a whole family afflicted with the same complaint, from such a cistern. And it is highly probable that the case of disease recorded by Dr. Duncan, proceeded more from some foulness in the cistern, than from the solvent power of the water. In this instance, the officers of the packet-boat used water for their drink and cooking out of a leaden cistern, whilst the sailors used the water taken from the same source, except that theirs was kept in wooden vessels. The consequence was, that all the officers were seized with the colic, and all the men continued healthy.”

From water, a liquor not the most consonant to our taste, we gladly turn to *wine*, the inspirer of love and of valour, the friend of generous sentiments and heroic deeds. We sincerely trust that our own wine-merchant, at least, can conscientiously plead not guilty to the following indictment:

‘ It is sufficiently obvious, that few of those commodities, which are the objects of commerce, are adulterated to a greater extent than wine. All persons moderately conversant with the subject are aware, that a portion of alum is added to young and meagre red wines, for the purpose of brightening their colour; that Brazil wood, or the husks of elderberries and bilberries, are employed to impart a deep rich purple tint to red Port of a pale, faint colour; that gypsum is used to render cloudy white wines transparent; that an additional astringency is imparted to immature red wines by means of oak-wood sawdust and the husks of filberts; and that a mixture of spoiled foreign and home-made wines is converted into the wretched compound frequently sold in this town by the name of *genuine old Port*.

' Various expedients are resorted to for the purpose of communicating particular flavours to insipid wines. Thus a *nutty* flavour is produced by bitter almonds; factitious Port wine is flavoured with a tincture drawn from the seeds of raisins; and the ingredients employed to form the *bouquet* of high-flavoured wines, are sweet-brier, oris-root, clary, cherry laurel water, and elder-flowers.

' The flavouring ingredients used by manufacturers may all be purchased by those dealers in wine who are initiated in the mysteries of the trade; and even a manuscript receipt-book for preparing them, and the whole mystery of managing all sorts of wines, may be obtained on payment of a considerable fee.

' The sophistication of wine with substances not absolutely noxious to health, is carried to an enormous extent in this metropolis. Many thousand pipes of spoiled cyder are annually brought hither from the country, for the purpose of being converted into factitious Port wine. The art of manufacturing spurious wine is a regular trade of great extent in this metropolis.

' " There is, in this city, a certain fraternity of chemical operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind. These subterraneous philosophers are daily employed in the transmutation of liquors, and by the power of magical drugs and incantations, raising under the streets of London the choicest products of the hills and vallies of France. They can squeeze Bourdeaux out of the sloe, and draw Champagne from an apple. Virgil, in that remarkable prophecy,—

Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva.

Virg. Ecl. iv. 29.

The ripening grape shall hang on every thorn,

seems to have hinted at this art, which can turn a plantation of northern hedges into a vineyard. These adepts are

known among one another by the name of *Wine-brewers*; and, I am afraid, do great injury, not only to her Majesty's customs, but to the bodies of many of her good subjects.'

'The particular and separate department in this factitious wine trade, called *crusting*, consists in lining the interior surface of empty wine-bottles, in part, with a red crust of super-tartate of potash, by suffering a saturated hot solution of this salt, coloured red with a decoction of Brazil-wood, to crystallize with them; and after this simulation of maturity is perfected, they are filled with the compound called Port wine.'

'Other artisans are regularly employed in staining the lower extremities of bottle-corks with a fine red colour, to appear, on being drawn, as if they had been long in contact with the wine.

'The preparation of an astringent extract, to produce, from spoiled home-made and foreign wine, a 'genuine old Port, by mere admixture; or to impart to a weak wine a rough austere taste, a fine colour, and a peculiar flavour,—forms one branch of the business of particular wine-coopers; while the mellowing and restoring of spoiled white wines, is the sole occupation of men who are called *refiners of wine*.

'We have stated that a crystalline crust is formed on the interior surface of bottles, for the purpose of misleading the unwary into a belief that the wine contained in them is of a certain age. A correspondent operation is performed on the wooden cask; the whole interior of which is stained artificially with a crystalline crust of super-tartate of potash, artfully affixed in a manner precisely similar to that before stated. Thus the wine-merchant, after bottling off a pipe of wine, is enabled to impose on the understanding of his customers, by taking to pieces the cask, and exhibiting the beautiful dark-coloured and fine crystalline crust, as an indubitable proof of the age of the wine; a practice by no means

uncommon, to flatter the vanity of those who pride themselves in their acute discrimination of wines.

‘ These and many other sophistications, which have long been practised with impunity, are considered as legitimate by those who pride themselves for their skill in the art of *managing*, or, according to the familiar phrase, *doctoring* wines. The plea alleged in exculpation of them is, that, though deceptive, they are harmless; but even admitting this as a palliation, yet they form only one department of an art which includes other processes of a tendency absolutely criminal.

‘ Several well-authenticated facts have convinced me, that the adulteration of wine with substances deleterious to health, is certainly practised oftener than is perhaps suspected; and it would be easy to give some instances of very serious effects having arisen from wines contaminated with deleterious substances, were this a subject on which I meant to speak. The following statement is copied from the Monthly Magazine for March 1811, p. 188.

‘ “ On the 17th of January, the passengers by the High-flyer coach, from the north, dined, as usual, at Newark. A bottle of Port wine was ordered; on tasting which, one of the passengers observed that it had an unpleasant flavour, and begged that it might be changed. The waiter took away the bottle, poured into a fresh decanter half the wine which had been objected to, and filled it up from another bottle. This he took into the room, and the greater part was drank by the passengers, who, after the coach had set out towards Grantham, were seized with extreme sickness; one gentleman in particular, who had taken more of the wine than the others, it was thought would have died, but has since recovered. The half of the bottle of wine sent out of the passengers’ room was put aside for the purpose of mixing negus. In the evening, Mr. Bland, of Newark, went into the hotel, and drank a glass or two of wine and water. He returned

home at his usual hour, and went to bed; in the middle of the night he was taken so ill, as to induce Mrs. Bland to send for his brother, an apothecary in the town, but before that gentleman arrived he was dead. An inquest was held, and the jury, after the fullest inquiry, and the examination of the surgeons by whom the body was opened, returned a verdict of—*Died by poison.*”

Mr. Accum's details on the adulteration of wine are extremely ample, and so interesting, that we regret our limits prevent our making more copious extracts, and oblige us to refer our readers for farther information to the work itself.

Having thus laid open to our view the arcana of the cellar, Mr. Accum next treats us with an expose of the secrets of the brew-house. Verily, the wine-merchant and brewer are par nobile fratrum; and after the following disclosures, it will henceforth be a matter of the greatest indifference to us, whether we drink Perry or Champagne, Hermitage or Brown stout. *Latet anguis in poculo*, there is disease and death in them all, and one is only preferable to the other, because it will poison us at about one-tenth of the expense.

‘Malt liquors, and particularly porter, the favourite beverage of the inhabitants of London and of other large towns, is amongst those articles, in the manufacture of which the greatest frauds are frequently committed.

‘The statute prohibits the brewer from using any ingredients in his brewings, except malt and hops; but it too often happens, that those who suppose they are drinking a nutritious beverage, made of these ingredients only, are entirely deceived. The beverage may, in fact, be neither more nor less than a compound of the most deleterious substances; and it is also clear, that all ranks of society are alike exposed to the nefarious fraud. The proofs of this statement will be shown hereafter.

‘The author of a Practical Treatise on Brewing, which has run through eleven editions, after having stated the va-

rious ingredients for brewing porter, observes, 'that however much they may surprise, however pernicious or disagreeable they may appear, he has always found them requisite in the brewing of porter, and he thinks they must invariably be used by those who wish to continue the taste, flavour, and appearance of the beer. And though several Acts of Parliament have been passed to prevent porter-brewers from using many of them, yet the author can affirm, from experience, he could never produce the present flavoured porter without them. The intoxicating qualities of porter are to be ascribed to the various drugs intermixed with it. It is evident some porter is more heady than others, and it arises from the greater or less quantity of stupefying ingredients. Malt, to produce intoxication, must be used in such large quantities as would very much diminish, if not totally exclude, the brewer's profit.'

'The practice of adulterating beer appears to be of early date. By an act so long ago as Queen Anne, the brewers are prohibited from mixing *Coccus Indicus*, or any unwholesome ingredients, in their beer, under severe penalties: but few instances of convictions under this act are to be met with in the public records for nearly a century. To show that they have augmented in our own days, we shall exhibit an abstract from documents laid lately before Parliament.

'These will not only amply prove, that unwholesome ingredients are used by fraudulent brewers, and that very deleterious substances are also vended both to brewers and publicans for adulterating beer, but that the ingredients mixed up in the brewer's enchanting cauldron are placed above all competition, even with the potent charms of Macbeth's witches:

' Root of Hemlock, digg'd i' the dark,

†	†	†	†
†	†	†	†

For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble;

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.'

'The fraud of imparting to porter and ale an intoxicating quality by narcotic substances, appears to have flourished during the period of the late French war: for, if we examine the importation lists of drugs, it will be noticed that the quantities of *cocculus indicus* imported in a given time prior to that period, will bear no comparison with the quantity imported in the same space of time during the war, although an additional duty was laid upon this commodity. Such has been the amount brought into this country in five years, that it far exceeds the quantity imported during twelve years anterior to the above epoch. The price of this drug has risen within these ten years from two to seven shillings the pound.

'It was at the period to which we have alluded, that the preparation of an extract of *cocculus indicus* first appeared, as a new saleable commodity, in the price currents of *brewers'-druggists*. It was at the same time, also, that a Mr. Jackson, of notorious memory, fell upon the idea of brewing beer from various drugs, without any malt and hops. This chemist did not turn brewer himself; but he struck out the more profitable trade of teaching his mystery to the brewers for a handsome fee. From that time forwards, written directions, and receipt-books for using the chemical preparations to be substituted for malt and hops, were respectively sold; and many adepts soon afterwards appeared everywhere, to instruct brewers in the nefarious practice, first pointed out by Mr. Jackson. From that time, also, the fraternity of brewers'-chemists took its rise. They made it their chief business to send travellers all over the country, with lists and samples exhibiting the price and quality of the articles manufactured by them for the use of brewers only. Their trade spread far and wide, but it was amongst the country brewers chiefly that they found the most customers; and it is amongst them, up to the present day, as I am as-

sured by some of these operators, on whose veracity I can rely, that the greatest quantities of unlawful ingredients are sold.'

The following extract relates to the same subject, and we are glad to find by it, that none of the eleven great porter brewers have ever been detected in any illegal sophistication of their beer. Mr. Accum very properly gives us a list of those miscreants who have been convicted of adulterating their porter with poisonous ingredients, and want of room alone prevents us from damning them to everlasting fame, by inserting their names along with that of the Rev. Senna-cherib Terrot, in the imperishable pages of this miscellany.

'That a minute portion of an unwholesome ingredient, daily taken in beer, cannot fail to be productive of mischief, admits of no doubt; and there is reason to believe that a small quantity of a narcotic substance (and *corculus indicus* is a powerful narcotic) daily taken into the stomach, together with an intoxicating liquor, is highly more efficacious than it would be without the liquor. The effect may be gradual; and a strong constitution, especially if it be assisted with constant and hard labour, may counteract the destructive consequences perhaps for many years; but it never fails to show its baneful effects at last. Independent of this, it is a well-established fact, that porter drinkers are very liable to apoplexy and palsy, without taking this narcotic poison.

'If we judge from the preceding lists of prosecutions and convictions furnished by the Solicitor of the Excise, it will be evident that many wholesale brewers, as well as retail dealers, stand very conspicuous among those offenders. But the reader will likewise notice, that there are no convictions, in any instance, against any of the eleven great London porter brewers for any illegal practice. The great London brewers, it appears, believe that the publicans alone adulterate the beer. That many of the latter have been convicted of this fraud, the Report of the Board of Excise amply shows.

“The following statement relating to this subject, we transcribe from a Parliamentary document.

‘Mr Perkins, being asked whether he believed that any of the inferior brewers adulterated beer, answered, ‘I am satisfied there are some instances of that.’

‘*Question.*—‘Do you believe publicans do?’ *Answer.*—‘I believe they do.’ *Q.*—‘To a great extent?’ *A.*—‘Yes.’ *Q.*—‘Do you believe they adulterate the beer you sell them?’ *A.*—‘I am satisfied there are some instances of that.’—Mr. J. Martineau being asked the following

‘*Question.*—‘In your judgment is any of the beer of the metropolis, as retailed to the publican, mixed with any deleterious ingredients?’

‘*Answer.*—‘In retailing beer, in some instances, it has been.’

‘*Question.*—‘By whom, in your opinion, has that been done?’

‘*Answer.*—‘In that case by the publicans who vend it.’

‘On this point, it is but fair to the minor brewers, to record also the answers of some officers of the revenue, when they were asked, whether they considered it more difficult to detect nefarious practices in large breweries than in small ones?

‘Mr. J. Rogers being thus questioned in the committee of the House of Commons, ‘Supposing the large brewers to use deleterious or any illegal ingredients to such an amount as could be of any importance to their concerns, do you think it would, or would not, be more easy to detect it in those large breweries than in small ones?’ his answer was, ‘more difficult to detect it in the large ones.’ and witness being asked to state the reason why, answered, ‘Their premises are so much larger, and there is so much more strength, that a cart load or two is got rid of in a minute or two. Witness ‘had known, in five minutes, twenty barrels of molasses got rid of as soon as the door was shut.’

‘Another witness, W. Wells, an excise-officer, in describing the contrivances used to prevent detection, stated that at a brewer’s at Westham, the adulterating substances ‘was not kept on the premises, but in the brewer’s house; not the principal, but the working brewer’s; it not being considered, when there, as liable to seizure: the brewer had a very large jacket made expressly for that purpose, with very large pockets; and on brewing mornings, he would take his pockets full of the different ingredients. Witness supposed that such a man’s jacket, similar to what he had described, would convey quite sufficient for any brewery in England, as to *cocculus indicus*.’

‘That it may be more difficult for the officers of the Excise to detect fraudulent practices in large breweries than in small ones, may be true to a certain extent; but what eminent London porter brewer would stake his reputation on the chance of so paltry a gain, in which he would inevitably be at the mercy of his own man? The eleven great porter brewers of this metropolis are persons of so high respectability, that there is no ground for the slightest suspicion that they would attempt any illegal practices, which they were aware could not possibly escape detection in their extensive establishments. And let it be remembered, that none of them have been detected for any unlawful practices, with regard to the processes of their manufacture, or the adulteration of their beer.’

The following observations on the adulteration of rum and brandy are by no means applicable to ‘John Hamilton’s best,’ which inspires the flash coves of the Trongate with too much wit not to be genuine. We are convinced, nevertheless, that it contains something singular in its composition, and possesses an inherent stimulus to trotting. When drinking it t’other day at a friend’s house, who lately imported a few dozens of it from Glasgow, we detected ourself more than once instinctively trotting two military gentlemen,

who sat on our right and left, on the subject of their campaigns. This, however, must be the subject of a separate dissertation.

“ Brandy and rum is also frequently sophisticated with British molasses, or sugar-spirit, coloured with burnt sugar.

‘ The flavour which characterises French brandy, and which is owing to a small portion of a peculiar essential oil contained in it, is imitated by distilling British molasses spirit over wine lees; but the spirit, prior to being distilled over wine lees, is previously deprived, in part, of its peculiar disagreeable flavour, by rectification over fresh-burnt charcoal and quicklime. Other brandy-merchants employ a spirit obtained from raisin wine, which is suffered to pass into an incipient ascendency. The spirit thus procured partakes strongly of the flavour which is characteristic to foreign brandy.

‘ Oak saw-dust, and a spirituous tincture of raisin stones, are likewise used to impart to new brandy and rum a *ripe taste*, resembling brandy or rum long kept in oaken casks, and a somewhat oily consistence, so as to form a durable froth at its surface, when strongly agitated in a vial. The colouring substances are burnt sugar, or molasses; the latter gives to imitative brandy a luscious taste, and fullness *in the mouth*. These properties are said to render it particularly fit for the retail London customers.

‘ The following is the method of compounding or *making up*, as it is technically called, *brandy for retail*:

	Gallons.
‘ To 10 puncheons of brandy	1081
Add flavoured raisin spirit	118
Tincture of grains of paradise	4
Cherry laurel water	2
Spirit of Almond cakes	2
	<hr/>
	1207

‘Add also ten handfuls of oak saw-dust; and give it *com-plexion* with burnt sugar.’

Mr. Accum gives us a long dissertation on counterfeit tea; and another on spurious coffee; but as these are impositions by which we are little affected, we shall not allow them to detain us. The leaves of the sloe-thorn are substituted for the former, and roasted horse beans for the latter. These frauds, it appears, are carried to a very great extent.

We believe we have not yet noticed the frauds of the cheesemonger: we now beg, therefore, to introduce that gentleman to the notice of our readers.

‘“As a striking example of the extent to which adulterated articles of food may be unconsciously diffused, and of the consequent difficulty of detecting the real fabricators of them, it may not be uninteresting to relate to your readers the various steps by which the fraud of a poisonous adulteration of cheese was traced to its source.’

‘“Your readers ought here to be told, that several instances are on record, that Gloucester and other cheeses have been found contaminated with red lead, and that this contamination has produced serious consequences. In the instance now alluded to, and probably in all other cases, the deleterious mixture had been caused ignorantly, by the adulteration of the anotto employed for colouring the cheese. This substance, in the instance I shall relate, was found to contain a portion of red lead; a species of adulteration which subsequent experiments have shown to be by no means uncommon. Before I proceed further to trace this fraud to its source, I shall briefly relate the circumstance which gave rise to its detection.’

‘“A gentleman, who had occasion to reside for some time in a city in the west of England, was one night seized with a distressing but indescribable pain in the region of the abdomen and of the stomach, accompanied with a feeling of

tension, which occasioned much restlessness, anxiety, and repugnance to food. He began to apprehend the access of an inflammatory disorder; but in twenty-four hours the symptoms entirely subsided. In four days afterwards he experienced an attack precisely similar; and he then recollected, that having, on both occasions, arrived from the country late in the evening, he had ordered a plate of toasted Gloucester cheese, of which he had partaken heartily; a dish which, when at home, regularly served him for supper. He attributed his illness to the cheese. The circumstance was mentioned to the mistress of the inn, who expressed great surprise, as the cheese in question was not purchased from a country dealer, but from a highly respectable shop in London. He, therefore, ascribed the before-mentioned effects to some peculiarity in his constitution. A few days afterwards he partook of the same cheese; and he had scarcely retired to rest, when a most violent colic seized him, which lasted the whole night and part of the ensuing day. The cook was now directed henceforth not to serve up any toasted cheese, and he never again experienced these distressing symptoms. Whilst this matter was a subject of conversation in the house; a servant-maid mentioned that a kitten had been violently sick after having eaten the rind cut off from the cheese prepared for the gentleman's supper. The landlady, in consequence of this statement, ordered the cheese to be examined by a chemist in the vicinity, who returned for answer, that the cheese was contaminated with lead! So unexpected an answer arrested general attention, and more particularly as the suspected cheese had been served up for several other customers.'

“ Application was therefore made by the London dealer to the farmer who manufactured the cheese; he declared that he had bought the anotto of a mercantile traveller, who had supplied him and his neighbours for years with that commodity, without giving occasion to a single complaint.

On subsequent inquiries, through a circuitous channel, unnecessary to be detailed here at length, on the part of the manufacturer of the cheese, it was found, that as the supplies of anotto had been defective and of inferior quality, recourse had been had to the expedient of colouring the commodity with vermilion. Even this admixture could not be considered deleterious. But on further application being made to the druggist who sold the article, the answer was, that the vermilion had been mixed with a portion of red lead; and the deception was held to be perfectly innocent, as frequently practised on the supposition, that the vermilion would be used only as a pigment for house-painting. Thus the druggist sold his vermilion in the regular way of trade, adulterated with red lead to increase his profit, without any suspicion of the use to which it would be applied; and the purchaser who adulterated the anotto, presuming that the vermilion was genuine, had no hesitation in heightening the colour of his spurious anotto with so harmless an adjunct. Thus, through the circuitous and diversified operations of commerce, a portion of deadly poison may find admission into the necessaries of life, in a way which can attach no criminality to the parties through whose hands it has successively passed.' "

We must now draw our extracts to a close; but we can assure our readers, that we have not yet introduced them to one tythe of the poisonous articles in common use, detected by Mr. Accum. We shall give the titles of a few to satisfy the curious:—Poisonous confectionary, poisonous pickles, poisonous cayenne pepper, poisonous custards, poisonous anchovy sauce, poisonous lozenges, poisonous lemon acid, poisonous mushrooms, poisonous kethup, and poisonous soda water! Read this, and wonder how you live!"

ART. III.—*Remarks on Kotzebue's Journey into Persia.*

[The following extract from the *Gentleman's Magazine* is given to show the estimation in which this work is held. Messrs M. Carey and Son, have announced an American edition.]

‘ THIS interesting volume is the only account which has hitherto appeared in England respecting the embassy of General Jermoloff to the court of Persia. It has a twofold claim to attention, arising from the nature of its subject, and the peculiar circumstances of its author. In all the states of Europe, and especially in Great Britain, the political relations of Russia with her Asiatic neighbour are regarded as tending to results materially affecting that balance of power, the equilibrium of which now requires to be maintained with no less solicitude in the eastern than in the Western Hemisphere. On the nature and present state of those relations a multitude of conjectures are entertained, and they are rendered the more problematical by the scanty and confused information which transpires respecting them, from the countries themselves. A despotism, however leniently administered, must be more or less inimical to public discussion, the only effective means by which the truth, or any matter of public interest, can be elicited. Persia has no national literature; and with respect to Russia, it should appear that the epoch is not yet arrived when the inhabitants of that vast empire can possess themselves of the advantages of a representative government and a free press. It is only by Imperial sufferance, we may presume, that a work, referring even in a remote degree to any measures instituted by the cabinet of St. Petersburg, can be published by a subject of the Czar. Viewed in this light, the Narrative of Capt. Kotzebue is a curious novelty. He was born and educated in Russia; yet has not scrupled to give to the world a minute detail of the progress of the mission to which he was attach-

ed, as well as of its reception at the court of Persia. It is true that on affairs of state he practises a reserve which is perfectly diplomatic; but at the same time he makes, perhaps unconsciously, some important disclosures, and his very silence on certain subjects is significantly eloquent.

Topographical illustrations of the country, interspersed with anecdotes characteristic of its inhabitants, occupy the principal portion of the work, and it is only incidentally that subjects of a political matter are touched upon. Many of these digressions, however, have a deeper interest than the narrative itself; they are important, not only from the information which they convey, but from the inferences which they suggest; and they afford abundant matter for speculation on the present and future state of Persia. The following passage, for instance, relating to a personage who may be denominated the elective heir-apparent to the throne, claims the most serious attention, particularly when we consider the quarter from whence it proceeds, and the sanction under which it is promulgated.

“ I should take this opportunity of stating, that the introduction of regular discipline into the Persian army, and the formation of its artillery, within these few years, are entirely due to Abbas-Mirza; and it must be allowed that he has, for so short a period, with the assistance indeed of able English officers, achieved a great deal. Only those who are thoroughly acquainted with the pertinacious obstinacy of the Persians, and their dread of every innovation, can form any conception of the obstacles, which the prince had to surmount in accomplishing his views. Nothing less than the appearance of so enlightened a prince, I may say, such a phenomena amidst the Persian people, could have produced such a reform in the army. His principal attention has been directed to the organization of the infantry and cavalry; and in this he has also afforded a proof of his acuteness, as the Persian horse is already sufficiently good, although it cannot

be compared with regular cavalry. But the Persian cavalry is an object of national pride, and on that ground alone the prince could not interfere with its actual condition. He is powerfully supported in the attainment of his views by the king, who has appointed him heir to his throne, on account of his judgment and the mildness of his character; but still more, because his mother was of the family of Kadjor, from which the Shah himself has issued. The eldest brother, who governs several of the Southern provinces of the kingdom, is not much pleased with this selection. He is a coarse and cruel man, who delights in witnessing the barbarous punishments of putting out eyes, tearing out hearts, &c. He has succeeded in undermining his brother's reputation among the principal families of Persia, whose sons all run into his service; and he has artfully led them to consider the introduction of a regular system of discipline into the army, not only as a ridiculous, but a culpable innovation, inasmuch as it entails an intercourse with Europeans, which is not strictly compatible with the religion of the Persians. He tells them that his brother's measures are injurious to the national honour, that his foreign predilections may perhaps induce him to adopt the customs, the dress, and even the religion of Europe; and by such idle tales as these, this man courts the favour of many Persians, who find an indolent life in his service more consonant to their inclinations, than it would be to go through the daily military exercise, and submit to the discipline of Abbas-Mirza."

' From this and other passages of a similar kind, it is manifest that the work, though not avowedly political, contains statements highly deserving the attention of those who view with anxious vigilance the intercourse of Russia with Persia in reference to the future fate of our Indian possessions. As a book of travels, also, it contains a variety of amusing information, and claims to be considered as the most recent account of the country to which it relates. It includes many

court-anecdotes equally novel and singular. We select one relating to a mode of raising supplies for the royal treasury, which few would suppose to be among the ways and means of his Persian majesty.

“ The last days of our stay at Sultanie were spent in reciprocal visits among the ministers, who all assured the ambassador that the king, as well as they themselves, had been so much captivated by his excellency, that they were truly grieved to part from him. The prime minister is even said to have found a tear to guarantee the expression of his sorrow, notwithstanding that, according to report, the expensive honour of maintaining the Russian embassy, during the whole of its stay at Sultanie, had been committed by the king to his charge. But he is said to be the most opulent of the ministers.

“ When the king observes any of his subjects becoming too rich, in opposition to his royal will and pleasure, he has recourse to a very amiable expedient, in order to reduce the offender to poverty and beggary. It consists in sending him daily a dish from his kitchen; an honour, in return for which the high treasurer would not be satisfied with a less fee than one thousand ducats. Should this proceeding be continued several weeks, it is natural that it must entail poverty upon the wealthiest individual. But if the king be decidedly bent upon the absolute ruin of the person, he fixes on a day on which he dines with him; an honourable distinction, which reduces absolutely to beggary the person on whom it is bestowed.”

FURTHER EXTRACTS.

1. *First view of Asia.* On the 2d of October our arrangements were completed, and we assembled at the ferry of the Terek, where breakfast had been prepared for us. After the pack-horses and carriages had been sent over, we entered the boat, and bid a sorrowful farewell to Europe! On the opposite bank, a company of light infantry, together with a

party of Cossacks, and a field-piece, were ready to escort us. The drums beat, and the whole cavalcade departed at a slow pace. Our convoy was very numerous; the leaving Europe, the hardships which we had already experienced and overcome together, and still more the presence of our chief, bound us to each other by ties of the closest intimacy; and I appeal to all the members of the mission, whether we did not spend most agreeable days on the dreadful road from Mosdok to Tiflis. It is three days' march from the former place to Wladikaukas, and the daring spirit of the Tshetshenzes renders the passage most dangerous. There are two high mountain ridges; one situated before the fort of Konstantinoffskoy, the other immediately beyond it. The first opens into a glen at about fifteen wersts from Mosdok, which affords great facility for the commission of robberies. Those who have once effected the passage of this place in safety may congratulate themselves, for the Tshetshenzes never attack in the open field. An unfortunate officer, who had left Mosdok well mounted an hour after our departure, in the hope of overtaking us, was murdered on the road: a proof, that although these villains be not seen, they are always lying in wait.

‘ Other mountaineers, tired of a straggling life, have settled under the guns of our forts; and great numbers of them are already to be met with in the vicinity of Konstantinoffskoy, and Elisawetinskaja.

‘ The fortress of Wladikaukas is the key of the Caucasus. General Delpozo has taken great pains to build here and embellish the spot, and he has succeeded in converting it into an agreeable place of residence.

‘ The river Terek, on the banks of which the fortress is situated, is very rapid, and although means have been found to establish a bridge over it, yet that is frequently washed away by the swell of the river. We had not as yet seen any of the terrific scenery of the Caucasus, but we were as-

sured by general Delpozo, who accompanied us from Georgefsk, that the country between Wladikaukas and Dariella surpassed any idea that we might have formed of it. We left Wladikaukas on the 5th of October, and met with the first fall of snow; the thermometer might be at 5° Reaumur. The road was tolerably practicable during the first nine miles, and ran by the side of the Terek, which rushed towards us with a dreadful roar. The carriages suddenly stopped, which was unavoidable, for there stood in the way a granitic mountain of endless height, having an aperture, through which the Terek dashed its foaming torrents. To my astonishment the train soon moved on, and the first carriage disappeared; the others followed; it then came to my turn. Our situation cannot easily be conceived; we were on a narrow way bordering on one side on a stupendous precipice filled by the Terek, whose noise drowns every syllable that is spoken, and on the other skirted by granitic masses, of which parts hung frequently over our heads. Mountains are piled upon mountains; at one time it requires fifty soldiers to draw the carriage up a steep, at another it rolls down and pitches with the most dangerous velocity. The granitic masses ran closer and closer, and encircled us in a bottom, into which the rays of the sun have never penetrated; the humidity was intolerable; the rumbling sound of the carriages rolled like thunder through the hollow, and the voices of the drivers re-echoed like sounds from the grave. Whither, one felt tempted to ask, are these senseless people going? Another immense mountain stood in the way. Here the road, however, wound itself into a hollow; we had once more elbow-room, and the eye was thus continually deceived by apparent impossibilities. Of the sky nothing was seen but a little blue streak, indicating the direction of the road. New wonders now started to our view! an opening in the mountain discovered, on the summit of a rock, the little fortress of Larey, where our weary escort was relieved. Close to the fortress

lies, buried in the ground, a small village, the residence of a prince named Dewlet, who was formerly a regular highwayman, but now follows his old trade only in secret. He solicited the honour of a visit from the ambassador to his mole-hill, and regaled his excellency with a princely banquet of—stinking mutton. The road continues to follow the windings of the Terek, and leaves the traveller astonished at the ingenuity and exertion by which it must have been made. The distance between Wladikaukas and Dariella is but short; we did not, however, reach the latter place till late in the evening, worn out with fatigue and hunger. A new sight was opened to us on the next morning! It was difficult to perceive from whence we had really come, and no road appeared by which we could continue our journey. The whole fort consists of two houses, which form such a contrast with the granitic masses that surround the basin, that they appear from a short distance like small specks. The bridge over the Terek is wonderfully constructed. The sun shines here only one hour and a half when it is in the meridian. The garrison is relieved as frequently as possible, for to live there is almost as bad as to be buried alive. All these frightful objects neither impaired the courage nor depressed the cheerfulness of our party; they had no influence on our minds.

‘ We left the dreary Dariella on horseback. The road wanders in a wonderful manner among the rocks, and eight miles from Dariella a frightful chasm is seen winding itself, as it were, into the clouds. Other apertures are seen branching into it, and towards the summit of the mountain it is no longer discernible by the eye. It is this gulf which regularly every seven years produces a great convulsion in the Caucasus.* How inconceivably tremendous must be the crash when solid masses of ice, detaching themselves by their

* On our return from Persia, that convulsion happened in September, exactly at the expiration of the seven years, as had been predicted.

weight from the summit of Mount Casebeck, and breaking rocks in their fall, roll down for the length of miles, hurling along with them, into the frightful gulf below, every thing which cannot withstand the shock. The course of the Terek is instantly suspended for several minutes, and the fish bounding in its dry bed may be seen from the fort of Dariella. The waters thus obstructed suddenly swell into a sea, or rather they fill the whole basin of the gulf, and breaking through the weakest place, rush with a dreadful noise, frequently taking a new direction and sweeping along every thing they meet. The ice melts away in the course of years, and the blocks of granite remain scattered about the river in heaps of various sizes, on which fir trees spring up, and create most magnificent scenery. We all stood admiring this enchanting spot, when our astonishment was, if possible, increased by the sight of an old convent, which appeared to have been built by some magical power on the summit of an immense rock. It is difficult now to conceive by what means such a situation was first made accessible. Towards mid-day we arrived at General Casebeck's, a mountaineer who formerly rendered great services to Russia, and now keeps the peasantry in order, and is responsible for the security of the road. He gave us an Asiatic dinner, principally consisting of rice-porridge and mutton. Travellers generally pass the night at his house, but we immediately continued our journey to Kobi, where we arrived at a very late hour. On the road we saw several villages, if they can be said to deserve that name, and another object of wonder. We perceived a high mountain of granite, in which there was scarcely any opening. There, we were told lived a hermit! Soon afterwards, we accordingly saw a figure crawl forth and commence a journey to the regions below. The hermit came down in safety, and advanced towards a cross standing in the road, where he usually receives alms. After many years of perseverance he has succeeded in hewing a spacious cell

in the rock, where, as may well be imagined, he is out of the reach of interruption.'

2. *Christian convent in Persia.* 'The 1st of May.—The weather was perceptibly warmer during the night than it had hitherto been. This day's march will take us into the plain. The Cossack General Sisajeff, and several other officers who had accompanied us thus far, returned to Gumri, and we proceeded without their protection on our journey. The day was very hot; and the ground being stony, our march, for several hours, was very troublesome. Some great convulsions of nature must have formerly taken place here; for, as far as the eye can reach, the ground is so thickly strewn with large and small stones, that a horse has difficulty in crossing it. This dreary sight vanished after some time; and the plain of Erivan, together with Mount Ararat, offered themselves to our view with increasing interest. But how shall I describe the pleasing emotion which rose within us, on suddenly discovering, after a fatiguing journey in the land of the Moslems, the towers and walls of a splendid convent! It is the celebrated Jatshmiasin, the residence of the Armenian patriarchs,—a defenceless lamb among wolves. This sacred abode has, during the last fifteen hundred years bid defiance to war, and its destructive consequences; nothing could shake it, nor, during this long period, divert its inhabitants for a single day from the pious occupation of prayer. The venerable patriarch Efremkam, surrounded by the priesthood, advanced in person to meet the ambassador, and taking his excellency by the hand, led him, amidst the ringing of bells, and the acclamations of the Armenian people collected from the neighbourhood, to the residence which had been prepared for him.

'We were all conducted to neat and clean apartments, such as we had long been deprived of, and shall not again meet with during the whole journey. At a splendid supper such wine was placed before us, as fully convinced me that

old father Noah must have planted the first vineyard here. We learned with delight, that we were to remain a day at this place.

‘ The convent of Jatshmiasin, which, in the Armenian language, signifies, “ Descent of the Son of God,” is a splendid edifice. It consists of several courts, which are paved with flag-stones, and planted with handsome trees; and in some of which are basins of water, and fountains, affording cool and agreeable walks during the heat of the weather. The style of its architecture is half European and half Asiatic; but it is good, and adapted to purposes of utility. The old church, in the centre of the convent, which has stood during fifteen hundred years, is of rare and beautiful architecture, combining grandeur with simplicity. It was built by St. Gregorius, the founder of the convent, on the spot where he witnessed the descent of the Holy Ghost. He is said to have several times attempted to ascend Mount Ararat, with a view to obtain a fragment of Noah’s ark, but in vain; at last the Almighty conveyed to him, in a dream the object of his desire, which is still preserved! Immense treasures have been collected here, from various parts of the world; for it is only at this place that an Armenian can purchase the holy ointment, as the patriarch in person, together with twelve bishops, must be present at its preparation, and it is in this convent alone, which contains three hundred priests, that that number of dignitaries can be found collected together. The villages belonging to Jatshmiasin are deserving of notice, from their affluence. Indeed there would long since have been a flourishing town here, if the Persian government had not permitted the governor of the province of Erivan to plunder the convent at his pleasure. I feel convinced that the king, who has a great and honourable mind, is ignorant of the conduct of this monster, or he would, before now, have freed the poor inhabitants of the district from his capricious tyranny. This satrap has, during his government, amassed

enormous wealth, which he is now too old to enjoy. He still, however, continues to plunder the people from habit, and the convent from real heartfelt satisfaction! He carries the system so far, that he compels the convent to pay a large sum, whenever he hears that a Christian traveller has passed the night there! What must not these people have suffered, on account of their hospitality to us! He is not ashamed to say, "These dogs at Jatshmiasin are glad when they can entertain a new Christian comer; they have the pleasure; I will have the money!" When he is at a loss to find a pretext for his almost daily exactions, he arranges a hunting party from Erivan, and visits the convent on his way. This honour must be dearly paid for. Many of his favourites, who can procure wine no where else, establish themselves there for weeks together, in order that they may riot in drunkenness, which their religion expressly forbids. If every want be not provided for, they threaten to make false reports to the governor, who, of course, would immediately levy pecuniary contributions! Thus the sanctuary of Armenian Christendom is continually exposed to the tyrannical exactions of a contemptible man, who is, at the same time, the most notorious drunkard in the province. The poor patriarch is much grieved to see the donations of pious Christians daily squandered away on such unworthy purposes. It has been already found necessary to encroach upon the ancient funds of the convent, to meet the current expenditure; but all its members are resolved to suffer with patience, and never, even if their resources should become exhausted, to abandon this sacred abode, whilst God grants them strength and fortitude. It was from a consideration of these circumstances, that on the return of the embassy general Jermoloff decided to take another road, and not revisit Jatshmiasin.

'The second day of our stay here, divine service was performed out of compliment to us: the patriarch, who was present on the occasion, made a very appropriate speech; and

the ecclesiastics wept aloud for joy, to see amongst them so many brethern of their faith. We were all greatly affected; and the venerable patriarch was himself so much moved, that he could scarcely finish his address. The whole concluded with a prayer, in which the names of Alexander and Fet-Ali-Shah (the king of Persia) sounded rather singularly together. When the service was over, we kissed the hands of St. Gregorius and Jacob; also the spear which had pierced the body of our Saviour. Annexed to these sacred relics there was suspended, by a golden chain, a fragment of Noah's ark, of which small pieces could formerly be purchased, an indulgence which has now become a matter of great difficulty. The holy spear, of which the patriarch presented us all with impressions in wax as tokens of remembrance, has been frequently carried to Grusia during the plague, where, of course, it performed miracles. On leaving the church, we were all presented, individually, to the patriarch, and permitted to kiss hands. A grand dinner followed, at which he was not present. Our band of music played: Christians and Moslems listened with delight, and every one was much pleased. We all remember with gratitude our reception at Jatshmiasin.'

3. *Mount Ararat.* 'The name of Ararat recalls to my mind the little prints of my catechism, which used to attract the attention of my early youth. This mountain, whose geographical dimensions were not over correctly delineated in those prints, and upon whose summit rested Noah's ark twice the size of Ararat itself, now stands before me in all its magnificence. It rises behind the Araxes, which winds along its base, in two points, of which one is less considerable than the other, and is therefore called here Ararat Sadach, son of Ararat. Properly speaking, it is situated in Armenia, near the ridge of Salt mountains, where the Kurds form their encampments. From its middle upwards it is entirely covered with snow, and in general shrouded in clouds.

Many fabulous stories are told of this mountain; but it is certain that its summit cannot be reached, for this very obvious reason,—that it runs perfectly steep from the middle to the point, and is covered with ice. An opulent Turkish bashaw, fond of travelling, had the curiosity to attempt its ascent, but as soon as he had reached the middle, he was compelled by the violence of the cold, and of the wind, to give up his intention.

‘ Three years ago an immense mass of snow detached itself; and the inhabitants of an adjoining village pretended that a plank belonging to Noah’s ark had been found in the snow. It really would not be amiss if wood were oftener to come down from the mountain; for it has become rather dear in the valley. Ararat affords a retreat to a number of wild beasts, and serpents of enormous size. A convent is situated at its foot, called Arokilvank, ‘an Armenian word, which signifies “convent of the apostles.” The Armenian people consider the place as sacred, and assert that Noah had, upon that very spot, offered up thanks to God, and built his first dwelling.

4. *Abbas Mirza.* ‘ At a short distance from Tauris flows a small river, Adgasu, which has an ancient bridge of ten arches. The Persian troops extended from the latter almost as far as the place of our encampment, therefore above ten wersts; their left wing rested on the bridge, to which our musicians, grenadiers, and Cossacks, had been sent on the day before, as our solemn procession into the city was to commence from thence. When the embassy approached the right wing, the commander of the troops saluted, the guns were fired, and the whole line presented arms. The right consisted of forty-eight pieces of horse-artillery, eight squadrons of organized cavalry, and eight thousand regular infantry, together with bodies of Kurdins and militia. On reaching the bridge, the military governor of Tauris, Tat-Ali-Chan, advanced towards us, and in the name of the heir to

the throne, presented to the ambassador a beautiful charger, decked with caparisons of gold and precious stones. His excellency declined the present, stating that he could not, on any account, accept any thing previously to his public audience from the king, and his majesty's acceptance of the emperor's presents.

' Preceded by the music, the cavalcade moved on in regular order. The heat was intolerable; and we suffered still more from the dust, which had, in the course of a few minutes, powdered us perfectly gray. The concourse of people was so great that the troops were obliged to lay about them with their muskets, in order to clear the way, and keep the passage open. The dust obscured every thing from our sight, and we could neither distinguish the city nor its suburbs. After a long hour of torture, we reached the house that had been prepared for our reception.

' In the anti-court stood a guard of honour, and in the ambassador's apartment there were refreshments of every kind. The house belongs to the first minister in Tauris, Mirza-Bejurk, who bears also the title of Kaimakan, corresponding to vice-chancellor of the kingdom. He has been assigned as an assistant to the king's heir; and his son is married to one of his majesty's daughters, who is said to be a very beautiful woman. Mirza-Bejurk is a man of crafty mind, ambitious of being thought devout, and is flattered by being styled Dervish. His avarice is inordinate: the people are as much dissatisfied with him, as they, on the contrary, bless the administration of the heir to the throne. His house is, like all Persian residences of persons of distinction, an endless labyrinth of courts and small apartments. On the day after our arrival he paid a visit to the ambassador, which his excellency returned after dinner. Visits of this description are consumed in an uninterrupted succession of compliments and mutual assurances of regard and affection. We admired the patience of the ambassador, and the Persians

were struck by his eloquence, for he surpassed them all in the art of complimenting. The day following that of our arrival, was the anniversary saint's day of the archduke Constantine, and it was that which Abbas-Mirza had appointed for receiving us. After we had all performed public prayer, two noblemen came, on the part of Abbas-Mirza, to conduct us to the place of audience. Several runners who were to precede, and a number of handsome chargers, with gold equipments, were in waiting before the door of our residence. The people were forbidden to show themselves, and the streets were lined with troops in double file, as far as the palace. We dismounted in a spacious and handsome court, and passed through several others of less extent, surrounded by little rooms, in which sat the principal persons of the city, who on the approach of the ambassador rose, and respectfully saluted him. We went on until we entered a sort of garden, at the end of which stood the palace occupied by the heir to the throne. Over its open side, which faced us, was spread a very large curtain of red cloth that created a delightful shade, refreshed by the playing waters of a fountain. Behind the latter Abbas-Mirza stood alone, leaning on the window. At some distance on his right, we observed the minister Mirza-Bejurk standing against the wall; and on his left were three boys, attired in dresses ornamented with gold and precious stones: one of them was his brother, the second his son, and the third his nephew. With the exception of these persons and ourselves, there were no others present. Abbas-Mirza himself, who is averse to pomp, wore a plain red dress with silver lace: he had, like all Persians, a cap of sheep's skin, and his dagger alone was richly ornamented with jewels. On the approach of the ambassador, the prince advanced a few paces towards him, and courteously offered him his hand; upon which his excellency presented to his highness a letter from the emperor, which according to eastern custom, he reverently raised towards his head, and he

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then laid it near him on the window.—Abbas-Mirza is thirty-five years of age, and to a handsome person unites great dignity of deportment: his conversation is sensible, and his smile well-timed. His eye is full of goodness: he is also just, never sanctions the cruelties authorised by the Persian laws, and mitigates them to the extent of his influence. After the preliminary forms of civility had been gone through, he testified his wish to become acquainted with us all. He said to each something obliging, or at least appropriate, suited to our respective stations. To the ambassador he said,—“That the rewards of his valour with which he perceived his excellency to be decorated convinced him that he had served his sovereign well;” and he inquired with great kindness whether he had not been wounded during this long war. The ambassador replied, that the wound which he had received in his foot was no longer attended with unpleasant consequences; and that, besides, the good reception with which he had been honoured in Persia, was sufficient to extinguish any uneasy recollection of the past. Abbas Mirza rejoined that he should spare no pains, as far as lay in him, to render our stay at Tauris as agreeable as possible. The ambassador thanked him for this attention, and took his leave. When we had nearly reached the threshold, his excellency observed that the prince, out of civility, remained standing in his place, upon which we all turned towards his highness, and respectfully bowed to him for the last time,—Notwithstanding his long beard and terrific moustaches, Abbas-Mirza won the hearts of us all. His aid-de-camp, who accompanied us home, was lavish in his praises of his master, whom he adores.

‘The officers of the English East India Company, residing at Tauris, came to visit the ambassador, and were invited to dinner. Among them were, major Lindsay, major Mackintosh, captain Hart, captain Monteith (who had accompanied general Malcolm to Persia), Dr. Cormick, and

lieutenant Willock. Captain Willock, the charge d'affaires of England, and Dr. Campbell, were attending the king at Teheran. These gentlemen, of whom several had been many years in Persia, were highly pleased to dine in company with Europeans, and were delighted at again hearing the sound of music to which they had long been unaccustomed. They had all previously resided in India, the climate of which they talked of with horror. After dinner, Abbas-Mirza sent a number of saddle-horses for our use, and invited the ambassador to accompany him on a ride. As we had to pass by the palace, his highness came to meet us at the gate, and we proceeded together out of the city. A number of Kurdins stationed in the suburbs, regaled us with some of their peculiar musical compositions. Their band consisted of twenty musicians, dressed in the most fanciful colours: they wore high red caps, tapering to a point; their instruments consisted of little drums, fastened to the saddles of the horses, and of a species of clarionet, of a harsh squeaking tone. Immediately out of the city we found a body of Kurdins, and eighteen pieces of horse-artillery, which the prince intended to review in our presence. After riding down the line, Abbas-Mirza took his station in front, about the centre of the troops, (having the ambassador at his side, and we remaining behind them,) and ordered the cavalry to manœuvre. This produced a ludicrous scene. The aide-de-camp, who stood at a distance, and who had to carry the orders of his highness to the commanding officer, was on foot, and in slippers. From his zeal in running backwards and forwards, he looked like an angry shrew in full chase after her husband. The Kurdins formed into several divisions, and attacked each other. Their quickness in loading, and their remarkable dexterity in the management of their horses, are really admirable. Their favourite mode of attack, however, is with the lance, which they raise very high, swinging it powerfully, in order to increase the impetus with which

they dart it at their adversary. They have no notion of saving their horses; and they stop them whilst at full speed with such violence, that one expects to see them thrown on their backs: they twist them round suddenly, and gallop back with the same speed. It is therefore not surprising, that horses in Persia should generally be weak in the legs. The Persian breed is very highly extolled; but I, who am certainly no jockey, must confess, that English horses, like those belonging to the countess Orloff, count Sawadaffsky, and many others in Russia, please me better. The Persian horses have long necks, carry their heads stretched out before them, have narrow chests, and long legs; but they are very slack mettled, and easily managed. The Persians themselves give the preference to the Arabian breed. When the manœuvres were concluded, Abbas-Mirza rewarded the commander of the Kurdins with a lance, which was delivered to him by the aid-de-camp, and which he raised three times to his head, and kissed. We then rode up to the artillery, which had not moved from the spot. Abbas-Mirza, begging the ambassador to remain on the right wing, gave his horse the spur, and stationed himself behind the centre, in order to command in person. The English officer, to whom the Persian artillery owes its formation, galloped very busily along the line, accompanied by a native orderly. The men shot with remarkable skill at a distant target; and, although they did not strike it, yet every ball fell close to the mark. Abbas-Mirza appeared highly displeased that the target had not been overturned; but the ambassador justly complimented his highness, and observed, that if, instead of the target, to strike which is, after all, a matter of chance, a battery of the enemy had stood there, it would long since have been dismounted. Abbas-Mirza was the more pleased by this remark, as the ambassador is himself an officer of artillery.

‘The infantry, as well as the cavalry, are lightly and appropriately dressed. The former have blue and also red jackets of English cloth; the latter blue jackets trimmed with cotton lace: the officers have gold or silver lace, and wear red silk sashes, such as are used in the English army. Wide white pantaloons are generally worn, and the national cap of Persia, which does not look well. Instead of slippers the military wear boots, which they would not use, until encouraged by the example of Abbas-Mirza. The muskets are sent from England: but they have a foundery of cannon at Tauris, and can make good powder. Their manœuvres are simple, and only framed for the purpose of moving the troops in bodies, and of making them fire regularly. The horse-artillery, and the cavalry, are provided with English sabres, and the infantry have no side arms, except occasionally bayonets.

‘After the prince had shown us his artillery to so much advantage, he requested the ambassador and all his suite to accompany him to his new garden, which was not far from the place of review. We dismounted at the gate, and with the exception of Abbas-Mirza, no Persian entered the garden. Freed from the observation of his own people, who consider it criminal in a person of rank to smile, his highness yielded to his natural disposition, and convinced us that he possesses a sound judgment, and a character highly amiable. The principal avenue through which we proceeded led straight to a lofty pavilion of several stories, built in the Asiatic style, and commanding a view of the whole city. The garden has been recently laid out in the European style, with walks and parterres: the trees are as yet young; and every thing has the appearance of having been but just finished; but the place cannot fail to grow into a magnificent spot. And here too Abbas-Mirza affords another instance of his endeavours, by his own example, to introduce better taste among his people. Before the pavilion there is a very extensive basin, which is supplied with water from a great

distance. On approaching the pavilion, the gardener presented two bouquets to the prince, who offered the finest of them to the ambassador. We ascended by a narrow staircase into a pleasant little apartment, from which we had a most extensive view of the whole city. The floor was covered with carpets as usual, and the walls were decorated with small paintings. We were surprised to see in two niches, in the upper part of the room, a portrait of the emperor Alexander, and one of Bonaparte, the last of which was a striking likeness. The view of the town was not interesting: we saw nothing but walls and trees, the houses being all concealed from our view. The city is bounded on the north by mountains, whose bright red colour would lead the observer to suspect their volcanic character, if he were deaf to the thunder that rolls within their subterraneous caverns, and shakes the very foundation of the city. We did not experience any earthquake during our residence at Tauris, although we were told that these phenomena of nature were very frequent here; and the inhabitants say that a very violent convulsion takes place periodically at the expiration of every forty years, overwhelming the greater part of the city in ruins. They now expect this awful visitation in four years hence, and yet they show no symptoms of alarm; so singular is the combined effect of habit, of hope, and of attachment to the place of our birth! We saw an old Persian, who, during the last earthquake, had lain five days buried under the ruins, where he was found by mere chance. The climate of Tauris is in other respects heavenly, and it is said to have the effect of curing fever. As there were no chairs in the pavilion, Abbas-Mirza had the civility to remain standing. His highness at first asked the ambassador whether he did not wish that the gentlemen of the embassy should retire into another apartment, as that in which we were assembled was rather crowded, and it would be difficult to hand round refreshments; but his excellency very properly declared, that where

he was, his officers must be present also. The prince was not in the least discomposed by this answer, but, on the contrary, conversed with several of us. Some gentlemen of the mission, affected to consider this observation as betraying a want of good breeding and incivility; but allowing even that he did avail himself of the pretext of the apartment being crowded to get rid of us, ought this to be made a subject of reproach to him? Do they forget that he has been accustomed from his early youth to see the highest persons in the state standing in a court, or when in his apartment, at a hundred yard's distance from him? Would not any person in his place have felt the inconvenience of being in a close and crowded room? The prince carried his delicacy so far as even not to notice that we were trampling his carpets with our boots, while the English themselves never enter his apartments but in red stockings.* The preservation of this part of our costume was permitted, as a complimentary distinction to the ambassador, as well as the members of the Russian embassy; and it should be particularly remembered, that the watchful pride of the whole nation was extremely sensitive upon this very point of etiquette, of our pulling off our boots: it was, in truth, this apparently unimportant matter, which occasioned a total failure of our negotiations with Japan and China. Abbas-Mirza conversed with his usual affability, while tea and refreshments were handing round; and we accidentally discovered an honourable trait of his character, which in Persia excited our astonishment. The

* The author has omitted to state, or probably he was not aware, that the subject of these boots had undergone some discussion previously to the audience. The Russians insisted on appearing in their national costume, and the etiquette of the Persian court was dispensed with in their favour. —With respect to the British Mission, the case is different. Its members felt no hesitation in complying at once with a custom, the observance of which is, no doubt, proper, since it conveys a harmless demonstration of respect.—*Translator.*

ambassador observed in the garden a projecting corner of an old wall, which spoiled the beauty of the surrounding objects, and disfigured the prospect. His excellency asked the prince why he did not order the wall to be pulled down? "Only concieve," replied his highness, "with a view of forming gardens on a grand scale, I purchased the grounds of several proprietors. The owner of that where the wall stands, is an old peasant, who has absolutely refused to sell his property to me, because he will not part for any price with an ancient patrimonial possession of his family. I must allow, his obstinacy vexes me exceedingly, and yet I cannot but honour him for his attachment to his forefathers, and still more for his boldness in denying me his ground. I must wait until the time when his heir will, perhaps, be more reasonable." Who would have expected to find so much feeling in despotic Asia?

ART. IV.—*The Influence of Civic Life, Sedentary Habits, and Intellectual Refinement, on Human Health, and Human Happiness; including an estimate of the balance of enjoyment and suffering in the different gradations of society.*
By James Johnson. Esq. Philadelphia: republished, 1820.

BEFORE the publication of this volume, Mr. Johnson was already advantageously known to the public as the author of a very valuable work on the Diseases of Tropical Climates, besides some other productions which he appears to consider equally meritorious. With books that are purely medical we should not venture to interfere, leaving the discussion of their worthiness to the members of that 'genus irritabile' the doctors, who dispute in the Medical Recorder,—but this volume professing to be in ideas and language 'intelligible to all,' the readers of a miscellaneous journal have a right to expect some little account of it.

That it is to be a book of considerable success and importance we have the opinion of the earned author himself, who with

enviable self-complacency, tells us that the manner in which his former attempts passed the ordeal of public opinion and reception 'can leave little doubt respecting the fate of the present work.' This confident prognostication will we trust be considered ample apology for the abundant extracts that follow; more particularly when it is remembered too that he assures us, 'The practical inferences contained in the following essay form a part of the result of twenty-one years' extensive observation of man, in all stages of civilization and refinement, from the Savage of Nicobar to the Philosopher of Europe. During the above period, as Human Health was the author's primary object of study, so the Influences of *Climate* and *modes of life* on that health, were important subjects of investigation.—

'The mass of observations, on which his positions were founded, were collected in active scenes of life, during personal visitations in many of the largest cities and societies of the world; and a considerable proportion of the morbid influences here delineated have been severely felt, *in person*, by the author. They are not, therefore, the creatures of imagination, or the theories of the closet. They are promulgated under the sole patronage of nature and truth.'

The passion which was originally and still is the prime mover to 'civic association,' he contends to be not *fear*, as is usually held by writers on political philosophy, but the mere love of talking, the 'colloquial cacoethes, which begins with the infant's prattle, and only ceases when speech and hearing are obliterated by extreme age or infirmity.'

This notion is rather novel, and in a work of theory would require investigation, but as Mr. Johnson is to be judged only as a didactic writer it matters not whether he assigns the right cause for the formation of civil society; the question is not whether we had better return to savage life, but how the maladies incident to man in a social state are best to be avoided or cured. He proceeds:

‘ In man we can clearly distinguish three leading systems or series of parts, with their appropriate functions. The first is the *organic* system, comprehending the heart and vessels which circulate the blood and other fluids—the lungs, the digestive organs and the glands. These are not under the governance of the will, and perform their allotted functions, whether we sleep or wake. The second class comprehends all the *voluntary* muscles, by means of which we transport ourselves from place to place—construct our edifices and manufactures—lay waste empires in war, or cultivate the fields in peace! This is termed the *animal* system. Last of all comes the *sentient and intellectual system*, viz. the brain and nerves. The innumerable ramifications of the nerves, spread over the surface of the body, and crowded into the tissues composing the different organs of sense, convey to the brain, like faithful videttes, intelligence of every thing that passes in the world around us. From these impressions, the mind forms its ideas, its judgments, and its determinations. In the development of this system man excels all other animals, as much as the sun excels, in size and splendour, the meanest planet.

‘ Now these three systems, although apparently independent of each other, are yet linked in the strictest bonds of sympathy and harmony, and are perpetually influenced one by another. Thus, suppose a few grains of emetic tartar are introduced into the stomach, a part of the organic system. As soon as nausea takes place, the animal powers, or voluntary muscles are enfeebled, and the intellectual system, (or that through which the soul is manifested) even of the proudest hero, feels the shock, and lies prostrate with its suffering companions in the organic and animal life. Shakspeare, that accurate observer of nature, repeatedly exemplifies this remark, and particularly in the celebrated dialogue between Brutus and Cassius, relative to Cæsar:

He had a fever when he was in Spain;
 And when the fit was on him I did mark
 How he did shake —————
 His *coward* lips did from their colour fly;
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cried—‘ Give me some drink Titinius,’
 As a sick girl.

‘ Let a sudden gust of passion or sense of fear, on the other hand, disturb the intellectual system;—the heart palpitates, the function of digestion is suspended—and the voluntary muscles tremble—all through sympathy with the great sensorium or seat of thought. In short, health and happiness (for although we may have health without happiness, it is impossible that we can have happiness without health) depend on a just equilibrium and harmony between the functions of these three systems; and whatever disturbs this harmony, by inpairing the functions of any one of these systems, deranges directly or consecutively the whole fabric intellectual as well as corporeal.’

Having thus laid down his principles, he goes on (after a protestation against materialism, of which he fears to be suspected), to treat of the effect of too much and too multifarious food. ‘ The evil consequences of repletion, or luxurious living, far exceed belief or even the calculation of the physician; for they metamorphose themselves so artfully, and mask themselves so successfully behind unsuspecting forms and phænomena, that they are constantly undermining the constitution, deceiving the patient, and misleading the practitioner.

‘ Observation has proved, that when a stimulating substance is applied to any part of the body, internally or externally, a sensation or irritation is first produced, and then an increased afflux of blood to the vessels of the part. This law has long been acknowledged; *Ubi stimulus, ibi irritatio*—ubi ir-

ritatio, ibi affluxus. The sensation or irritation shows, that the nervous or sentient system of the part is first acted on; the turgescence evinces, that the vascular or *blood vessel* system is next affected. Now, in the present state of society, and particularly of civic society, the whole internal surface of the digestive organs is daily stimulated, in an inordinate degree, not only by the poignant and complicated qualities of our food, but also by the quantity. If there be any one truth in medical science more firmly established than all others, it is this! Let us look around us, in this great and luxurious metropolis, for instance, and we shall not find one in ten, whose digestive organs are in a natural and healthy condition. The tint of the eye and countenance, the feel of the skin, the state of the tongue, the stomach, the bile, and the various evacuations, offer to the experienced and discerning physician the most incontestible proofs of the position here advanced.

‘ The tissue or membrane which lines the digestive organs from the mouth downwards, is a *secreting* surface, that is constantly pouring forth a fluid which is necessary for the digestion of the food in every stage of its progress. Now, when any gland, or secreting surface, is *over-excited*, the fluid secreted becomes unnatural in quantity and quality. It is sometimes diminished, sometimes increased; but always depraved. This is familiarly exemplified when the mucous membrane, lining the nose and air-tubes of the lungs, happens to be acted on by atmospherical transitions, as in a common cold. At first, the membrane is dry and half inflamed; afterwards a more copious secretion than usual comes pouring forth, and of so acrid a quality as to excoriate the nose and lips themselves. It is so with the mucous membrane lining the stomach and bowels. When *inordinately* excited by the quality or quantity of the food and drink, the secretions are irregular and morbid, and therefore a constant source of *irritation* is generated in this important class of

organs. This irritation is manifested by some pain or uneasy sensation in the line of the digestive organs; irregularity of their functions, particularly of the alvine evacuations; and an unnatural state of the tongue and urine.

‘ But with these organs almost every part of the human system sympathizes, and the discerning physician can plainly detect their derangement in the state of the mind, the nerves, the muscles, and the skin. Let it be remembered, that when any one part of the system is inordinately excited, some other part or parts are deprived of their due share of vital energy, as we see every day exemplified in what is termed *derivation*. Now when so large a portion of this vital energy is kept constantly concentrated round the digestive apparatus, it is easy to see that the animal and intellectual systems must severely feel the loss. The shattered state of the nerves, the irritability of the temper, and the want of tone in the muscles, which hourly present themselves in luxurious and civic society, afford the most convincing evidence of the truth of these positions.

‘ This is one view of the affair; but there are various others. It often happens, that such is the strength of the constitution, and the efforts of nature to counteract the morbid effects of *repletion*, that a degree of robustness or corpulency succeeds these luxurious habits, and thus the evil consequences are masked for a time. But the fact is, that the *superabundant* supply of nutrition, which is poured into the blood-vessel system, is deposited in the shape of fat; nature being unable to throw it off by other outlets. This deposition is only *comparatively* salutary; and, in truth, the corpulent habit and ruddy complexion are too often but the index of a *morbid* excess of health, and the preludes to most violent and dangerous diseases.

‘ Another mode in which nature frees herself, for a time, from the effects of superabundant nutrition, is by throwing out eruptions and other unsightly blotches on the skin, by

which means she often saves internal organs from a dangerous irritation. This is proved by the certainty and safety with which the whole of these cutaneous affections may be speedily removed by improving the state of the digestive organs, lessening the quantity and simplifying the quality of the food, and by the judicious use of the warm bath. On the other hand, when nature is interrupted in her work, and these cutaneous blemishes are incautiously repelled by external applications, the irritation is almost certain to fall on some internal organ, and there cause a painful sensation or an inflammatory action, according as the nervous or vascular structure of the part be predisposed to disease. Thus, in one constitution, on the repulsion of an eruption from the skin, the irritation is transferred to the lungs, and there excites pulmonary consumption. In another, it is transferred to the mucous membrane of the stomach, and heart-burn, or pain in the stomach, or indigestion, or even chronic inflammation of this organ may ensue. In a third, the liver becomes the seat of the translated irritation, and the various phenomena of bilious or hepatic derangements are developed. The intestines, the kidneys, nay the coverings of the brain itself, may, and often do, suffer in this way, with a host of corresponding miseries. All these, however, may be avoided by removing the cause or origin of the cutaneous eruption, as seated in the digestive organs, when the effect will soon cease.'

But if all these terrible penalties await the man that eats too heartily, indulgence in the bottle is threatened with no less punishment. 'The digestive organs, to which this inordinate stimulation was applied, and through the medium of which this intellectual excitement was raised, do not fall back, after such a scene, to the healthy standard, or to their usual integrity of function. No, indeed. The power of digestion languishes; the appetite is impaired; the biliary secretion is deranged. The animal and intellectual systems participate

in the effects of this commotion. The muscles are enfeebled and tremble. The nerves lose their tone. The mind which, the evening before, was all prowess, is in the morning overrun with timidity, or clouded with horror. There is now a collapse of the system. The arteries of the brain were turgid and distended with blood during the excitement of the wine; they are now in an opposite state. Is it to be wondered at, that these alternate extremes should often lead to organic derangement of the delicate texture of the brain, and end in hypochondriasis or mania itself?

‘The liver and brain are the organs, in fact, which suffer most from intemperance in drink; and it appears to me, that this occurs more from the subsequent collapse, than from the previous excitement. After a debauch, the power of the heart is greatly weakened. It cannot keep the *arterial* system proportionally distended, and hence the blood accumulates in the *venous* system; or, in other words, *congestion* in the veins of the liver and brain obtains, with great derangements of function, ending ultimately in lesion of structure in these organs.

‘In the *liver* it manifests itself by flying or uneasy sensations in the right side, or across the stomach; flatulence; acidity; clay-coloured evacuations; sallow complexion; mental despondency; fickleness or irritability of temper; pink, or other urinary sediment; disagreeable dreams; tenderness on deep pressure under the margin of the right ribs; occasional palpitation or fluttering about the heart, or pit of the stomach, &c. When this train of symptoms commences after irregularity of living, or indeed after any mode of life, the functions of the liver and digestive organs are deranged, and there is but one step farther to organic or incurable disease. This is the moment for a prompt administration of remedies, particularly the blue pill, sarsaparilla, and antimonial aloetic medicines. In these cases, I have derived the most marked benefit from *artificial Harrogate water*, which is easily

prepared from sulphate of magnesia, super-tartrite of potash, and sulphuret of potash.

‘ In the brain, it manifests its baneful effects by head-aches; flushings of the face; throbbings of the temporal arteries while lying in bed; tremors of the muscles, &c. These warn us that hypochondriasis, apoplexy, palsy, or mental alienation itself are to be apprehended, if not guarded against by timely evacuations from the bowels, occasional leeching or cupping in the temples or shoulders, cold applications to the head itself, &c.

‘ In the *heart and blood-vessel system*, the pernicious consequences of intemperance may be traced by the discriminating physician, to irregularity of action in the central organ of the circulation; occasional palpitations or flutterings; strange and undescribable sensations in the chest; unequal distributions of the blood; flushings in one part of the body, and chilliness in another, but particularly an extreme dejection of spirits, which characterizes deranged function and structure of the heart, and I am convinced leads, in numerous instances, to suicide!

‘ To remedy these evils *effectually*, it is evident that a gradual diminution, or total subtraction of the *cause* would be the surest method. But only a few have resolution to reform entirely. The best means of *counteracting or retarding* the deleterious effects of intemperance, are such agents as keep all the secretions open, particularly those of the bowels and the skin. The blue pill, aloes, and antimony, form a powerful combination for this purpose, when judiciously proportioned; and, aided by carriage or horse exercise, and the occasional use of the tepid or cold bath, (according to the actual condition of the heart, liver, digestive organs, and head) will ward off the punishment of our indiscretions for a much longer period than we deserve to enjoy!

‘ The above observations apply to excesses in drink every where; but on the population of crowded cities, where se-

dentary habits and confined air prevail, these excesses exert an infinitely more powerful influence than in towns, villages, or the open country. The citizen then, and particularly the civic *valetudinarian* ought to be especially on guard against this source of ill health.

‘A few words on the salutary effects of drink. There can be no question that water is the best, and the only drink which nature has designed for man; and there is as little doubt but that every person might gradually, or even pretty quickly accustom himself to this aqueous beverage. But this will never be generally adopted. I believe a precept is inculcated in the lectures of a deservedly eminent physiologist of this metropolis, that no drink should be taken at meals, nor for three hours afterwards, lest the gastric juice should be diluted, and the digestion thereby weakened. From an attentive observation of man and animals in almost every parallel of latitude and climate of the globe, and among nations the nearest to a state of nature, I am disposed to draw a very different conclusion. Both men and animals, under these circumstances, drink *immediately after* eating; and this, I am convinced, is the salutary habit. But even this rule is not absolute. It must vary according to the season of the year, and the exercise; &c. of the individual. In hot weather, when there is great exudation from the pores of the skin, and particularly where exercise is taken before dinner, the food must be diluted by drink *during* the meal, and *vice versa*.

‘Next to water, toast water, or soda water, is Sherry or Madeira and water—then very weak brandy and water—table beer. The next least insalutary species of drink, is undiluted Sherry, Madeira, and other white wines; then Claret, and least salubrious of all, Port wine and spirits. In proportion as we adhere to the upper links of this chain, so have we a chance of continued health. As we descend in the series, so do we lay down a substratum for disease.

‘It may here be remarked, that tea, independent of its adulterations, has a peculiar effect on the nervous system, and that the digestive organs suffer through the influence of this system. The morbid effects of ale or porter are more observable on the circulating and absorbent system, and will be noticed in the section on that subject. Ardent spirits exert their deleterious influence chiefly on the stomach, liver, brain, and nerves.’

We pass to subsection seventh, of the first chapter, where-in he treats of the influence of civic life, &c. on the digestive organs through the medium of medicine.

‘The multiplication of medicines and medical men, with the progress of civilized society, is a sufficient proof, if proof were wanting, of a corresponding multiplication of human infirmities! So complicated is the living machine, in structure and functions; so intricate its movements, and so numerous the agents by which it is influenced, from within and from without, that the science of health and disease, as much exceeds all other sciences, in difficulty of attainment, as algebra, or astronomy, exceeds, in difficulty, the plainest rules of arithmetic. Now, when we look around us, and observe the host of old women, nurses, quacks, and even patients themselves, (leaving aside the mass of ignorant, or unqualified pretenders to regular practice) all busily employed “in pouring drugs, of which they know little, into bodies, of which they know less,” we are irresistibly led to the melancholy conclusion, that, all things considered, it were better for mankind if not a particle of medicine existed on the face of the earth! Nor is this a stigma on the use, but on the *abuse* of the science. It is still a “divine art,” to which the victim of pain must fly at last, however stoical or sceptical his disposition.

‘It has been a just cause of reproach, to this country in particular, that we are fonder of studying remedies than in

dications: that is, that we hunt too much after *specifics*, and do not sufficiently attend to the minute features, phenomena, and causes of disease, by a knowledge of which we might more effectually employ those remedies we already possess. Let us exemplify this observation. A lady is seized with that painful affection, *Tic douloureux*, or face-ache. One person recommends calomel and opium, as an effectual remedy: a second, proposes Fowler's solution: a third, asserts that belladonna is a specific: a fourth, that cutting the nerve is the surest remedy. Now any *one* of these may happen to be the right remedy; but they may *all* be wrong, and the poor lady may run the gauntlet before she is cured. Thus, if the face-ache be merely symptomatic of some derangement in the liver, or digestive organs, the calomel and opium will probably be successful: if the disease arise from a translation of gouty, or rheumatic irritation to the part, Fowler's solution may stop the paroxysms of pain: if it be, as it seems, a purely nervous affection, belladonna may remove it; and if it consist in an inflamed state of the neurilema, or covering of the nerve, the division of that covering by the knife may so empty the vessels as to check the disease: but if, as is often the case, the sentient extremity of a nervous twig, be irritated by a carious tooth, the whole of the foregoing means will be useless, and the extraction of the cause alone will destroy the effect.

'What we have said of *tic douloureux*, applies to every other disease. Each has not only numerous *causes*, but numerous, and constantly varying *modes of action*, which require incessant vigilance, and the keenest penetration to trace and counteract. Thus, suppose a person to be suffering under acute rheumatism, or gout, in his foot or knee. We are treating it with cooling evaporating lotions, and every thing appears to be going on well; but we have scarcely turned the corner of the street, when the rheumatic, or gouty inflammation darts like an electric shock, to the heart or brain; here

then we have to immediately undo all we have been doing. To the part where we were applying refrigeration, we must now apply mustard, blisters, or even scalding water; and, in short, totally reverse our proceedings. What then must be the consequence of employing *specific* remedies in diseases, that like Proteus, are constantly changing their forms? Why, misery, or death, to thousands every day!*

‘I have shown that, in civic life as now constituted, the digestive organs are very generally in a state of *irritation*, from the quantity and quality of our food, drink, &c. The situation of the *nervous system* will hereafter be proved to be very similar. To remove these evils, man will not avoid the causes that produced them; the only alternative then, is recourse to medicine. But almost all medicines are in themselves, *irritants*; and more than half the employment of the physician consists in removing one irritation by inducing another. Let us exemplify this remark. A man, after full living, sedentary avocations, and irregular hours, begins to feel loss of appetite, head-ache, drowsiness, depression of spirits, fickleness of temper, with sense of fulness, and uneasiness on pressure in the right side, &c. There is now engorgement and *irritation* in the liver. What do we do? We give calomel, aloes, and colocynth, which *irritate* the mucous membrane of the digestive organs, stimulate the mouths of the biliary ducts, and cause a flow of bile and various other secretions into the intestines, which secretions are soon carried out of the system entirely. The whole train of symptoms now vanish like a fog before the sun beams. But suppose (which indeed is every day done) we had employed a different class of irritants, called tonics; as steel, bitters, &c. which the loss of appetite and other symptoms would *appear* to indicate? Why the result would be an aggravation, in the end, of all the complaints. Hence then we perceive, that

* See my “Practical Researches on Gout,” for examples.

nothing but the most careful and minute investigation of the *nature and seat* of the morbid irritation can enable us to apply the artificial irritation of medicine, with any prospect of ultimate success. This view of the subject might open the eyes of mankind to the devastation which is daily produced in the digestive organs by the careless and indiscriminate administration of a farrago of medicines, which, like food and drink, both by their quantities and qualities, keep the whole line of the alimentary canal, and, in fact, the whole system, in a state of morbid irritability.

‘ For this the patient has generally to thank himself. Instead of making a moderate remuneration for the advice or opinion of the medical attendant, he prefers paying him, like his wine merchant, *at per dozen*, for what he can swallow! In this way the most efficacious remedies are often rendered inert, by commixture or dilution, and perseverance is prevented by satiety or disgust.*

‘ But it may be said, that, as the specific action of medicines on the human frame, was found out by accident and observation, and as their effects are pretty uniform, so the knowledge of applying them cannot be so very difficult or complicated. Why no. A man of very common understanding may soon learn the names, the doses, and the qualities of the whole *Materia Medica*, and he may be able to

* I could adduce numerous instances where the power of medicines is affected by commixture; but the following will suffice. In certain urethral discharges, whether recent or chronic, the balsam capivi is possessed of singular efficacy, when simply administered in a little water, or on sugar. But I have seen it given in draughts and mixtures, for weeks together, without effect. When given in pretty large doses, and watched till it produces its specific symptoms, it rarely fails to stop the most inveterate gleet in three or four days. It is a curious fact that it removes irritation, or even chronic inflammation from the prostrate gland, or neck of the bladder, at the very moment that it causes heat in making water. The manner and the dose, however, in which it is generally given, render it abortive.

tell pretty nearly how each will act upon the living machine, in a state of health. But the great difficulty is to discover the nature and seat of the *disease*, and how to remove that disease by remedies, which often produce diametrically opposite effects. It is not by *seeing* a great deal of sickness *only*, that this knowledge can be acquired; but by closely *studying* what we do see.

* Now, as in civic society, the health is constantly wanting repairs; as the human frame is *there* in a state of morbid sensibility and irritability; and as patients, quacks, and illiterate practitioners are constantly pouring a flood of physic, upon real or imaginary diseases, it is no unreasonable inference, that upon the whole, a greater quantum of suffering and mortality is *thus* induced, than is prevented by the scientific and judicious administration of medicine!

Such are the practical hints of Mr. Surgeon Johnson, whether orthodox in the doctrine of the healing art, it would be presumptuous in any but an M. D. to decide. As every man thinks however that he knows something of medicine, we may be allowed to say the reasoning of the surgeon appears sensible and consistent, and the advice which he offers to the world, if not likely to diminish disease, would be, if followed, conducive to temperance, tranquillity and peace of mind.

ART. V.—*The Search after Happiness, or the Quest of Sultaun Solimaun, with other poems.* By Walter Scott. Philadelphia, republished by M. Carey and Son. 1820.

[THIS is a medley of minor pieces made up from an entire edition of Scott's poems. Most of those in the volume before us, have not hitherto been reprinted in this country. The principal poem is a *bagatelle*, attempted in a style of frolic and humour, very different from the grave character of Scott's muse, as it usually appears. Whether the endeavour was successful, the reader shall judge, as the whole

of it is here subjoined;—the poet himself did not feel encouraged to repeat the effort.]

O, FOR a glance of that gay Muse's eye,
That lighten'd on Bandello's laughing tale,
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd and sly
When Giam Battista bade her vision hail!^{*}

Yet fear not, ladies, the naïve detail
Given by the natives of that land canorous;
Italian licence loves to leap the pale,
We Britons have the fear of shame before us,
And, if not wise in mirth, at least must be decorous.

In the far eastern clime, no great while since,
Lived Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty prince,
Whose eyes, as oft as they performed their round,
Beheld all others fix'd upon the ground;
Whose ears receiv'd the same unvaried phrase,
'Sultaun! thy vassal hears, and he obeys!'
All have their tastes—this may the fancy strike
Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur like;
For me, I love the honest heart and warm
Of Monarch who can amble round his farm,
Or, when the toil of state no more annoys,
In chimney corner seek domestic joys—
I love a Prince will bid the bottle pass,
Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass;
In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,
Keep up the jest and mingle in the lay—
Such Monarchs best our free-born humour suit,
But Despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

This Solimaun, Serendib had in sway—
And where's Serendib? may some critic say.—
Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the chart,

Scare not my Pegasus before I start!
If Rennel has it not, you'll find, mayhap,
The isle laid down in Captain Sinbad's map,—
Famed mariner! whose merciless narrations
Drove every friend and kinsman out of patience,
Till, fain to find a guest who thought them shorter,
He deign'd to tell them over to a porter—
The last edition see by Long and Co.,
Rees, Hurst, and Orme, our fathers in the Row.

Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction—
This Sultaun, whether lacking contradiction—
(A sort of stimulant which bath its uses,
To raise the spirits, and reform the juices,
Sovereign specific for all sort of cures
In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours,)
The Sultaun lacking this same wholesome bitter,
Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter—
Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams
With Degial, Gianistan, and such wild themes
Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,
I wot not—but the Sultaun never laugh'd,
Scarcely ate or drank, and took a melancholy
That scorn'd all remedy profane or holy;
In his long list of melancholies, mad,
Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and tried,
As e'er scrawl'd jargon in a darken'd room;
With heedful glance the Sultaun's tongue they eyed,
Peep'd in his bath, and God knows where beside,
And then in solemn accents spoke their doom,
'His majesty is very far from well'
Then each to work with his specific fell:
The Hakim Ibrahim *instantly* brought

* The hint of the following tale is taken from *La Camissia Magica*, a novel of Giam Battista Casti.

His unguent Mahaxzim al Zerdukkaut,*
While Roompot, a practitioner more
wily,
Relied on his Munaskif al fillifly.
More and yet more in deep array appear,
And some the front assail, and some the
rear;
Their remedies to reinforce and vary,
Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary;
Till the tired Monarch, though of words
grown chary,
Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless
labour,
Some hint about a bow-string or a sabre.
There lack'd, I promise you, no longer
speeches,
To rid the palace of those learned leeches.

Then was the council called—by their
advice,
(They deem'd the matter ticklish all,
and nice,
And sought to shift it off from their own
shoulders)
Tartars and couriers in all speed were
sent,
To call a sort of Eastern parliament
Of feudatory chieftains and freehol-
ders—
Such have the Persians at this very day,
My gallant Malcolm calls them *courou-
tai*;†
I'm not prepared to show in this slight
song
That to Serendib the same forms be-
long,—
E'en let the learn'd go search, and tell
me if I'm wrong.

The Omrahs,‡ each with hand on scymi-
tar,
Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice
for war—
'The sabre of the Suldaun in its sheath
Too long has slept, nor own'd the work
of death;
Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle,
Bang the lound gong and raise the shout
of battle!
This dreary cloud that dims our sover-
eign's day,

Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,
When the bold Lootie wheels his courser
round,
And the arm'd elephant shall shake the
ground.
Each noble pants to own the glorious
summons—
And for the charges—Lo! your faithful
Commons!
The Riots who attended in their places
(Serendib language calls a farmer
Riot)
Look'd ruefully in one another's faces,
From this oration arguing much dis-
quiet,
Double assessment, forage, and free
quarters;
And fearing these as China-men the
Tartars,
Or as the whisker'd vermin fear the mou-
sers,
Each fumbled in the pocket of his trow-
sers.

And next came forth the revered Convo-
cation,
Bald heads, white beards, and many
a turban green,
Imaum and Mollah there of every station,
Sauton, Fakir, and Calender were seen.
Their votes were various—some advised
a Mosque
With fitting revenues should be erect-
ed,
With seemly gardens and with gay Kios-
que,
To recreate a band of priests selected;
Others opined that through the realms a
dole
Be made to holy men whose prayers
might profit
The Suldaun's weal in body and in soul;
But their long-headed chief, the Sheik
Ul-Sofit,
More closely touch'd the point;—'Thy
studious mood,'
Quoth he, 'O Prince! hath thickened all
thy blood,
And dull'd thy brain with labour beyond
measure;
Wherefore relax a space and take thy
pleasure,
And toy with beauty, or tell o'er thy trea-
sure;
From all the cares of state, my liege,
enlarge thee,
And leave the burden to thy faithful
clergy.'

* For these hard words see D'Herbe-
ot, or the learned editor of the Recipes
of Avicenna.

† See Sir John Malcolm's admirable
History of Persia.

‡ Nobility.

These counsels sage availed not a whit,
And so the patient (as is not uncommon

Where grave physicians lose their time
and wit)

Resolved to take advice of an old woman;

His mother she, a dame who once was
beauteous,

And still was call'd so by each subject
duteous.

Now, whether Fatima was witch in earnest,

Or only made believe I cannot say—

But she profess'd to cure disease the
sternest,

By dint of magic, amulet or lay;

And, when all other skill in vain was
shown,

She deem'd it fitting time to use her own.

'*Sympathia magica* hath wonders done,'
(Thus did old Fatima bespeak her son,)

'It works upon the fibres and the pores,
And thus, insensibly, our health restores,

And it must help us here.—Thou must
endure

The ill, my son, or travel for the cure.
Search land and sea, and get, where'er

you can,

The inmost vesture of a happy man,
I mean his SHIRT, my son, which, taken

warm

And fresh from off his back, shall chase
your harm,

Bid every current of your veins rejoice,
And your dull heart leap light as shepherd-boy's.'

Such was the counsel from his mother
came.

I know not if she had some under-game,
As Doctors have, who bid their patients

roam

And live abroad, when sure to die at
home;

Or if she thought, that, somehow or another,

Queen Regent sounded better than Queen
Mother;

But, says the Chronicle, (who will go
look it,)

That such was her advice—the Sultaun
took it.

All are on board—the Sultaun and his
tram,

In gilded galley prompt to plough the
main:

The old Rais* was the first who ques-
tion'd, 'Whither?'

They paused—'Arabia,' thought the pen-
sive Prince,

'Was call'd the happy many ages since—
For Mokha, Rais.'—And they came

safely thither.

But not in Araby with all her balm,
Not where Judæa weeps beneath her

palm,

Not in rich Egypt, not in Nubian waste,
Could there the step of Happiness be tra-
ced.

Once Copt alone profess'd to have seen her
smile,

When Bruce his goblet fill'd at infant
Nile:

She bless'd the dauntless traveller as he
quaff'd,

But vanish'd from him with the ended
draught.

'Enough of turbans,' said the weary king,
'These dolmans of ours are not the thing;

Try we the Giaours, these men of coat
and cap, I

Incline to think some of them must be
happy;

At least they have as fair a cause as any
can,

They drink good wine and keep no Ram-
azan.

Then northward, ho!' The vessel cuts
the sea,

And fair Italia lies upon her lee—

But fair Italia, she who once unfurled
Her eagle-banners o'er a conquer'd

world,

Long from her throne of domination tum-
bled,

Lay, by her quondam vassals, sorely hum-
bled;

The Pope himself look'd pensive, pale,
and lean,

And was not half the man he once had
been.

'While these the priest and those the
noble fleeces,

Our poor old boot,' they said, 'is torn
to pieces.

Its top† the vengeful claws of Austria
feel,

* Master of the vessel.

† The well-known resemblance of Ita-
ly in the map.

‡ Florence, Venice, &c.

And the Great Devil is reading tee and heel.*

If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,
We think she dwells with one Giovanni Bulli;

A tramontane, a heretic,—the buck,
Poffaredio! still has all the luck;
By land or ocean never strikes his flag—
And then—a perfect walking money-bag.†
Off set our Prince to seek John Bull's
abode,
But first took France—it lay upon the
road.

Monsieur Baboon, after much late com-
motion,
Was agitated like a settling ocean,
Quite out of sorts, and could not tell
what ail'd him,
Only the glory of his house had fail'd
him;
Besides, some tumours on his noddle bid-
ding,
Gave indication of a recent hiding.‡
Our Prince, though Sultauns of such
things are heedless,
Thought it a thing indelicate and need-
less

To ask if at that moment he was hap-
py.

And Monsieur, seeing that he was com-
me il faut, a
Loud voice mastered up, for '*Vive le
Roi!*'

Then whisper'd, 'Ave you any news
of Nappy?'

The Sultana answered him with a cross
question,—

'Pray, can you tell me aught of one
John Bull,

That dwells somewhere beyond your
herringpool,'

The query seemed of difficult digestion,
The party shrugg'd, and grinn'd, and took
his snuff,

And found his whole good breeding scarce
enough.

Twiching his visage into as many pockers
As damsels wont to put into their tuckers,
(Ere liberal Fashion damn'd both lace
and lawn,
And bade the veil of modesty be drawn,)

* The Calabrias, infested by bands of
assassins. One of the leaders was called
Fra Diavolo, & c. Brother Devil.

† Or drubbing, so called in the Slang
Dictionary.

Replied the Frenchman after a brief
pause,
'Jean Boot!—I vas not know him—yes
I vas—'

I vas remember dat von year or two,
I saw him at von place called Vaterloo—
Ma foi! il s'est tres joliment battu,
Dat is for Englishman,—m'entendez-
vous?

But den he had wit him one damn son-
gun,

Rogue I no like—dey call him Vettington.
Monsieur's politeness could not hide his
fret,

So Solimaun took leave and cross'd the
streight.

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;
His sugar-loaves and bales about he
threw,

And on his counter beat the Devil's tat-
too.

His wars were ended, and the victory
won,

But then, 'twas reckoning-day with hon-
est John,

And authors vouch 'twas still this worthy's
way,

'Never to grumble till he came to pay;
And then he always thinks, his temper's
such,

The work too little and the pay too
much.'

Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind and hear-
ty,

That when his mortal foe was on the
floor,

And past the power to harm his quiet
more,

Poor John had well nigh wept for Bona-
parte!

Such was the wight whom Solimaun sa-
lam'd,—

'And who are you,' John answered, 'and
be d—d?'

'A stranger, come to see the happiest
man,—

So, Seigneur, all avouch,—in Frangis-
tan.†

'Happy? my tenants breaking on my
hand;

Unstock'd my pastures, and untill'd my
land;

* See the Truc-Born Englishman, by
Daniel De Foe.

† Europe.

Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and
moths

The sole consumers of my good broad
cloths—

Happy?—why, cursed war and racking
tax

Have left us scarcely raiment to our
backs.'

'In that case, Seignior, I may take my
leave;

I came to ask a favour—but I grieve'—

'Favour?' said John, and eyed the Sul-
taun hard.

'It's my belief you came to break the
yard!—

But, stay, you look like some poor foreign
sinner,—

Take that, to buy yourself a shirt and
dinner.'

With that he chuck'd a guinea at his
head;

But, with true dignity, the Sultaun said,—

'Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline;
A shirt indeed I seek, but none of thine.

Signior, I kiss your hand, so fare you
well.'

'Kiss and be d——d,' quoth John, 'and
go to hell!'

Next door to John there dwelt his sister
Peg,

Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg
When the blithe bagpipe blew—but so-
berer now,

She *doucely* span her flax and milk'd her
cow.

And whereas erst she was a needy slat-
tern,

Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pat-
tern,

Yet once a-month her house was partly
swept,

And once a-week a plenteous board she
kept.

And whereas eke the vixen used her
claws,

And teeth, of yore, on slender provo-
cation,

She now was grown amenable to laws,
A quiet soul as any in the nation;

The sole remembrance of her warlike joys
Was in old songs she sang to please her
boys

John Bull, whom, in their years of early
strife,

She wont to lead a cat-and-doggish life,
Now found the woman, as he said, a
neighbour,

Who look'd to the main chance, declin-
ed no labour,

Loved a long grace and spoke a northern
jargon,

And was d——d close in making of a
bargain.

The Sultaun enter'd, and he made his
leg,

And with decorum curtsied sister Peg;
(She lov'd a book, and knew a thing or
two,

And guess'd at once with whom she had
to do.)

She bade him 'sit into the fire,' and took
Her dram, her cake, her kebbok from
the nook;

Asked him 'about the news from eastern
parts;

And of her absent bairns, pair Highland
hearts!

If peace brought down the price of tea
and pepper,

And if the *nitmags* were grown *ony* cheap-
er;—

Were there nae *speerings* of our Mungo
Park—

Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the
sark?

If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spin-
ing,

I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen.'

Then up got Peg, and round the house
'gan scuttle,

In search of goods her customer to nail,
Until the Sultaun strain'd his princely
throttle,

And hollow'd,—'Ma'am, that is not
what I ail.

Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug
glen?'

'Happy?' said Peg; 'What for d'ye want
to ken?'

Besides, just think upon this by-gane
year,

Grain wadna pay the yoking of the
pleugh.'

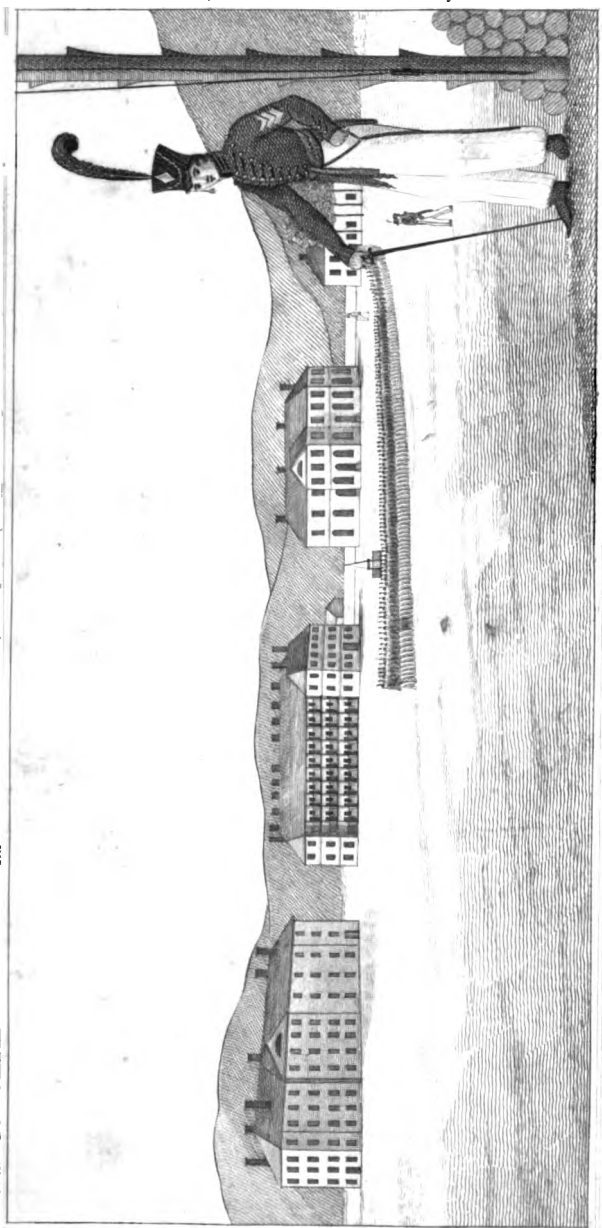
'What say you to the present?'—'Meal's
sae dear,

To make their *brosae* my bairns have
scarce enough.'

'The devil take the shirt,' said Solimann,
'I think my quest will end as it began.

Farewell, ma'am; nay, no ceremony, I
beg'

'Ye'll no be for the linen then?' said
Peg.



The Military Academy, West Point, N.Y.

Now for the land of verdaant Erin,
The sultaun's royal bark is steering,
The Emerald Isle where honest Paddy dwells,
The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.
For a long space had John, with words of thunder,
Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy under,
Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogg'd unduly,
Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly.
Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow,
A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow;
His landlord, and of middlemen two brace,
Had screw'd his rent up to the starving place;
His garment was a top-coat, and an old one,
His meal was a potatoe, and a cold one;
But still for fun or frolic, and all that,
In the round world was not the match of Pat.

The Sultaun saw him on a holiday,
Which is with Paddy still a jolly day.

When mass is ended, and his load of sins
Confess'd, and Mother Church hath from
her binns

Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,
Then is Pat's time for fancy, whim and spirit!

To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,
And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.
'By Mahomet,' said Sultaun Solimaun,
'That ragged fellow is our very man!
Rush in and seize him—do not do him
hurt,

But, will he, nill he, let me have his
shirt.'—

Shilela their plan was well nigh after
baulking,
(Much less provocation will set it a walk-
ing.)

But the odds that foil'd Hercules foil'd
Paddy Whack

They seized, and they floor'd, and they
stripped him Alack!

Up-bubboo! Paddy had not—a shirt to
his back!!!

And the king, disappointed, with sorrow
and shame,

Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.

ART. VI.—*The Military Academy at West Point.*

THE corps of cadets will, it is said, be marched from their cantonments at West Point, southwardly, as far as Philadelphia, in the course of the present month. The object of such excursions is to afford the embryo soldiers an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the face of the country, to exhibit to them, practically, the difficulties of conducting a march with safety and expedition, and the methods of surmounting the impediments, which usually oppose the progress of an army; and also to strengthen and refresh the interest felt by the community for this interesting institution, by bringing into the immediate view of a large portion of the people the fine body of instructed youths, whom the nation is rearing for its future safeguard and protection.

A similar march was made in the summer of the last year as far as Poughkeepsie and Hudson; the corps were formed into a battalion, consisting of four companies, and counting in

all one hundred and ninety-six officers and privates. The following extracts from the journal of one of the cadets, though bearing the characteristics of a very youthful writer, will show the manner of their *strategie*, the good will with which they were universally received, and the amiable feelings of gratitude excited by hospitable attentions.

‘The cadets embarked about twelve o’clock (August 11th) on board a sloop for the purpose of crossing the Hudson, and landing at the Cold Spring, where it was determined they should commence the march. The wind was unfavorable, and the day excessively warm, which rendered the short time they remained upon the water, extremely disagreeable: they encamped in a small valley, a short distance beyond the Spring, and near the canon foundry, erected in its neighbourhood, where they remained during the day and night, in order to make some necessary preparations, such as procuring baggage wagons and arranging the line of march: about six o’clock in the evening the inhabitants of Cold Spring and its vicinity, saluted the cadets, and paid them every attention that their numbers and situation would admit of, which was as highly appreciated, as though it had been the work of many; for the fewer the number, the purer their intentions.

‘12th. At reveille, the corps made preparations to begin the march; but not being skillful in striking their tents, and loading their baggage, they were not in readiness until half past five o’clock.

‘It would be natural to suppose that the majority of the cadets being young, their constitutions tender, and not yet inured to fatigue, and hardships, few of them would be capable of enduring the heat, and inconveniences of the march; but their ambitious spirit and determination to perform their duties supplied the want of physical strength; the weak grew strong at the idea of excelling superior vigour, while pride prompted others to set a good example; their expectations were more than realized when they reached the village of

Fishkill, as early as ten o'clock A. M. Not a single individual evinced a disposition to yield to the fatigues of the day; indeed the smallest and youngest appeared the most sprightly. It may not be improper to state, that the cadets carried their clothes, knapsacks, muskets, and accoutrements themselves, which constituted a weight by no means inconsiderable.

‘ About a quarter of a mile below the village, the cadets procured a very handsome and convenient field, for their encampment, where they pitched their tents, and spent the remainder of the day: At four o'clock P. M. the battalion marched through the village, performed a number of evolutions, and returned to camp, where the duties of the day were closed with an evening parade.

‘ It was indeed cheering to survey the prospects which opened to our view, as we emerged from the highlands, every object we beheld gave animation to life, and impressed on our minds the blessing that we, as a nation enjoy, and as individuals have a right to expect.

‘ The contrast of all that is sublime in nature, and all that contributes to human happiness, was alternately presented for examination during this day's march; sometimes you saw us winding through the vallies of the highlands, at others climbing to the summits of hills, from whence we could look back on scenery whose magnificence and splendour would have confounded the Atheist, confirmed the wavering, and delighted the Christian; the grandeur of the mountains which ascend with such majesty around the academy, the mouldering monuments of our revolutionary fathers, the proudest emblems of national glory, because they contributed to the gaining of national liberty, were the most conspicuous objects that attracted their attention. The soul swells with gratitude when pausing over these crumbling ruins, we would willingly bequeath a tear to the worth of departed ancestry; we would joyfully preserve from oblivion the small remnant

of their labours; but no, it is impossible; the desolating hand of time will soon complete its purposes, and hurry these endearing objects from our sight; a few years, and no traces will be left of the triumphs of liberty, the scenes of heroic exploits, or the struggles of our brave progenitors for freedom and independence, save on the columns of history.'

'I am happy in being able to state that the inhabitants of Fishkill treated the corps with the utmost politeness, and spared no exertions in rendering their short stay among them as pleasant as possible. Among the number of the honours paid the Cadets, there was one which I cannot pass over in silence; I can with safety say, that it has seldom fallen to the lot of any collection of young men to receive a more distinguishing mark of the people's approbation; it was simple yet it was truly genuine; it expressed more than words could do, delivered with all the pomp of oratory, or decorated with the finest flowers of rhetoric. In the morning, the citizens of this hospitable village suspended across the street, through which the cadets would have to march, that for which their forefathers fought, and that which their profession and duty will compel them to defend—the ensigns of liberty. It was the more striking because it was unexpected, it created strange sensations; you might have seen the spirit of the soldier brighten the countenance of the student, while his whole frame bespoke the feelings of his heart as he carried arms to this national flag.

'I have heard numbers of them say, that they never felt so truly elevated or enjoyed a more exquisite moment.

'A number of people had collected to witness their evolutions, they manifested pleasure and delight, and gave every reason to believe that they left a favourable impression on their minds.

'13th. At two o'clock reveille was beaten; their tents struck; their baggage put up, in much less time than on the morning of the twelfth. It was necessary to march early in order to

enjoy the coolness of the morning, to encamp about 12 o'clock to avoid the heat of the day, which was sometimes as high as ninety degrees; the two preceding days were really oppressive, and this morning gave us no better prospect of a change of weather. Six miles from Fishkill the corps halted and refreshed themselves, and in half an hour resumed the march. The roads were excellent; the country beautiful; the scenery charming; which contributed not a little to awaken the attention—elevate sinking spirits and drive away fatigue.

‘ At nine o'clock captain Bell received information from colonel H. A. Livingston, that the cadets would be escorted into Poughkeepsie, and requested they should be halted a short distance below the town, until the escort arrived; which request was complied with. In the meantime, through the politeness of general J. Brush, captain Bell was favoured with a horse, which enabled him to ride into town, to examine the ground which the quarter-master had selected for their encampment.

‘ About half past eleven o'clock the escort arrived. It was a company of fusiliers, handsomely uniformed, and commanded by captain Valentine; it conducted the cadets through the town to a small field half a mile beyond it, where they pitched their tents, having marched in all sixteen miles; all were in good health and fine spirits.

‘ Poughkeepsie is situated on the eastern bank of the Hudson, and appears to be the centre of trade for many miles of fertile and highly cultivated country, which surrounds it. It does not stand immediately on the bank of the river, and commands but a poor prospect. Its streets are clean, and the houses generally neat and handsome. It contains two churches, and about four thousand inhabitants.

‘ 14th. In compliance with many of the most respectable citizens of Poughkeepsie, captain Bell removed the encampment nearer to the town, on ground belonging to colonel

Livingston, which although not sufficiently spacious to admit of manœuvring properly, still on many other accounts it was more convenient, and preferable.

‘ At three o’clock the battalion paraded and marched through the town, and from thence back to camp, followed by a large collection of people; and then in their presence, performed a number of evolutions, and exercised in firing, &c. all of which was executed in such a manner as to give apparent satisfaction. To close the exercises of the day, the first and fourth companies entertained the spectators with a rifle drill, which pleased on account of its novelty.

‘ The politeness and hospitality with which the corps was universally received by the citizens of ~~this~~ place, fully entitle them to a high standing in their estimation. The cadets felt it a duty incumbent upon them to reciprocate as much as possible the favours that had been so unsparingly lavished upon them; and as their situation was not such as to enable them to make a competent return, they embraced every opportunity to gratify those who came near the camp, with the music of the band, which had the reputation of being excellent of its kind.

‘ 15th. This day being Sunday, the corps attended divine service in the morning, at the Dutch reformed church, where a sermon was delivered them by the Rev. Mr. *Cuyler*; and in the afternoon at the Episcopal church, where they were addressed by the Rev. Mr. *Reid*.’ &c. &c.

The cadets returned to West Point after a few days absence. And rested from their fatigues in comfortable quarters.

THE
ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

(NEW SERIES.)

COMPRISING ORIGINAL REVIEWS, BIOGRAPHY, ANALYTICAL AB-
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SEPTEMBER, 1820.

ART. I.—*Sermons preached in the Tron Church, Glasgow.*

By Thomas Chalmers, D. D. 1 vol. Republished at New York, from the Glasgow edition.

(Continued from p. 102.)

IN the second sermon, the author further illustrates the depravity of human nature, and the inaptitude of the natural mind for understanding the truths of the gospel, from a consideration of that charge of mystery, which is frequently urged against those truths. Human reason, unassisted by divine grace, takes so dim a survey of the justice of God, as to be unable to discern the equity of that sentence, which pronounces an indiscriminate condemnation on the character and conduct of the whole human race, considered in themselves. Proud of the distinctions by which society separates the approved citizen from the victim of violated laws, and object of common contempt, men, in general, are unwilling to believe that all partake of a common nature, which is exposed to the denunciations of divine wrath. Satisfied with those moral acquisitions, which secure the respect and attachment of others, men are disposed, by nature, to turn these to good account, as the means of securing the favour of God, and are shocked at the idea that a new and a further effort is necessary. To have to explore the unknown,

and rugged track of revelation, a track which appears to terminate in no adequate object, when it conducts the despised and the honourable man, in the same attitude of suppliants, to the foot of the cross, is a task highly offensive to carnal pride and reason. How can the unrenewed mind comprehend those doctrines, which declare this step to be necessary? How can it do otherwise than regard them as irrational and mystical?

That a great majority of those who are usually denominated the most respectable class in every civilized community, have this opinion of the Christian religion, is a fact too plain to be doubted. For, to what other cause can it be owing, that so much indifference prevails among the fashionable, the great, the wise, and the wealthy, to the Christian cause? Did such men as these devote their talents and their influence to the support of religion, what a wonderful revolution would take place in the aspect of society? But instead of this, they are content either to view with disgust, indifference, or with distant and formal respect, the revelation of God's will to man.

When a man, touched, as Christians believe, by the operations of the spirit of God, and led to seek the divine favour, as his chief good, gives up the idols of pleasure, wealth, fame, or wisdom, to which he had hitherto consecrated all his powers, and endeavours to devote them to the service of his Creator, he engages in a task, in the view of which frail human nature is ready to be filled with dismay. The same power, however, which has begun the work in his heart, will carry it on to perfection, and will give him strength and courage to overcome every obstacle. Among these obstacles, the opposition furnished by men destitute of religion, is among the most formidable, and is noticed, incidentally, by Dr. Chalmers, in this sermon, of which it does not form a part of the main argument, though it illustrates the ignorance on the subject of religion, which results from the depravity

of human nature, in unrenewed minds, and which prompts the accusation of mystery.

It may well appear to be a conduct unworthy of rational creatures to exhibit, throughout life, an indifference, or aversion to religion, and to recur to it, on a death-bed; yet we believe this to be a course exemplified in daily experience. Nor is it fair to suppose this to result from an imbecility of mind, accompanying the wreck of the body; for we apprehend that in so interesting a situation, calculated to call forth the strongest powers of the human soul, more dignity is frequently exhibited than at any other period of life. Xenophon makes Cyrus, at such a conjuncture, discourse in terms, which, on the part of a heathen, we cannot but admire; and Tacitus has put in the mouth of the dying Germanicus, a speech which evinces the greatest calmness of mind. Dr. Chalmers gives the following testimony, derived from personal experience, in relation to the conduct of men on these occasions.

‘ Secondly, let us assure the men, who at this moment bid the stoutest defiance to the message of the gospel,—the men whose natural taste appears to offer an invincible barrier against the reception of its truths,—the men who, upon the plea of mysteriousness, or the plea of fanaticism, or the plea of excessive and unintelligible peculiarity, are most ready to repudiate the whole style and doctrine of the New Testament,—let us assure them that the time may yet come, when they shall render to this very gospel the most striking of all acknowledgments, even by sending to the door of its most faithful ministers, and humbly craving from them their explanations and their prayers. It indeed offers an affecting contrast to all the glory of earthly prospects, and to all the vigour of confident and rejoicing health, and to all the activity and enterprise of business, when the man who made the world his theatre, and felt his mountain to stand strong on the fleeting foundation of its enjoyments and its concerns,—

when he comes to be bowed down with infirmity, or receives from the trouble within, the solemn intimation that death is now looking to him in good earnest: When such a man takes him to the bed of sickness, and he knows it to be a sickness unto death,—when, under all the weight of breathlessness and pain, he listens to the man of God, as he points the way that leadeth to eternity,—what, I would ask, is the kind of gospel that is most fitted to charm the sense of guilt and the anticipations of vengeance away from him? Sure we are, that we never in these affecting circumstances—through which you have all to pass—we never saw the man who could maintain a stability, and a hope, from the sense of his own righteousness; but who, if leaning on the righteousness of Christ, could mix a peace and an elevation with his severest agonies. We never saw the expiring mortal who could look with an undaunted eye on God as his lawgiver; but often has all its languor been lighted up with joy at the name of Christ as his Saviour. We never saw the dying acquaintance, who, upon the retrospect of his virtues and of his doings, could prop the tranquillity of his spirit on the expectation of a legal reward. O no! this is not the element which sustains the tranquillity of death beds. It is the hope of forgiveness—it is a believing sense of the efficacy of the atonement—it is the prayer of faith, offered up in the name of him who is the captain of all our salvation—it is a dependence on that power which can alone impart a meetness for the inheritance of the saints, and present the spirit holy, and unreprieveable, and unblameable, in the sight of God.'

Throughout this sermon, we think, there prevails a great cogency of argument, accompanied by copious and clear illustration, which evince the author to be eminently gifted for the office which he fills.

In the second part of the third sermon the way is described in which the spirit of God reveals the truths of salvation to the mind of the inquirer. It is not possible for us, in our present limits, to give more than a sketch of that masterly

picture to which we cordially refer our readers. The general method is described to be a conviction, that, however human duties are attended to, the affections of the soul are not consecrated to God, nor is the whole conduct ordered with reference to Him. The mind is internally occupied with the objects and the pleasures of this world, while the great Author and Giver of all things is forgotten. The inquirer is pointed to the atonement of Jesus Christ as the remedy provided for the removal of this alienation of the human heart, and, when applied, of winning the affections to our Creator. The following extract points to the disease, and the remedy.

‘ Let us therefore reflect that the principle on which the peculiarities of the gospel look so mysterious, is just the feeling which nature has of its own sufficiency; and, that you may renounce this delusive feeling altogether, we ask you to think, how totally destitute you are of that which God chiefly requires of you. He requires your heart, and we venture to say of every man amongst you, who has heretofore lived in neglect of the great salvation, that his heart, with all its objects and affections, is away from God,—that it is not a sense of obligation to him which forms the habitual and the presiding influence of its movements,—that therefore every day and every hour of your history in the world, accumulates upon you the guilt of a disobedience of a far deeper and more offensive character than even the disobedience of your more notorious and external violations. There is ever with you, lying folded in the recesses of your bosom, and pervading the whole system both of your desires and of your doings, that which gives to sin all its turpitude, and all its moral hideousness in the sight of God. There is a rooted preference of the creature to the Creator. There is a full desire after the gift, and a listless ingratitude towards the giver. There is an utter devotedness, in one shape or other, to the world that is to be burnt up,—and an utter forgetful-

ness, amid all your forms, and all your decencies, of him who endureth for ever. There is that universal attribute of the carnal mind—enmity against God; and we affirm that, with this distaste in your hearts towards him, you, on every principle of a spiritual and intelligent morality, are as chargeable with rebellion against your Maker, as if some apostate angel had been your champion, and you warred with God, under the waving standards of defiance. It was to clear away the guilt of this monstrous iniquity that Christ died. It was to make it possible for God, with his truth unviolated, and his holiness untarnished, and all the high attributes of his eternal and unchangeable nature unimpaired, to hold out forgiveness to the world,—that propitiation was made through the blood of his own Son, even that God might be just, while the justifier of them who believe in Jesus. It is to make it possible for man to love the Being whom nature taught him to hate and to fear, that God now lifts, from his mercy-seat, a voice of the most beseeching tenderness, and smiles upon the world as God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, and not imputing unto them their trespasses. It was utterly to shift the moral constitution of our minds,—an achievement beyond any power of humanity,—that the Saviour, after he died and rose again, obtained the promise of the Father, even that Spirit, through whom alone the fixed and radical disease of nature can be done away. And thus, by the ministration of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, does he undertake not only to improve but to change us,—not only to repair but to re-make us,—not only to amend our evil works, but to create us anew unto good works, that we may be the workmanship of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. These are the leading and essential peculiarities of the New Testament.'

The fourth sermon is taken from Job ix. 30,— and is entitled 'An estimate of the morality that is without godliness.' The description of the situation of Job, pressed down by

afflictions, doubting his acceptance with God, and having an obscure revelation of a Mediator, is touching and impressive. The preacher places the great defect of that obedience which man can render in his own strength, even to the extent of external religious duties, on the want of all homage of the heart to God. There may be even a pleasure in the public offices of religion, resulting from habit, or from attendant circumstances, which is lost in the exercises of the closet. Yet we are not to abandon the performance of duty, from a sense of its inefficacy before God. The preaching of John was attendance to moral duties, but he also pointed to that Saviour who alone could obtain for man acceptance with God. From the very constitution of our nature, we are endowed with certain moral feelings and principles, which God has implanted, in mercy, as necessary to the subsistence and well being of society, by the due exercise of which we enjoy much gratification, obtain the praise of the community, and the rewards which it has to bestow. But might not all these principles exist in our world, had God deprived us of the knowledge of Him altogether, and thus condemned us to hopeless and absolute atheism? And is the revelation of Himself which he has made, to make no difference to us? Are our affections, and our powers to remain consecrated entirely to the objects and pursuits of this world, without being raised to Him, and devoted supremely to His service? Are we not worshippers of those things on which our whole heart is fixed; and so long as these are earthly objects, do we not stand convicted, to our own consciences, of idolatry? Such is a sketch of the argument of this discourse.

The fifth sermon is entitled 'The judgment of men, compared with the judgment of God,' from 1 Cor. iv. 3, 4. The preacher illustrates this subject, by the example of Job, who confidently appealed to the judgment, and challenged the applause of men, yet professed his utter unworthiness in the sight of God. The man who stands fair in the opinion

of the community, is prone to think that he is blameless before God, and blind to any apprehensions of vileness and guilt, lives on, in insidious security, neglecting the salvation of the New Testament. But this opinion is founded on the double ignorance of, 1st. The superior claims of God; and, 2d. His clearer and more elevated sense of the holiness due from man. These points are exemplified in a connected train of argument, which concludes with a view of the general judgment, at which no mortal will dare to give testimony in favour of the doings of any of his fellows. This excellent sermon is, we think, well worthy the attentive consideration of those many amiable men, who, sensible of being occasionally actuated by selfish motives, yet profess that, on reflection, they approve and practise disinterestedness; who cannot admit a sense of their unworthiness; who have not found leisure, amidst the attention to their social duties, to investigate religion; and who are fearful of falling into the error of those whom they think 'careful of the appearances of religion, negligent of the duties of morality.'

In the sixth sermon, the subject of which is the necessity of a Mediator, the guilt of those who neglect and despise an offered Saviour, is forcibly described. And surely, the provision of such a Saviour by God, ought to outweigh the arguments of those who live as if they had no need of applying for the benefit of this salvation. Jesus Christ is described as the agent of the sanctification of those who believe on him.

The subject of the seventh sermon is the folly of men estimating their characters by comparison with others, rather than with the divine law. A powerful argument stated against this, is, that the standard is formed from the circle of those with whom we associate, and is thus so variable as to be applied even among the most abandoned classes of society.

The preacher confirms his argument and illustrations of

the subject of the depravity of all men by nature in the sight of God, by the abundant testimony of Scripture.

Throughout the book Dr. Chalmers labours to exhibit, under different aspects, the truth that men may be amiable in society, without having a single moral sensibility towards God.

Dr. Chalmers has, as far as our information extends, the merit of originality, in illustrating the principle of love to God. This affection of love, he maintains, may be excited by the beauty of inanimate objects, which produces, perhaps, its faintest exercise. It may also arise from a view of moral perfections, and this he entitles the love of moral esteem. These qualities may be exercised towards us, and thus constitute the love of kindness, which produces, on our part, the reciprocal affection of the love of gratitude. This last principle ever remains in the minds even of the most worthless of our race, and is infallibly excited by the view of the correlative manifestation of kindness. It is this which God has chosen to win men to himself. It is by giving them a view of his beseeching kindness in the offer of a Saviour, or, in other words, by causing them to believe it (since a man cannot be said to know what he does not believe) that, from the constitution of their nature, he irresistibly excites, in their minds, the love of gratitude towards Him, which manifests itself in a life of obedience to his commands. Thus faith, working by love, is the foundation of a sinner's conversion. The character of God, says Dr. C. is shrouded from the spiritual eye, as is a lovely landscape from our natural sight, by darkness. A display of the perfections of Deity, except on the Christian scheme, is as when the fires of a volcano burst on the gloom, and terrify, but cannot charm the beholder. It is Christianity alone which can pour on the scene the gladsome light of day; which can cheer and animate, inform, console, and win the ignorant, drooping, alienated, and guilty mind of man. The love of moral esteem can never take

place, in the natural heart, towards God, so long as it views that justice which forms a part of His character, and which is set, in terrible array, against all who are out of Christ. Even could this sentiment exist, the person of the Deity would not be endeared until we had obtained a due sense of his kindness towards us; and the sense of deliverance must be felt before we can be animated by gratitude. S.

ART. II.—*American Bards, A Satire.* Philadelphia, 1820.

THE purposes of legitimate satire are noble, and the effects of successful satire are most salutary; when directed against vice,

‘ ’tis her corrective part
To calm the wild disorders of the heart
She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise;
In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black oppression of a gay disguise,
And bids the hag in native horror rise;
Strikes tow’ring pride and lawless rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue’s awful head.’

Pope.

When errors of manners or of taste are the subject of her castigation, her influence, though less important, is not less signal. But ‘an eagle’s talon asks an eagle’s eye,’—it was not given to every one to bend the bow of Ulysses, nor can every rhymers become, at will, an accomplished satirist.

The poem before us assumes to pass judgment upon all American bards—an undertaking that requires great nicety of discrimination, and great cultivation of taste; and calls also for a polished versification, pure style, and brilliant wit; without all of which requisites either unjust censures will be uttered and injudicious praise; or the reader will yawn over a tame discussion characterized by the very dulness which it is intended to laugh out of countenance.

The poem before us wants originality and sprightliness, and deals perhaps too largely in eulogium to be properly called a satire. Clifton, Paine, Dwight, Allsop, Shaw, Pierpont, Allston, Payne, Farmer, Neale, are all treated with unmingled praise, indeed the poem is called 'notes of uncorrupted praise,' in the invocation.

There is however a liberal and gentlemanlike tone of sentiment pervading the whole work, and a few good touches. We are therefore induced to accept a challenge which the author throws out, and shall proceed to point out some exceptionable matters to be corrected in the *next edition*.

'If one wrong censure or dishonest thought,
If one expression with injustice fraught,
If one harsh word has shed its venom here,
Show me the line—I'll blot it with a tear,' &c.

These are among his concluding lines, and while we acquit him from internal evidence of any 'dishonest thought,' seeing the indications of sincerity abounding through his nine hundred and seventy lines, we cannot but observe several instances of flagrant injustice, which will now be shown.

We pass the vehement condemnation of Barlow, as an error of taste that may plead the rule 'de gustibus,' &c. in its favour. Though certainly it is extraordinary to find the Columbiad described as 'in *sense* deficient,' whatever may be said of the *poetry*. But in the notice of Col. Humphreys' poetical efforts, there is a palpable sacrifice of justice for the sake of a bad pun; the colonel, it is well known, was active in the introduction of merino sheep, this gives occasion for our satirist to say of him

'Alas! his poor poetic cenotaph
May live in *sheep*, but cannot live in *calf*.'

And this oracular prediction is justified in a note by the as

sertion that his poetical productions possessed 'little interest and no merit.' Now the satirist was not perhaps aware that one of the colonel's principal poems, 'Hasty Pudding,' was written with the laudable view of recommending, 'by the charms of verse,' that simple and economical article of diet commonly called *mush*, to the favour of Connecticut farmers. And, therefore, was not intended to be very elegant; but he ought not to have forgotten that the 'Widow of Malabar,' is the most successful tragedy that has yet been written in America.

A satirist is bound to remember that

'Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
'The whole is mortal, if a part 's unsound.'

It behoves him, therefore, not to censure dulness if his lines be dull, not to raise a laugh at incongruity if his own figures be incongruous, nor to lay himself open to retorts by the commission of the very errors he reprobates.

The tribe of poets threatened with a satire, cower under the expected lash; but when they find the scourge wielded by a hand of one not more exempt from failings than themselves, they indignantly exclaim

'Who 's this with nonsense, nonsense would restrain?
Who 's this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain?
Who damns our trash, with so much trash replete?
As, three ells round huge Cheyne rails at meat?' *Young.*

Trash and *nonsense* are harsh words, much more so than we are disposed to apply to this *Satire*, but probably not more harsh than the whole irritable race of poets will use in reply to strictures so open themselves to criticism.

These remarks were particularly suggested by the notice taken of the two poems, 'Mississippian Scenery,' and the 'Serenade.' The first of these has been hardly and severely

dealt with both by our satirist and the more awful censorship of the North American Review. It was a very harmless, if unsuccessful, endeavour to clothe in verse a description of the western wilderness; and if it was calculated to give to *any one* a more pleasing or more accurate notion of that region, the effort was not only innocent but laudable. It was announced and published and advertised most unambitiously, its pretensions were the most modest and unassuming; and altogether was such a work as might be expected to live its little hour exempt from the cruel disturbance of criticism. But its unhappy fate was to form the subject of an article in the North American Review, composed in a style of bitter scorn and derision; and (what was the most extraordinary) the sin most severely reprimanded was the pompous and arrogant title of 'Mississippian Scenery!' Not content with one river or one state, it was said, the author grasps the whole extent of country from the Lake of the Woods to the Gulph of Mexico. Now it is not a little amusing to see this charge gravely urged against the poet (whose preface announced his work to be only a description of what he had seen) in the pages of a Journal that, although of very limited range of disquisition, and very bounded circulation, assumes a title the most ambitious and comprehensive that could be devised, and calls itself *The 'North American'*—a designation as much more ostentatious than that of the poem, as the whole continent, including California and Labrador, Mexico and the United States, is more extensive than the regions watered by the Mississippi. And this too when its great prototype, the '*Edinburgh*' is satisfied with the name of a single town. The very respectable editors of the North American, doubtless overlooked the *beam* in their own eye, while they sought so earnestly to remove the *mote* from another's.

Our satirist is not less unmerciful upon Mr. Mead.

'What other moon-struck bard has boldly hurl'd
His rhyming labours at the dogging world?

'Tis "Mississippian Scenery;"—Mister MEAD;—
And like that scenery, very tame indeed.'

To which is appended a note as follows:

' "Mississippian Scenery, a Poem by Charles Mead." Philadelphia, 1819. 12mo. pp. 113. There are a few—a *very few* polished descriptions in this volume to counterbalance innumerable errors of rhythm, rhyme and reason: it consists, for the most part, of a constant repetition of similar sentiments, clothed in different words; withal so uninteresting, that it requires labour to surmount their perusal. These faults are occasionally mingled with total incomprehensibility.

"The weary traveller as he musing goes,
Breathing emotions to the wind—that blows." P. 43.

A strange freak for the wind!

A description of the "branding" of cattle deserves to be recorded:

"Upon these plains great Branderkoff appears,
Lifts the hot brand, and haunts th' *unletter'd* steers;
All in his reach must feel exquisite pain,
And on their sides his initials retain," &c. &c. P. 34.

Certainly the poem is not destined to immortality, nor could the praises or the censures of the satirist retard its progress to oblivion, but

'Let those teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely that have written well.'

Is our author so entirely free from the faults objected against Mr. Mead as to entitle him to sneer and laugh or scold at occasional offences against good sense and good taste?

A *wind* that *blows*, performs a strange freak as he observes; that is to say, parting with the irony, the tautology of the line is ridiculous, and offensive to taste. But surely it is an equally 'strange freak' for tars to venture *on the wave*,* or

* 'The tars that fought and conquered *on the wave*.' p. 37.

'waste' to be 'useless'* or for 'azure' to be 'blue.'† All these instances of tautology are on a par with Mr. Mead's 'wind that blows,' and should have restrained the satirist from such vehemence of condemnation. We beg leave, however, to remind both these bards, for their consolation, of Gray's lines,

'Where China's richest art had dyed
The azure flowers *that blow*.'

And Dr. Johnson's remark, that the last line showed a rhyme was often *made* where none could readily be *found*.

The next attack is upon the false quantities and ignorance of true accent, perceived in so placing *exquisite* as to be pronounced with the second syllable long, and 'initials' so as to oblige the reader to accent the first and slur the second syllable. These are faults in Mr. Mead's versification, doubtless, but what right has a critic to censure them, who writes *Niobe*, with the first vowel short and the second long,‡ and *Euterpe* with the accent on the first syllable instead of the second:§ and *daggerel* as a trisyllable. Particularly as in a satirist on matters of taste, a thorough knowledge of the classics is fairly to be expected, and no man, unless his mind is imbued with classic lore, has any right to place himself in the judgment seat of taste.

The accusation of 'total incomprehensibility' is not less indiscreetly urged. Examples are not cited; we will suppose, however, they might have been; but nothing can be more impenetrably hidden than the meaning of the following sentence of our fastidious critic;

* 'Useless waste of pen and ink.' p. 12.

† 'The sparkling eye of black or azure blue.' p. 30

‡ 'O dread destroyer of Niobe's sons.' p. 5.

§ 'Star-struck Urania! *Euterpe* of song.' p. 6.

' Few, happy few, whose soul inspiring course
Has proudly centered in that sacred source,
Whose flowering laurels shade the idol'd fane,*
And Fame, and Wit, and Worth, and Honour reign. p. 9.

The other citations from 'Mississippian Scenery' we presume are intended to evidence vulgarity and coarseness of taste, though the charge is not distinctly made. They are very far from refined, but perhaps our satirist did not recollect that he had bemired one of his own pages with the following nauseous comparison;

' Thou hast a brain, such as it is, indeed,
On what else should thy worms of fancy feed;
Yet in a filbert, I have often known
Maggots survive when all the kernel's gone.' p. 38.

nor that he had degraded the figure of one of the muses by the sailors' common epithet of vilification, *bloody*.†

Certainly if he had retained his lucubrations nine years, as he advises 'Maxwell, *esquire*,' to do, he would, on reflection, have expunged both these instances of bad taste, and in expunging them would have found himself moved to forgive a similar fault in a brother bard.

Towards the author of the 'Serenade' he commits equal injustice. In the first place, this poem was never published,

* For other examples of equally lucid lines see the following:

' When one description serves but to presage
A fellow feeling on its brother page?'—p. 61.

' To please some "laughter loving nymph of glee"
His arm might stay the billows of the sea,
And o'er the surface of its watery slave
A thousand petticoats in triumph wave.' p. 36

' But these are gone, and see with brazen face
Unequall'd Impudence usurp their place,
Whence Wit and Learning with derision shrink
And Folly dabbles black with stolen ink.'

† 'Bloody Melpomene! thou tragic queen!' p. 6.

but 'distributed' among the friends of the author; a few dozen copies were afterwards printed, but no pretensions were ever advanced for it further than as one of those '*vers de societe*,' that are so frequently written for ladies' albums and circulate only in private coteries. The '*Serenade*' never was *sold* nor *advertised*; and therefore is not fairly amenable to rigid criticism. But suppose the hapless poet legally arraigned, what are the *overt acts* of treason alleged against him? The lines cited are silly enough to be sure;* but through one whole page the monstrous nonsense of this figure is dilated upon. 'If Southey's overwhelming fancy had spread a like commotion in this author's head, chronicled miracles of ancient times would fall eclipsed before his wondrous rhymes.' For he who makes the 'white or blushing rose' on 'lucid snow its budding bloom disclose, can raise an Eden by his great command; in polar snow or Abyssinian sand,' &c. Then comes the incomprehensibility above referred to that 'his arm, (*videlicet* the arm of the culprit poet) might stay the billows of the sea, and o'er the surface of its (*i. e. the sea's*) *watery slave*, a thousand petticoats in triumph wave.' It is hardly credible that the above sentence should be *literatim* and '*punctuatim*' taken from the page next following the one wherein he flouts the '*reason*' of this much-laughed-at author. Our satirist had not in his memory that

'Satire recoils, whenever charged too high,
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly, &c.'—*Young*.

To talk of 'white and blushing roses blooming on cheeks of lucid snow' is talking arrant nonsense; but what shall we say of 'guiding the measure of a tide'?† Nay, a 'Cyprian

* 'With smiling cheeks of *lucid snow*
Where *white* and *blushing roses* blow.'—*Serenade*.

† 'The sparkling eye of black or azure blue,
The cheek of lily's or of rose's hue,

‘tide’ to make it more clear, and it is an ‘eye of *azure blue*’ to which our satirist attributes this difficult feat. Indeed he does not often limit himself, any more than the *Serenader*, to possibilities. He ‘sustains features,’* makes a ‘*wooden lyre* twang forth a *Jews-harp* strain,’ [p. 37] he places *empire* in a sitting posture.† Gives us ‘distempered clouds’ [p. 29] ‘a bloody word,’ a *tongue* that *tunes a lyre* [p. 16] which operation has hitherto been performed by hands;—proposes to ‘*crush a mania*’ [p. 12] and manifestly scorns to ‘curb in’ his fancy with the ‘cramping chains’‡ of taste. In short, the proofs of haste and carelessness are innumerable, even grammar is not always obeyed; ‘to rotten’§ is quite unauthorized, and we cannot suppose he intended to coin, else the animadversions on Barlow would be highly unjust.

In commenting on Mr. Paulding’s genius he adverts to the celebrated reply written by that gentleman to the Quarterly Review. But forgets that Mr. Southey long since publicly disavowed having had any share in getting up that infamous tirade, to say therefore that ‘apostate Southey’s brain, prostrated fell and strove to rise in vain,’ is altogether unjust, and the more unfortunate an error, because that great poet and accomplished historian is known to entertain and express the most liberal sentiments towards this country and its literature. Nor is the mistake compensated by any happy display

The ‘lucid snow,’ or orient blush can guide
Alike the measure of his Cyprian tide.’ p. 30.

* ‘And as he breathes the soul inspiring strain,
The brilliant *features* of his theme *sustain*.’ p. 60.

† ‘When Feeling’s empire *sits*.’ p. 37.

‡ ‘Paulding awake! let not the dream of verse
Thy *living* rays of *wakened* Taste disperse,
Curb in thy Fancy with its *tramelling* reins,
And bind thy genius in its *cramping* chains.’ p. 34.

§ ‘And send no rhyming trash to *rotten* here.’

of wit accompanying it, (as in the case of Mr. Paulding's severe retort) to call England a 'bloated world' is not very intelligible or elegant, and to say that Mr. Paulding's '*pen hurled envenomed shafts*' against it, forms an incongruous figure and a very equivocal compliment, *venom* being generally understood to belong only to odious and despicable animals.

Having censured freely where censure was called for, we shall point out a few of the best lines, that our readers may part, in good humour, with the satirist. The following is a good figure, and we know nothing to the contrary of its being original.

'How many a grovelling wight
Flickers unhonoured in the shades of night.
Or feebly rising from his native mire,
With burthened pinions flutters to expire;
Like those bright fish with silver wings that leap,
And glittering skim the surface of the deep,
'Till self-exhausted, tumbling in the foam,
They seek in darkest depths their genial home.' p. 44.

And so is this,

'Yet more is requisite than drawling verse,
Which crams the sense in a poetic hearse,
And slowly travels on, in solemn sloth,
Where dark oblivion yawns, and covers both.' p. 41.

And the description of a young rhymster's first attempt at publication is very passable.

'Nine times the midnight lamp has shed its rays
O'er that young labourer for poetic bays,
Who to the heights of Pindus fain would climb,
By seeking words that jingle into rhyme;
See how the varying passions flush his face!—
The hasty stamp!—the petulant grimace!—

‘ His youthful brains are puzzled to afford
 A rhyme to sound with some unlucky word,
 ‘Till by the Rhyming Dictionary’s aid,
 It finds a fellow and the verse is made;
 “ For so the rhyme be at the verses end,
 No matter whither all the rest does tend.”*’

‘ Now, with a trembling step, he seeks the door,
 So often visited in vain before,
 Whose horizontal aperture invites
 Communications from all scribbling wights;
 He stops; and casts his timid eyes around;
 Approaches;—footsteps on the pavement sound.
 With careless air, he wanders from the scene,
 ‘Till no intruding passengers are seen,
 Again returns:—fluttering with fears and hopes,
 He slides the precious scroll—and down it drops!
 With hurried steps that would outstrip the wind,
 And casting many a fearful glance behind,
 He hastens home to seek the arms of sleep,
 And dreams of quartos, bound in calf or sheep.

‘ Gods! how his anxious bosom throbs and beats
 To see the newsman creeping through the streets!
 Thinks, as he loiters at each patron’s door,
 Whole ages passing in one short half-hour:
 Now, from his tardy hand he grasps the news,
 And, trembling for the honour of his muse,
 Unfolds the paper;—with what eager glance
 His sparkling eyes embrace the vast expanse!
 Now, more intent, he gazes on the print,
 But not one single line of rhyme is in’t!
 The paper falls; he cries, with many a tear,
 “ My God! my Ode to Cupid—is not here!”
 One hope remains: he claims it with a sigh,
 And “ Z to-morrow” meets his dazzled eye!’ p. 50.

* Butler.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough; with his original correspondence: collected from the family records at Blenheim, and other authentic sources. Illustrated with Portraits, Maps, and Military Plans. By William Coxe, M. A. F. R. S. F. S. A. Archdeacon of Wilts.* 3 vols. 4to.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

‘JOHN CHURCHILL entered into life under circumstances peculiarly advantageous to the development of his splendid powers. The poverty of his family imposed upon him the necessity of exertion, while the services and sufferings, not only of his father but of his grandfather, in the royal cause, entitled him to the patronage of the court, which was probably, the more efficient through the interest of his sister Arabella, who submitted to become the mistress of James, duke of York. At the early age of sixteen, he obtained an ensigncy in the guards, and when only twenty-two, commanded a company of grenadiers. In this capacity he served under the orders of Turenne, and from that consummate officer acquired the element of his future mastery in the art of war. Discreet and intrepid in his military conduct, and a model of manly beauty in his person, he became a favourite both with Turenne, and with his own immediate commander, the duke of Monmouth. After acquiring the admiration of the French general, and the gratitude of Monmouth, who ascribed to captain Churchill’s intrepidity the preservation of his life, in 1674, when only twenty-four years of age, he was appointed by Louis XIV, colonel of an English regiment serving with the French army. His subsequent courtship and marriage are very cursorily described by his present biographer. We are indeed told of the ‘romantic tenderness’ and of the ‘keen sensibility’ expressed in his letters, and of the traits of character clearly to be traced in the epistles of the lady; but no specimens are inserted, though we should have

supposed that, without any infringement upon the most rigid delicacy, such extracts might have been selected as should have tended to exhibit the peculiar feelings and views of Marlborough, in this interesting portion of his life. We suspect, however, that this correspondence would not bear the light; that the epistles of the gentleman were fond and foolish, and the rejoinders of the lady petulant and capricious. The union took place in 1678. At this time, colonel Churchill was in the most intimate confidence of the duke of York, and employed by him in negotiations of the utmost secrecy and delicacy. On one occasion, when despatched by James to London for the purpose of urging decided measures on the part of Charles, it is affirmed that

‘ Arriving at court, colonel Churchill found the king too much alarmed to embrace the violent counsels of his brother; yet the dexterous negociator acquired a new title to the confidence of his patron, by the extreme address with which he executed his commission, and the impression which his representations made on the mind of the king.’

‘ It is certainly possible that Churchill proved himself a “dexterous” agent, but it does not appear, either in the illustrations or in the result, that he acquitted himself with the “extreme address” ascribed to him by Mr. Coxe. He failed in every point; nor would it seem, by the termination of the business, that he produced the slightest “impression” on the mind of the king. This sort of presumptive eulogy, which affirms without proving or supporting, is highly objectionable; and we regret we have to say that there is too much of this kind of writing throughout the work. During a considerable period, colonel Churchill was the close confidant of James I. When the Gloucester yacht was wrecked in Yarmouth roads, and “so many persons of consideration perished,” the duke himself invited his favourite to enter the boat which preserved the few who escaped; and when James was recalled to court by his brother, he procured for Churchill a

Scotch barony, and the command of "the royal regiment of horse guards." At the same time, the foundations of his future fortune were more deeply laid by the appointment of lady Churchill to an honourable post near the person of the princess Anne. On the accession of James, fresh marks of his favour were conferred upon Churchill, and he was despatched to Paris with the official intelligence of the death of Charles; on which occasion, he is said by Burnet, to have expressed to lord Galway his determination to abandon the king, if any attempt should be made to change the "religion and constitution" of England. In 1685, he was made an English peer. According to Mr. Coxe, he was the principal cause of the defeat of Monmouth in the preceding year. Soon after this, he commenced a correspondence with the prince of Orange, and when the measure of James's folly and wickedness had reached its consummation, took that decided step which his present biographer ascribes to "a sense of patriotism and religion," but the motives of which, we confess, appear to us extremely doubtful. We are disposed partly to agree with Hume, that such "conduct was a signal sacrifice, to public virtue, of every duty in private life, and required, ever after, the most upright, disinterested, and public spirited behaviour, to render it justifiable." We do not understand the "motives of delicacy" which induced him to absent himself from the Upper House, when the question concerning the vacancy of the throne was debated: it might seem that after having appeared in arms against James, the rest could be very little objectionable on the score of indelicacy.

' On the accession of William, Marlborough was employed under the prince of Waldeck, in the Netherlands, and distinguished himself by his courage and conduct, in the important affair of Walcourt. After his return to England, in the same year, he was successfully engaged in the reduction of Cork and of Kinsale. In the commencement of 1691, we find a curious instance of his "dexterous" versatility, for he

is accused, on very good and sufficient evidence, of negotiating with his old master, making large professions of repentance, and holding out vague promises of effectual service. Still, however, he stood high in the opinion of William, and was designated by the marquis of Caermarthen, as the "general of favour."

"In May, 1691, he accompanied the king to the continent, and was employed in accelerating the military preparations, and assembling the troops for the ensuing campaign. On this occasion he experienced that jealous opposition from the states general and their officers, which afterwards defeated his more important undertakings. Among other suggestions he strongly recommended measures for the security of Mons, the barrier of Flanders; but his advice was rejected, and the place was lost. During this campaign his merit attracted particular notice, and induced discerning judges to prognosticate his future celebrity. Among others, the prince of Vaudemont, being asked by the king to give his opinion on the characters of the English generals, replied, 'Kirk has fire, Laneir thought, Mackay skill, and Colchester bravery; but there is something inexpressible in the earl of Marlborough. All their virtues seem to be united in his single person. I have lost,' he emphatically added 'my wonted skill in physiognomy, if any subject of your majesty can ever attain such a height of military glory, as that to which this combination of sublime perfections must raise him.' William acknowledged the propriety of the observation by replying, with a smile, 'Cousin, you have done your part in answering my question; and I believe the earl of Marlborough will do his to verify your prediction.' " Vol. I. p. 44.

'The numerous intrigues connected with the variances between queen Mary and the princes Anne, Marlborough's disgrace and committal to the Tower, his subsequent correspondence with the exiled family, together with his restora-

tion to the ostensible favour of William, and his appointment to the office of governor to the son of the princess Anne, are distinctly, though briefly narrated in the present work. In 1698, Marlborough gave his eldest daughter to the only son of his friend lord Godolphin; and in January 1699—1700, he united his lovely and accomplished daughter Anne, to lord Spencer, the only son of the celebrated earl of Sunderland. This latter marriage was afterwards productive of considerable uneasiness to the parents of lady Anne, for Spencer, instead of yielding himself implicitly, as they expected, to their political direction, proved to be steady in his rejection of all control.

“ Lord Spencer in person was highly favoured by nature, and no less liberally gifted with intellectual endowments, which he had improved by assiduous study. He was remarkable for a sedateness above his years; but in him a bold and impetuous spirit was concealed under a cold and reserved exterior. Imbued with that ardent love of liberty, which the youthful mind generally draws from the writers of Greece and Rome, and educated amidst the effervescence which produced the revolution, he was a zealous champion of the whig doctrines, in their most enlarged sense. Associating with the remnant of republicans who had survived the commonwealth, he caught their spirit. He was an animated speaker; and in the warmth of debate, disdained to spare the prejudices or failings even of those with whom he was most intimately connected. His political idol was lord Somers, though he wanted both the prudence and temper of so distinguished a leader.” Vol. I. p. 74.

‘ In 1700, the king tried the experiment of dismissing the whigs, and committing the conduct of government to the management of the tory party. Of the new parliament elected in this year, Robert Harley was chosen speaker, and in this instance, as well as on future occasions, his political ad-

vancement was "zealously promoted" by Marlborough, who could not anticipate that in this subtle and tergiversating intriguer, he was patronising a future rival, who should retaliate upon him the injuries of the deserted James. Previously, however, to the king's death, the royal favour was restored to the whigs, and in his later arrangements for the administration of government, William was guided by the counsels of Somers. The last advice given by the king to his successor, is affirmed to have been, that she should employ "Marlborough as the most proper person in her dominions, to lead her armies, and direct her counsels."

'The accession of the new sovereign was the auspicious opening of the golden period of Marlborough's life. His countess and himself had remained attached to the princess through all the changes of her fortunes; and although it is sufficiently clear that their devotedness to her interest was little more than a shrewd political calculation, it was repaid by the weak and warm hearted Anne, with all the fervour and sincerity of pure and strong affection. She considered them as martyrs to her cause, and gave herself up to their direction. The ministerial appointments were made in great measure under the influence of Marlborough, who, though not a very warm partisan, leaned to the tory side. But his great object was, no doubt, the advancement of his own fortune and power, by obtaining the direction of the war against France; and he succeeded in those preliminary arrangements which ultimately led to the accomplishment of his purpose. In the mean time, minor acquisitions were not neglected; the garter, the captainship-general, and the direction of the ordnance department, for himself, sundry profitable offices for his countess, and a variety of good things for his family and immediate connexions, were among the earliest distributions of the new fountain of wealth and honours. We fully coincide, however, with Mr. Coxe, in his opinion, that the influence of the countess of Marlborough has been much overrated. Her

vile and imperious temper seems to have disgusted the queen, at the very commencement of her reign, and the following remarks appear to us, in all respects, just.

“ Swift observes, that the alienation of the queen from the dutchess of Marlborough commenced at her accession. This opinion, which is correct, he evidently formed from the information of Mrs. Masham and Mr. Harley.

“ The duchess herself, in her conduct, has so far over-rated her influence, as to assume the merit of having procured the nomination of the principal whig ministers, after the queen's accession, and her assertions have been implicitly adopted by those writers who are not acquainted with the secret history of the times. The fact is, that on points of minor consideration, the recommendation of the favourite was often attended with effect, but in the great arrangements of state she had no real interest. She felt and even resented this mortification, though in vain; and she has made it a subject of complaint in one of her manuscript narratives. A tory administration was formed in spite of her remonstrances; and from this cause as well as from this period of time, we trace a series of incessant bickerings with the queen. The discrimination invariably made by Anne between the two parties, who were contending for power, furnished an inexhaustible source of controversy; and this discordance of sentiment, though trifling in its origin, increased in vehemence on every subsequent change, till it ended in open and irreconcilable enmity.” pp. 116, 117, Note.

“ Anne, from the timidity of her character, was averse from the hazards of war; but it was made clear to her, that the honour and interest of England were concerned in maintaining her continental alliances, and in resisting the undisguised encroachments of the French king. Louis had, indeed, at this time, contrived to place himself in a most formidable attitude. His armies menaced, from commanding positions,

Germany, Holland, and Italy; his grandson occupied the Spanish throne; and the intrigues of the Pretender gave the means of harassing and enfeebling the exertions of Great Britain. After various negotiations, and the removal of many difficulties, Marlborough was appointed to the command of the allied armies on the lower Rhine. Mr. C. describes him as suffering before his departure the "keenest anguish" at his separation from his wife, and tells us, with all possible gravity, that "no lover ever quitted an adored mistress with more poignant sorrow, than he felt on taking leave of his countess!" He did, however, take leave of her; and early in July, 1702, assumed the command of the troops. The first transactions in which he was engaged, afforded a presage of the vexations and entanglements which were to embarrass and impede his future operations. The difficulty of collecting the various contingents, the necessity of adjusting so many conflicting claims, and of soothing so many capacious tempers, but above all, the constant and teasing interference of a set of *incubi*, in the shape of Dutch generals, and Dutch deputies, make it matter of real astonishment, not only that he accomplished so much, but that he was able to succeed in any enterprise whatever. In three instances during the campaign, he had it in his power to force the enemy to battle under circumstances that, humanly speaking, would have ensured their defeat; but the timidity of the deputies, and the tardy movements of the Dutch officers, withheld him, and the campaign terminated with the capture of a few fortresses, the possession of which was of advantage for his future movements.

"In closing our narrative of military transactions, we cannot neglect to render justice to the candour and liberality of Athlone. The veteran general, instead of indulging that jealousy, which too often rankles in less noble minds, seized an early opportunity to acknowledge his own errors, and applaud the merits of his illustrious colleague. 'The success

of this campaign,' he said, ' is solely due to this incomparable chief, since I confess that I, serving as second in command, opposed in all circumstances his opinion and proposals.' No panegyric can equal this candid avowal. It is alike honourable to the general by whom it was made, and to him whom no obstructions could divert from the accomplishment of his beneficial designs." Vol. I. p. 147.

' The queen availed herself of the satisfaction universally expressed at the conduct of the campaign, to confer a dukedom on the successful commander: and it is amusing to observe the various ways taken by both Marlborough and his wife, to obtain the addition of substantial wealth to the unprofitable title. A specimen of the insatiable avarice of the dutchess and of her husband, is afforded by the fact, that Anne having settled 5000*l.* a year on Marlborough, out of a disposable fund, wished to add to it a pension of 2000*l.* from the privy purse; this was firmly declined; but on the disgrace of the dutchess, it was claimed and received, together with the whole of the arrears from the time when it was offered and rejected. During his stay in England, we find Marlborough giving his warm sanction to the detestable bill for preventing occasional conformity, intended to weaken the influence of the whigs, by depriving them of the support of the dissenters, who then, as now, threw their interest into the scale of that party which advocated the most liberal principles. This tyrannical measure was, of course, affirmed by its favourers, to be perfectly compatible with civil and religious freedom, and the act was prefaced with the usual *quantum* of hypocritical profession.

" In the preamble persecution was disclaimed, and the principles of toleration warmly asserted; but the provisions of the act were not the less severe, and indeed were calculated to exclude all, except zealous churchmen, from every office

of trust or honour. Even the privilege of freedom in corporations was taken away. As if to increase the hardship of exclusion, no time was limited for giving information against offenders, no rule laid down to define the nature of the offence, and the penalties were so severe as in many cases to threaten utter ruin." Vol. I, p. 158.

'The attempt failed; it passed the commons, but encountered the most vigorous opposition in the house of lords. But all the schemes of ambition were for a season suspended in the mind of Marlborough, by the loss of his only son, a promising youth of seventeen, who died on the 20th February, 1703. This was a most severe stroke: it wounded him not only in his affection, but in his ambition, since it deprived him of the hope that a regular succession might perpetuate in his family his name and honours. Long after this heavy affliction, we find him reverting to it. The following letter to the dutchess, dated August 2, 1703, we cite as a specimen of his domestic correspondence.

"I have received yours of the 23d, which has given me, as you may easily believe, a good deal of trouble. I beg you will be so kind and just to me, as to believe the truth of my heart, that my greatest concern is for that of your own dear health. It was a great pleasure to me when I thought that we should be blessed with more children; but as all my happiness centers in living quietly with you, I do conjure you, by all the kindness I have for you, which is as much as ever man had for woman, that you will take the best advice you can for your health, and then follow exactly what shall be prescribed for you, and I do hope you will be so good as to let me have an exact account of it, and what the physicians' opinions are. If I were with you I would endeavour to persuade you to think as little as is possible of worldly business, and to be very regular in your diet, which I should hope would set you right in a very little time, for you have natur-

ally a very good constitution. You and I have great reason to bless God for all we have, so that we must not repine at his taking our poor child from us, but bless and praise him for what his goodness leaves us; and I do beseech him with all my heart and soul that he would comfort and strengthen both you and me, not only to bear this, but any other correction that he shall think fit to lay on us. The use I think we should make of this his correction is, that our chieftest time should be spent in reconciling ourselves to him, and having in our minds always that we may not have long to live in this world. I do not mean by this, that we should live retired from the world; for I am persuaded that by living in the world, one may do much more good than by being out of it, but at the same time to live so as that one should cheerfully die when it shall be his pleasure to call for us. I am very sensible of my own frailties; but if I can be ever so happy as to be always with you, and that you comfort and assist me in these my thoughts, I am then persuaded I should be as happy and contented as it is possible to be in this world; for I know we should both agree next to our duty to God, to do what we ought for the queen's service." ' Vol I. pp. 170, 171.

' The campaign of 1703 was opened by the French, under many advantages. They still occupied their commanding posts in Germany and Italy; and though they had been foiled, and driven back, by Marlborough, on the Meuse, yet they had sustained no defeat; their army was unbroken, and their resources were entire. Had the British general's hands been unfettered, he would, in all probability, have soon compelled the French army to retreat; but the selfish, captious, and perverse conduct of the Dutch generals, again compelled him to waste the campaign in sieges. In the mean time, he was under the necessity of carrying on a different kind of warfare in England. The ministry were divided; the more decided tories, with Rochester and Nottingham at their head, were averse from the grand schemes of continental exertion,

which were promoted by Marlborough and Godolphin. Rochester was dismissed, and the duchess, who was a clamorous whig, was persevering in her efforts to persuade her husband to connect himself with the party which she preferred. Harassed and exhausted by all these intrigues and differences, Godolphin and the duke, either in earnest or in menace, began to hint an intention of retiring. The following letter from the queen, is in answer to a threat of this kind. It may be necessary to apprise some of our readers that in Anne's private correspondence with the duchess, she was accustomed to adopt the name of Morley, while Mr. and Mrs. Freeman denote the duke and his wife, and Mr. Montgomery stands for Godolphin.

“The thoughts that both my dear Mrs. Freeman and Mr. Freeman seem to have of retiring, give me no small uneasiness, and therefore I must say something on that subject. It is no wonder at all that people in your posts should be weary of the world, who are so continually troubled with all the hurry and impertinencies of it; but give me leave to say you should a little consider your faithful friends and poor country, which must be ruined if ever you put your melancholy thoughts in execution. As for your poor unfortunate faithful Morley, she could not bear it; for if ever you should forsake me, I would have nothing more to do with the world, but make another abdication; for what is a crown when the support of it is gone. I never will forsake your dear self, Mr. Freeman, nor Mr. Montgomery, but always be your constant and faithful friend, and we four must never part till death mows us down with his impartial hand.”

Vol. I. p. 203.

‘The campaign closed under the most gloomy prospects, and it appeared probable, that another year would enable the French monarch to break up the confederacy, by compelling the emperor to sign a treaty of submission under the very walls of Vienna. The Hungarian insurrection was gaining

ground; the Bavarians were in full strength on the Danube; Villars had secured the defiles of the Black Forest; and the house of Austria seemed on the very verge of the lowest humiliation. It was under these circumstances that the English general planned and executed that admirable scheme which changed the fortunes of the war, gave Austria a breathing time, and commenced that series of triumphs, which made the name of *Malbrouk* as great a terror to France, as that of Richard had been to the Saracens. In April, 1704, he quitted England for this brilliant service, and soon after his departure, Nottingham was compelled to resign his office in the administration; a step which though it was immediately conducive to the success of the great plans of Marlborough, yet ultimately led to his fall, since it introduced into the more important offices of government, Harley and St. John.

“Many of the zealous whigs were highly offended at these appointments, which they regarded as a slight to their party: and their complaints were imparted to Marlborough by his son in law, lord Sunderland. But he had still more vehement expostulations to encounter from his duchess. She depicted the attachment and zeal professed by Harley, as mere artifices to clothe his consummate subtlety; and her keen sagacity equally discovered the insatiable ambition and party zeal, which in St. John was cloaked with the appearance of unaffected candour, and careless vivacity. She conjured her husband to moderate his confidence towards two statesmen whom she regarded as doubtful friends, if not dangerous enemies. Marlborough, however, neglected these warnings, from the honourable motive of regarding merit and abilities in the choice of his confidants, and from a native magnanimity of character, which was as unsuspicious as it was itself above suspicion. He thus unconsciously prepared the way for his subsequent mortification and final disgrace.”

Vol. I. p. 233.

‘ Marlborough had now commenced an undertaking of the utmost difficulty; he had to disengage himself and his army from the Dutch, and at the same time to conceal his real intentions, under the pretence of some less hazardous scheme. At length he succeeded in every point, and commenced his march ostensibly for the Moselle, but in reality for Bavaria. At Mondelsheim he met prince Eugene, and they were afterwards joined by the Margrave Louis of Baden. With the first he contracted a close intimacy, which was never afterwards broken, nor even impaired; but the last seemed to be the legitimate representative of the Dutch generals, able but dilatory, jealous, and punctilious. The Margrave often occasioned the greatest uneasiness to Marlborough, and prevented the completion of the best arranged enterprises. In order to cover his dominions from the intended attack, the elector of Bavaria had taken up two formidable positions, one of which it was necessary to force, for the purpose of securing the passage of the Danube. On the 2d of July, after a long and fatiguing march, Marlborough came in front of the Schellenberg, a fortified height above the town and fortress of Donawert, defended by a strong body of Bavarian troops. The fortifications were as yet imperfect, and since every hour’s delay tended to multiply the resources of the enemy, the British general made his dispositions immediately, and after a sanguinary conflict, forced the lines. The subsequent possession of Donawert gave him the command of the Danube, and he lost no time in advancing into the territories of the elector. We are sorry to add, that he tarnished his fame by licensing his troops to lay waste the country, a measure of which the barbarity is in no degree extenuated by the examples of other commanders, who have sanctioned similar excesses. At length, the French marshal Tallard joined the troops of the elector, with a strong force, and prince Eugene, who had been manœuvring against him with an inferior army, opened his communication with Marlborough. The first step of

these great generals was, to relieve themselves from the presence of the unmanageable Margrave, whom they persuaded to undertake the siege of Ingoldstadt. After various movements, the Gallo-Bavarian army took up a strong position in advance of Hochstett, and behind a swampy rivulet called the Nebel. The ground was favourable, and the advantages on the side of the French were considerable. The streamlet in their front was impassable, excepting in particular points, which were of course protected; their extreme right rested on the Danube, and was covered by the fortified and strongly garrisoned village of Blenheim; the village of Oberglauh was occupied as a support to the centre, and the village of Lutzingen served as a *point d'appui* to the left. The hostile armies were respectively 56,000 and 52,000 men, the higher number belonging to the army of Tallard and the elector. In the position of the French and Bavarians there were, however, certain weak points, which such men as Marlborough and Eugene were not likely to overlook. That acute but self-sufficient critic Feuquieres, enumerates exactly a dozen cardinal errors on the part of his countrymen, some of which, we confess, appear to us rather captiously selected. The great error seems to have consisted in the arrangement, by which the centre was weakened for the purpose of filling the village of Blenheim with troops, part of whom might certainly have been more advantageously employed elsewhere. After all, we suspect that the position though admirably chosen, in itself considered, was yet somewhat too extensive for the number of men by whom it was occupied. The attack of the French right and centre was consigned to Marlborough, who began the action by an attempt to carry the village of Blenheim, which was completely unsuccessful, and after an immense loss, the troops were compelled to shelter themselves behind the crest of a rising ground. In the meantime the British centre, after sustaining several charges of cavalry, maintained itself on the right bank of the Nebel. In the

various manœuvres which effected and followed this success, the English general appears to us to have conducted himself with consummate skill, self-possession, and intrepidity. He presented himself at every difficult point, and in particular, when the conflict had assumed the most disastrous aspect in the vicinity of Oberglauch, through the cowardice or insubordination of the imperial cavalry, the duke in person took the command of the troops in that quarter, and by a series of decisive movements, established his brigades on the contested ground. Marlborough then formed his divisions for the final attack, and after a fierce and doubtful struggle, bore down the opposing lines. During these transactions, Eugene with the right wing, had been vainly striving by a succession of desperate charges, to drive back the left wing of the French army, commanded by the elector of Bavaria. After having with the utmost difficulty, succeeded in turning the left flank of the Bavarians, and in occupying a position, which though somewhat in advance, was yet extremely hazardous, he had been compelled to wait the result of the battle on his left. Witnessing the success of Marlborough, he advanced on the elector, who, with Marsin, commenced an orderly retreat; but the French right was completely broken, numbers were drowned in the Danube, and the whole division which had been posted in Blenheim, was constrained to surrender. Marshal Tallard was among the prisoners.

‘The victory of Blenheim broke down at once the supremacy of France, quelled the terror which her arms had so long inspired, and gave a new character to the war. The French generals now lost their presumptuous confidence of success, and shunned, with pertinacious timidity, every hazard of committing themselves in battle with Marlborough upon equal terms. And yet, when we examine their various details of the transactions of this war, it may, it is true, be collected from them, that such an officer had the command of the British troops; but that he ever succeeded in defeat-

ing the armies of France, is carefully concealed or evaded. Feuquieres does indeed speak of Marlborough, as having brought a body of auxiliary troops to the aid of Eugene; but the latter is mentioned by him as the principal commander. "The right wing of prince Eugene," is a phrase which implies that the whole of the army was under his command. The fact, on the contrary, is, that Eugene commanded only the right wing, whose share in the battle consisted chiefly in a series of fierce, and unsuccessful attacks, without the opportunity for the exercise of much skill and science; whereas in the centre and on the left, both of which were under the direction of Marlborough, not only there was much severe fighting, but a number of difficult and complicated movements and manœuvres were necessary to turn the fortune of the day.

' But Feuquieres is constrained to do justice to the genius of Marlborough, though he carefully avoids naming him, for he is compelled to admit that the formation of the troops on the left, was, although *bizarre*, yet *judicieusement pensée*. Now, this is the highest praise of a commander, that in adaptation of circumstances, he can depart from a servile adherence to rule and routine, and invent for himself new modes and facilities of action. Nor does he deal fairly with Tallard, who certainly fought bravely and stubbornly, and as certainly availed himself of some of those opportunities and advantages which his critic intimates that he neglected.

' The military results of this important action, led to the passage of the Rhine, the surrender of Landau, and the possession of strong winter-quarters on the Moselle. After a diplomatic journey to Berlin, and a politic visit to Hanover, Marlborough returned by the Hague to England, where, though he met with the usual proportion of annoyance from his political opponents, he was indemnified by ample honours and recompenses, among which were the manor of Woodstock, and the palace of Blenheim.

‘The respective characters of the celebrated “Junta” of the five whig leaders, the lords Somers, Wharton, Halifax, Orford, and Sunderland, are on the whole faithfully portrayed, and accurately discriminated by our author. At all times their talents and activity had given them great influence, but at the present period, they began to act a more conspicuous and effective part. Disgusted by the violence and mere party spirit of the mass of the tories, Marlborough and Godolphin were led to conciliate the whigs by more decided steps. The situation of the duke, in the midst of all these cabals, was not a little embarrassing. His own political views were, in general, of a moderate and intermediate kind, with a bias, however, towards the tories, as, on the whole, the fittest instruments for his system of administration; but, chiefly, because the inclinations of the queen were decidedly in favour of the avowed principles of that party. Godolphin, whose habits of thinking were very much in unison with those of Marlborough, was of a weaker and more fluctuating cast of mind, and must have frequently given great annoyance to his former colleague, by his timidity and his hesitation. But the duchess seems to have been her husband’s arch-tormentor: her whig principles were little suited to his practical politics, and still less to the tory prejudices of the queen. The letters of the duke to this intriguing and vexatious termagant, show the perpetual state of restlessness in which he was kept by her temper; they are marked by a pervading tone of deprecation; and his unwearied assurances of his anxious inclination to desist from the harassing duties of his profession, and, apart from war and politics, to enjoy domestic life in her society, indicate unequivocal symptoms of a real disposition to remain at a tranquillizing distance from her reproaches and complaints.

“It has been generally asserted that Marlborough evinced the same weakness as Belisarius, in submitting to the government of his wife. It cannot indeed be denied that in

domestic life he indulged her caprices; and that conferring offices of more emolument than trust, he occasionally listened to her recommendation. But the whole series of his correspondence shows that she possessed no influence in political affairs of importance, and was suffered to take no share in those arrangements which give character to the administration of government. The whigs, whose interest she particularly claims the merit of promoting, were little indebted to her importunities, and owed their introduction to power to the fears of the treasurer, to their strength in parliament, and above all to the conviction of Marlborough, that the war could not be vigorously prosecuted without their support."

Vol. I. p. 377.

'The campaign of 1705, was commenced by Marlborough on the Moselle, but the gross misconduct of the Margrave of Baden, and the prudent tactics of Villars, prevented the accomplishment of his designs; and the movements of Villeroy on the Meuse, induced him to abandon all his previous plans, and to march to the assistance of the Dutch. His arrival changed the aspect of affairs; the French marshal was compelled to fall back, and to shelter himself behind his strong lines on the little Gheet river. Experience has since shown, that excepting under very peculiar circumstances, this kind of bulwark is at best uncertain, and that an enterprising and skilful enemy will always find a method of breaking through it. In fact, the attempt to fortify a whole country is palpably absurd. There will necessarily occur some weak part, some vantage ground to an enemy; the assailant can always find means to make the movements of defence more harassing than the demonstrations of attack, and it will be always extremely difficult for the defensive commander to distinguish between deceptive and genuine manœuvres. Such was the case in the present instance. By a well-devised and boldly executed feint, Marlborough attracted the attention of Villeroy and the elector of Bavaria to a particular point, and

by a series of rapid and skilfully combined marches, forced his passage in a different quarter with very slight loss. But all his subsequent measures for compelling the enemy to a battle on terms advantageous to himself, were completely thwarted by the Dutch generals, and especially by Slangenberg. On one occasion, in particular, where Marlborough had made every disposition for an attack in full confidence of success, this petulant, and vile tempered Dutchman conducted himself with the grossest outrage and insubordination, and, by his influence with the deputies and generals, compelled the duke to abandon his intention, exclaiming, in grief and mortification, "I am at this moment *ten* years older than I was four days ago." So glaring and insolent an interference with the well-digested schemes of a commander in chief, was not to be tolerated, if any expectation were indulged of vigorous measures and ultimate success; and accordingly, though the duke conducted himself with exemplary moderation, the general indignation produced the salutary effect of exonerating him from blame, and removing Slangenberg from the army. But the mischief was done, and the campaign terminated without any further signal success. Marlborough's time and talents were, however, fully occupied in a variety of intricate negotiations, which induced him to visit Vienna, Berlin, Hanover, and the Hague, previously to his return to England. During these transactions, the different parties at home, were annoying each other by all possible means, and the duke was, as usual, one of the principal objects of aspersions by the advocates of the tory side, who were unable to forgive his coalition with the whigs. A curious anecdote is told of Harley, in this part of the work. Godolphin and his great coadjutor had taken much pains to effect a union of the moderate tories, of whom Harley and St. John were the ostensible leaders, with the whig party, and in furtherance of this desirable purpose,

“ A dinner was arranged by the two ministers, at the house of Harley. The company consisted, on one side, of Harley and St. John, and on the other of Halifax, Sunderland, and Boyle, together with Godolphin and Marlborough. Somers was also invited, but going to his country house, sent an excuse in terms which proved that he concurred in sentiment with those who were present. The entertainment passed with great spirit, and apparent cordiality, though the whigs could not refrain from indicating the suspicions which they still fostered of Harley's subtle and trimming character. The anecdote will be best related in the words of lord Cowper, who was himself one of the actors. ‘ On the departure of lord Godolphin, Harley took a glass, and drank to love and friendship, and everlasting union, and wished he had more Tokay to drink it in; we had drank two bottles good, but thick. I replied, his white Lisbon was best to drink it in, being very *clear*. I suppose he apprehended it (as I observed most of the company did) to relate to that humour of his, which was never to deal clearly or openly; but always with reserve, if not dissimulation, or rather simulation; and to love tricks when not necessary, but from an inward satisfaction in applauding his own cunning.’ ” Vol. I. pp. 522, 3.

‘ The exertions of Marlborough were acknowledged by the emperor Joseph, in the strongest terms; and in 1705, he was created a prince of the empire, with the additional grant of the territory of Mindelheim, yielding an annual revenue of nearly 2000*l*. This territorial acquisition did not, however, remain long in his possession. It had originally belonged to Bavaria, and was restored at the conclusion of peace.

‘ Notwithstanding the brilliant successes of Marlborough, he had been so completely counteracted by the jealousy, or perhaps, in some instances, the treachery of his coadjutors, as to be prevented from following up and completing them, by a transfer of the seat of war to the country of the enemy. But his military character began now to stand so high, and

the true interests of the grand alliance to be so much more clearly understood, that he obtained a greater degree of confidence from the different powers, and a more implicit deference from the officers of all nations by whom he was surrounded. Still, however, he was pressed upon by many and formidable difficulties. The emperor urged him to resume the command on the Moselle: but it was his own wish to join Eugene in Italy, where the activity of Vendome had so shattered the forces of the imperialists, as to reduce them to a system cautiously defensive.

‘ This plan was defeated by various circumstances; but the alarm occasioned by the success of Villars against the prince of Baden on the Upper Rhine, extorted from the Dutch an assurance that the plans of the general should no longer be thwarted by the cabals of nominally inferior authorities. Still, Marlborough entered upon the service of the campaign with (in his own phrase) “ a heavy heart.” Expecting that the French commanders would limit themselves to defensive manœuvres, he anticipated no such results as would give a favourable and decided change to the general aspect of the war. His active and well-conceived measures were, however, successful in compelling his antagonists to alter their plans. Trusting to a secret intelligence with an inhabitant of Namur, he determined, by possessing himself of that important fortress, to turn the right flank of the French lines, and with this view he advanced on Tirlemont, with a force somewhat inferior in amount to that of the enemy. Namur was a possession of too much value to be lost without an effort to preserve it. Villeroy accordingly put his army in motion without delay, and having established himself in the strong position of Mont St. Andre, awaited the attack of the allies. The celebrated action of Ramillies which followed, seems to have been most admirably fought, on the part of Marlborough. His first movement, which, by alarming Villeroy for his left, led him to *ungarnish* his centre and right,

contributed essentially to the success of the day. Every subsequent error of the enemy was marked and turned to account by the vigilance of the English general, and after some hard fighting and skilful manœuvring, he succeeded in routing the right wing of the French, and in establishing his troops on the heights of Ottomond, the key to their position. An attempt on the part of the enemy, to accomplish their retreat in good order, was rendered ineffectual by a series of vigorous charges, and the French army was driven, in rapid flight, behind the canal of Brussels. It was impossible, as it seems to us, for the duties of a commanding officer to have been more consummately discharged than they were by Marlborough on this occasion. His person was, at one time, in the greatest danger, and it was by his own specific exertions, most ably seconded by the gallant Dutch veteran Overkirk, that the decisive movements of the battle were effected. But a higher praise than this, the praise of careful humanity, belongs to the British general; and we are happy to advert to it in this place, because he has been accused, on most respectable authority, of gross failure in this respect. In Dr. Doddridge's life of Colonel Gardiner, in reference to this very battle it is affirmed to have been the duke's "constant method" to pursue his advantages, "without ever regarding the wounded." In one of his own letters on a subsequent occasion, we find Marlborough declaring it "most scandalous" to leave behind "cannon and wounded men;" and in the present instance Mr. Coxe affirms that

"The humanity displayed by the victorious general towards his prisoners, deserves to be recorded for the applause of an impartial posterity. The sick and wounded were lodged in hospitals, and treated with the same care and attention as the troops of the allies. The prisoners were conveyed into Holland with the sympathy due to their misfortune; and supplied with all the comforts which their situation required. To the beneficent example which Marlborough display-

ed on this, as on other occasions, we are indebted for the refined tenderness which has taken place in the intercourse of hostile armies. This virtue extorted the admiration even of the enemy; and a French writer pays a just eulogium to our great commander, for a quality which could not be said to distinguish the chiefs of his own and preceding ages. ‘ Marlborough always showed the utmost attention to his prisoners, and set the example of that humanity which has since soothed the horrors and calamities of war.’ ” Vol. II. p. 29.

‘ The surrender of the chief towns in Brabant, was the immediate consequence of this splendid victory. After having taken Ostend, Menin, and other strong places, it was the intention of Marlborough to close the campaign with the siege of Mons, but the timidity of the Dutch prevented the accomplishment of his design. If this great officer had been permitted to form his own plans, it is probable that the consequences of the battle of Ramillies would have been far more important; but, teased on the one hand by the shortsightedness of Godolphin, who pressed for the siege of Dunkirk, and on the other, by the selfishness of the states general, who wished to strengthen their frontier, he wasted in sieges, the season which, had he been left to his own discretion, he would most probably have employed in more effective enterprises. At the mean time Marlborough was annoyed by appeals from every quarter. The soul and centre of every negotiation, he was addressed on all occasions of difficulty. The emperor of Germany and the king of Prussia were on unpleasant terms, and Marlborough was the successful mediator; Ragotzki and the Hungarian insurgents entreated his good offices; Eugene, from Italy, applied most urgently to him for money and for troops; the duke of Savoy pressed him for assistance; the discontents and variances of the British generals in Spain, were referred to him; and above all, he was incessantly assailed by Godolphin and the duchess, the former of whom derived firmness and decision from

his counsels, while the latter wearied him with her complaints against the queen, the tories, and himself. But we pass over, for the present, the political intrigues carried on in England, that we may follow Marlborough without interruption through the whole of his military career.

‘ At this period, the anxious attention of Europe was excited by the appearance of that eccentric monarch, Charles XII. of Sweden, on a scene of action near enough to make it of the utmost consequence to ascertain his ultimate views. After having dissolved with unexampled intrepidity and ability, the triple alliance formed for the detestable purpose of oppressing his kingdom during the nonage of its sovereign, he had now led his army into Saxony, where, not satisfied with compelling the elector Augustus to comply with the most mortifying terms, he seemed disposed to interfere in the dispute between the emperor and the French. The court of Versailles employed bribery, intrigue, negotiation, in order to procure his assistance, and endeavoured by every possible artifice, to inflame his resentment against the emperor, on account of certain injuries and insults which the Swedish monarch threatened to avenge. Marlborough, whose intelligence seems to have been at once extensive and minute, actually obtained a copy of the secret instructions given to the French agent at the court of Charles. Under these circumstances, he determined on paying a visit to the camp of Alt Ranstadt, and after having made some necessary arrangements at the Hague, and a stay of a few hours at Hanover, he reached the place of his destination, on the 24th April, 1707. “The Swede,” highly gratified by this concession, received his visitant with the utmost graciousness, and appeared to be perfectly captivated by his polished manners, and insinuating address. The outlines of this negotiation are found in all the histories of the time, and its details, though highly interesting, are too minute for insertion here. Mr. Coxe has given a very animated and authentic narra-

tive of the facts, with a judicious selection from the original correspondence, which he closes with a very curious paper, containing the account, transmitted to Louis XIV. by Besenval, the French agent, under a feigned name and character, of the negotiations between Charles and Marlborough. It must, however, be remarked, that though the skill and address of the English negotiator were beyond all praise, much of his success must be ascribed to Charles's obstinate determination to inflict a signal vengeance on the Tsar of Muscovy; a settled purpose to which he made all other plans and enterprises whatsoever give way.

'The campaign of 1707, was every where disastrous to the allies. The fatal battle of Almanza wrecked their army in Spain; the expedition to Toulon failed under Eugene and the duke of Savoy; Villars obtained advantages on the Upper Rhine; and Marlborough was prevented by the Dutch, from undertaking any effectual enterprise against Vendome. Still, in the exhausted state of the French monarchy, the mere protraction of the war was deeply felt, and this circumstance, together with the elevation of spirit produced by their successes, was sufficient to induce the generals and the government of France, to concur in determining to hazard a battle as soon as the proper season for action should return. They commenced the campaign with a well concerted movement, which gave them possession by surprise of Bruges and Gnent, and enabled them to invest Oudenard. But Marlborough, who had been joined by Eugene, immediately entered upon a series of bold offensive movements, and anticipated the enemy in the very camp which they intended to occupy in order to cover the siege. The battle of Oudenard, which followed this manœuvre, appears to have been most ably fought under the direction of Marlborough. Its success was greatly due to the intrepidity and ability of the aged Overkirk. Vendome, though thwarted by the waywardness of the duke of Burgundy, discharged the duties of a gallant

soldier and able officer, and when all was lost, made a noble effort to effect the retreat in order; but his courage and skill were ill seconded, and he was left, by the other generals, to exert himself almost singly, at the head of a small and disheartened body of troops, to interpose a barrier between the routed army and its pursuers. At this crisis Marlborough made a proposition which, in our opinion, does him higher honour than any of his actual victories, and which clearly shows, that had he been left unshackled, and free to avail himself of the full resources of his powerful mind, he would have anticipated many of the grand innovations of modern times, instead of creeping feebly on from siege to siege, and wasting time and power without any adequate result. He proposed to mask Lille, and advance at once into the heart of France. This plan, if successful, would probably have finished the war in a single campaign; but it was impossible to persuade the Dutch to listen to it, and even Eugene was staggered at its boldness. The siege of Lille was, at length, determined on; and even this enterprise, such was the strength of that fortress, and such the means provided for its defence, was considered as hazardous, and treated by the French generals with contempt and ridicule. The various and complicated movements which were made by the different armies, are distinctly described by Mr. Coxe, with the help of major Smith, an officer on whose scientific knowledge Mr. C. has depended for the accuracy of all his military details; they are however at once too multiplied and too minute for insertion here. The conduct of the siege was undertaken by Eugene, while Marlborough, with the covering army, watched the strong force under Vendome and Berwick, which was manœuvring for the relief of the town. The French generals made every preparation for an engagement, but the allies were too strongly posted, and the intention was relinquished. Of all the actions which occurred during the siege, the battle of Wynendale, fought by general Webb, was the

most important. With scarcely half the number of his opponents, he made good his ground, and effectually protected a convoy, the loss of which would have saved Lille. After the trenches had been open sixty days, the town surrendered on the 23d October; but the citadel held out till the 9th December, when Boufflers marched out with the honours of war, having signalized his bravery and skill by one of the most pertinacious defences on record. In the meantime, the allied generals had forced, nearly without loss, the passage of the Scheldt, and compelled the French army to retreat.

‘ The negotiations of 1709, were rendered abortive by the extravagant demands of the allies. The general history of this transaction is sufficiently known; and notwithstanding the feeble endeavour of Archdeacon Coxe to rescue the memory of Marlborough from the imputation of desiring to prolong the war, we apprehend that the charge is completely established by the facts even as stated by himself. The “perfidy” of Louis has nothing to do with the question; it is enough that Marlborough deliberately, and without employing his paramount influence at home to procure any mitigation, made, and insisted upon, proposals to the plenipotentiaries of France, which it would have been folly and infamy to have accepted. There were more bases than one, on which a secure and advantageous peace might have been concluded, had Marlborough, Godolphin and the whigs, been in earnest.

‘ In the campaign of 1709, Eugene and Marlborough were opposed by Villars, who was not, however, able to prevent them from taking, after a long and sanguinary siege, the strong town of Tournay. After the surrender of this fortress, the allies by a series of able manœuvres, passed without loss the lines of the Trouille, and invested Mons. We shall not attempt to detail the complicated movements which preceded and attended the bloody and unprofitable victory of Malplaquet. If the advice said to have been given by Marlborough, to attack Villars on the 10th of September, had

been acted upon, much would have been gained by preventing the French from entrenching, but the counsel of Eugene prevailed, and the engagement was deferred till the following day. The conflict was desperate, and the carnage horrible. The generals on both sides conducted themselves with the utmost courage and ability, and the troops rivalled each other in valour and devotedness. Villars was wounded and carried from the field; upon which, Boufflers, finding that all was in disorder, determined on a retreat, which was effected with great regularity. The loss in both armies was dreadful. That on the side of the confederates greatly exceeded that of the French, who were intrenched; but much of it appears to have been owing to the headstrong and uncalculating impetuosity of the young prince of Orange. The following passage from the letter of a "French officer of distinction, written soon after the battle," shows the opinion of those who were qualified to judge even on the enemy's side.

"The Eugenes and Marlboroughs ought to be well satisfied with us during that day; since till then they had not met with resistance worthy of them. They may say, with justice, that nothing can stand before them; and indeed, what shall be able to stem the rapid course of these two heroes, if an army of 100,000 of the best troops posted between two woods trebly intrenched, and performing their duty as well as any brave men could do, were not able to stop them one day? Will you not then own with me, that they surpass all the heroes of former ages." Vol. II. pp. 98, 9.

'The conferences of Gertruydenberg having proved ineffectual, principally in consequence of the ambitious views of Austria, the campaign of 1710 began on the part of the allies, with the siege of Douay, which they took, notwithstanding the efforts of Villars to relieve it. The remainder of this year was signalized by the capture of several important towns, but without any action on a large scale. The interval between this and the following campaign, was most dis-

astrous to Marlborough. The merited disgrace of his turbulent wife, and the complete success of the intrigues of Harley, placed him in a most difficult and harassing situation. He continued, however, to retain the command, and in 1711, entered upon his last campaign, which, though no great victory distinguished it, yet, by its entire success in its main objects, against the ablest general France had possessed since the deaths of Turenne and Luxembourg, gave the last finish to his military reputation. Villars, during the cessation of active hostilities, had employed himself and his army in the construction of those formidable lines, which interposed a final barrier between the allies and France, and of which he publicly boasted, as the *ne plus ultra* of Marlborough. These entrenchments the English general had determined to pass; and after a series of manœuvres of a most complicated and extraordinary kind, by which he completely baffled and deceived the French marshal, he carried his army across the lines, with scarcely the loss of a man. Villars endeavoured to retrieve his fortune by tempting his opponent to battle on most disadvantageous terms, and Marlborough was urged even by the Dutch deputies to accept the challenge; he declined, however, and wisely, for the strength of the French position was such as to make the attempt madness. The movements connected with the siege of Bouchain, which was taken under the very eye of Villars, are very ably and distinctly described in this work, to which we must refer our readers. This was the last achievement of Marlborough as a general, for the secret negotiations which had been for some time pending between France and England, were now so far advanced, as to render further operations inexpedient.

‘ A particular inquiry into the state of parties during the splendid military career of Marlborough, a subject intimately connected with his public character, and with that period of English history to which his life belongs, would lead us

into an extensive field of observation, and be more than we can attempt in the compass to which we must restrict ourselves. A brief sketch of the vicissitudes of party, and of the consequent vexations which Marlborough was doomed to experience, is all we can venture to give. Archdeacon Coxe has certainly furnished many valuable illustrations, and has given the clew to several important trains of investigation; but we should have been better pleased, had he exercised somewhat more decision and impartiality. The conduct of the whigs, on great occasions, ~~was~~ dignified and patriotic; but the behaviour of the *Junta* was, in not a few instances, arbitrary and oppressive. Nor were they on all occasions steady to their principles; for we find them occasionally disposed, if not absolutely to reject them, at least to leave them in abeyance; as for instance, when they consented to sanction and support, in direct opposition, in their professed attachment to civil and religious liberty, the bill against occasional conformity, in compliance with the tory prejudices of lord Nottingham. On these, and on some other points, we expected to derive more information from the present work, than we have found it furnish. We have already adverted to the queen's decided attachment to the tories. It is probable that she was withheld only by the strong influence of Marlborough, and the moderation of his principles and of those of Godolphin, from absolutely identifying herself with her favourite party, at the very outset of her reign. Circumstances connected with the personal ambition of Marlborough, and with his views of continental politics, aided by the partialities of the duchess, induced him to make common cause with the whigs, whose liberal principles and independence of feeling, were as little to the taste of Anne, as their want of accommodation to her habits and wishes. The petulance and dictatorial spirit of the duchess of Marlborough, very soon excited the disgust and alienated the affections of her mistress; and her introduction of Mrs. Masham, a woman of subtle, intriguing, and yet apparently compliant spirit, to the service of Anne, pre-

pared the way, by the contrast between the engaging manners of a grateful dependent, and the capricious demeanor of a haughty favourite, for the final disgrace of the latter. By a singular coincidence, the duke had introduced Harley to public service, and seems to have been duped nearly to the end, by the plausible and insinuating manners of that accomplished deceiver. Repeatedly was he warned of his error; most urgently was he pressed by the whigs to crush the rising intriguer, before his influence should become too strong to be dispossessed; he clung to him to the last, and lent him his patronage almost up to the very point when he was reduced to the humiliating necessity of intreating the protection of his former dependent. Harley was an accomplished man and a dexterous negotiator, but he seems to have been a very miserable statesman. By a long train of subtle and scarcely tangible intrigues, he obtained the direction of the affairs of England, and the favour of Anne; but he soon found that his post was untenable, unless by some decided measure. With a view, therefore, to fix himself at the helm, as the pacificator of England, he entered on clandestine negotiations with France, and concluded the ignominious treaty of Utrecht. St. John, a man of stronger intellect, and of a more determined character, felt that a severe reckoning would sooner or later be exacted for that injurious measure, and boldly stood the hazard of a desperate cast. He procured the dismissal of Harley, and was in the very act of forming a Jacobite ministry, with the view of altering the succession, and enthroning the pretender, when the death of Anne terminated his projects, and sent him into merited exile.

‘The dismissal of the whigs was the signal for a series of persecutions directed especially against Marlborough, whose high military and political character rendered him the great object of dread to the new administration. The commissioners of public accounts charged him with having illegally

appropriated large sums of money to his own use; a charge which he repelled by showing that they were admitted perquisites, and by the still more satisfactory allegation, that the money had been spent in procuring private intelligence. In great part, at least, this defence was correct; for the extent, the minuteness, and the accuracy of his secret information, were altogether astonishing, and could never have been obtained without the sacrifice of immense sums. Without, however, regarding his defence, the ministry and their adherents assailed him with every weapon of offensive warfare: public prosecutions were commenced against him, the light troops of the party annoyed him with scurrilous lampoons, and no calumny was too gross to swell the catalogue of his imputed crimes. He did not conduct himself in this crisis, with quite so much dignity as the friends of his fame might be disposed to wish; at length, however, finding no abatement of the tempest, he wisely determined on leaving England, until some change should admit of his safe return. He was received on the continent with the highest honours; people and magistrates, garrisons and governors, vied in their demonstrations of respect and admiration to the illustrious exile. He resided for some time at Frankfort, but afterwards removed to Antwerp. During his continental residence, he was fully occupied with an active correspondence with his friends in England, and with the court of Hanover; and, when the death of Anne, and the firmness of the whigs, had defeated the machinations of Bolingbroke, he returned to his native land with the resumption of his honours, and the restoration of his credit. It ought not, however, to be omitted, that he had adopted the resolution of returning, previously to the queen's decease, for the express purpose of aiding in the struggle which was expected to ensue.

Marlborough's latter years were imbittered by disease and domestic calamity. The loss of two daughters, of whom one, the countess of Sunderland, appears to have been a pious

and accomplished woman, and the other, the countess of Bridgewater, is described as "mild, affectionate and dutiful," must have wounded him deeply, and no doubt, accelerated the paralytic seizure which soon after affected him. He recovered from this attack, and from subsequent ones, and retained a considerable portion of mental vigour to the last; but it is deeply to be regretted that he was persuaded to lay aside his first intention of resigning his active employments. His speech was affected, and as his appearance and demeanor must have exhibited, though, perhaps, under a mitigated aspect, the marks of disease, it was the effect of a degrading selfishness in those who had influence over the debilitated mind of the general, that he was allowed to carry into public life, the shattered relics of his noble form and his nobler mind. He died on the 16th of June, 1722, at the age of seventy-two.

'The character of Marlborough may be sufficiently traced from our preceding remarks, we shall however, indulge ourselves in a very few additional observations. He was, beyond all doubt, one of the most extraordinary personages that have ever appeared upon the public stage. Majestic and of finished beauty in his person, dignified and polished in his manners and address, of tranquil temper, and of consummate self-command, he was fitted by nature for a negotiator and a courtier. His calm and prompt good sense, and his peculiar clearness of head, qualified him for the high post of command, and for the enormous mass of business which he was able to manage and execute apparently with perfect ease; for he was, in fact, the captain-general and the prime minister, not of England only, but of Europe. His epistolary correspondence alone might seem to have been the business of a diligent life. As a statesman he was, in general, actuated by large views, just discrimination, and a vigorous policy. But it was as a military commander that he was most distinguished. He appears to have been a consummate master

of stratagem; his marches, his choice of positions, his manœuvres in the field, were of the most admirable kind. We do not recollect that he ever gave his antagonists an advantage over him by an error in this respect. In action he was cool and intrepid, observing with vigilant eye the evolutions of his enemy, and availing himself with promptitude and decision of every misjudged movement. In a word, though opposed by the best generals and the best troops of the most military nation in Europe, he was *always* successful. He never fought a battle which he did not win, nor besieged a town which he did not take. He baffled the genius and enterprise of Villars, and when he retired from the command, the ground that he had gained was rapidly lost, though guarded by the skill and valour of Eugene.

‘Of his faults we have no wish to speak; but the better features of his character are favourably delineated in the following extract from Mr. Coxe’s last chapter.

“He was equally regular and exemplary, in the performance of moral and religious duties. The principles, which he had imbibed in his early years, were indelibly impressed on his mind; and in courts and camps, as well as in domestic life, he exhibited the same pious confidence in the protection of an over-ruling Providence. He was a firm believer in the truths of the Christian Revelation, and zealously attached to the doctrines of the established church. Hence, he was punctual in his attendance on the divine offices, a frequent communicant, and manifested a devotion, fervent, but calm, and no less remote from enthusiasm, than from indifference.

“Though brought up in a licentious court, and seduced, in his youth, by evil example, he maintained an inviolable respect for the nuptial union. From the time of his marriage with the object of his affections, he resisted every temptation of courts and camps; and, amidst all the calumnious imputations which have been heaped on his memory, the ag-

gravated malice of his political adversaries has never thrown the slightest suspicion on his conjugal fidelity.

“ The operation of these principles was not only felt in his own conduct, but extended their influence to his family, and to all who were subject to his authority. He was never known to utter an indecent word, or to give an example of levity. He even severely reproved those who presumed to offend his ears with loose expressions, and resented them, both as a personal affront, and as an act of immorality. He discountenanced the slightest degree of intemperance or licentiousness, and laboured to impress his officers and troops with the same sense of religion which he himself entertained. Divine service was regularly performed in all his fixed camps, both morning and evening; and, on Sundays, sermons were preached, both in field and garrison. Previous to a battle, prayers were offered up at the head of each regiment; and the first act, after a victory, was a solemn thanksgiving. By these means, aided by his own example, ‘ his camp,’ to use the words of his biographer, who served under him, ‘ resembled a quiet, well-governed city. Cursing and swearing were seldom heard among the officers; a sot and a drunkard, was the object of scorn; and the poor soldiers, many of them the refuse and dregs of the nation, became, at the close of one or two campaigns, tractable, civil, sensible, and clean, and had an air and spirit above the vulgar.’ ”

Vol. III. pp. 658—660.

‘ Archdeacon Coxe has conferred an obligation on his country, by undertaking and executing his meritorious task. The immense mass of Blenheim papers, and every accessible source of information published and manuscript, have been laboriously investigated, and the general results are fairly stated. We cannot indeed compliment Mr. C. on having produced a work of high intellect and originality; we cannot rank his volumes with the Greece of Mitford, and the British India of Mill; nor can we conceal our wish that

he had given us more of his materials, and rather less of what is his own. But he has preferred a different plan, and notwithstanding what appear to us the minor defects of the work, we are disposed rather to feel grateful to him for what he has done, and, on the whole, done well, than to cavil at his omissions. Portraits, plans, maps, and other graphic illustrations, respectably executed, are liberally interspersed.'

ART. IV.—*An History of Muhammedanism*: comprising the Life and Character of the Arabian Prophet, and Succinct Accounts of the Empires founded by the Muhammedan Arms: an Inquiry into the Theology, Morality, Laws, Literature, and Usages of the Muselmans, and a View of the present State and extent of the Muhammedan Religion. By Charles Mills. Second Edition.

[From the British Critic.]

THE public favour has been deservedly bestowed on this learned, elegant, and compendious history of Muhammedanism; which gives a comprehensive yet succinct account of the various empires founded by the Muhammedan arms in Asia, Africa, and Europe; and which includes instructive notices of the theology, morality, laws, literature, and usages of the Moslems. It will bear comparison with Salaberry's *History of the Turks*.

Mr. Mills' work is divided into seven chapters, of which the first examines the life of *Muhammed*; for such is the orthography preferred by the author for the name of the Arabian prophet. To a geographical description of Arabia, succeeds a character of the inhabitants, of their habitual polity, and of their original or early religion. Here Mr. Mills overlooks, we think, a principal cause of the eventual success of Islamism, from the want of having formed to himself a clear idea of the religion of the ancient Persians; concerning which, Hyde has long been suffered to mislead Europe. Sir John

Malcolm, also, not having duly studied the Hebrew records, has not known how to illuminate the twilight of early Persian history. The religion of the Parthian empire, from the time of Cyrus to the Macedonian conquest, may be said to have been identical with that of the Jews, since Ezra has preserved a genuine proclamation of Cyrus, in which this great fact is solemnly recorded; and the book of Esther narrates with complacency that proscription of the idolatrous priesthood which Herodotus terms the *Magophonia*, which was accomplished with the concurrence of Daniel under the sway of Darius, and which was anniversarily celebrated at the temple of Jerusalem, under the name of the feast of Purim. Palestine was to the Persians what Tibet was to the Chinese, the independent sovereignty, the holy land of the priests of the empire. If the Zoroaster of Greek be the Ezra of Jewish history, so is the Zerdusht of the Parsees. No images were tolerated in the Persian temples; a perpetual fire, or *shekinah*, was fed on the altar; and an emblematic reverence for the sun, and for light, formed a part of the ritual. Still this was not, as Hyde pretends, fire-worship or sun-worship, but a worship of the one only living and true God, the God of Abraham, of Moses, of Daniel, and of Ezra. It may be true that the Persians adored him in his triple capacity of the creator, preserver, and destroyer of all things; and that they had separate names for these capacities, such as Ormuz, Mithra, and Ariman, answering to the Adonai, Jehovah, and Satan of the Hebrews: yet this pantheism was a religion strictly unitarian. When the Greeks conquered Persia, the idolaters, or polytheists, recovered a certain degree of ascendancy there; and the unitarians, or monotheists, though not persecuted with all the bitterness of retaliation, were degraded, were extensively ejected from official situations, and were thus driven to seek an inglorious maintenance in commercial and agricultural pursuits. The hereditary monotheism of these Hebrews followed them every where; and, if they occasionally

neglected the minor ceremonial of the law, they adhered obstinately to circumcision, and to an iconoclastic hatred of images. They tolerated polygamy in the higher classes of society, and became so numerous in several provinces of the Persian empire, especially in Syria, that in many places the monotheists were strong enough to shake off their allegiance to the idolatrous Babylonian sovereign, and to found independent states. Aretas, king of Damascus, and Abgar, king of Edessa, were separatists of this description; and Josephus notices a kind of league which included many others. These petty princes adhered to the Hillelian party of the Jewish priesthood, and were glad to see the influence of the temple exerted to banish troublesome ceremonial observances: in common with the Hillelian Jews, they acknowledged Jesus Christ as a prophet, but as nothing more; and so, at a later period, but in the same spirit, did Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, who appointed Paul of Samosata for her bishop.

When the church of Rome made its great innovations in Christianity by introducing the worship of images, the oriental *Jew-Christians* became indignant, and desirous of standing aloof from such idolatrous profanation. Muhammed saw this, and took up the oriental Christianity exactly where he found it;—with unitarianism for its theology, with circumcision for its initiatory rite, with polygamy for a tolerated practice, with a high veneration for the Jewish scriptures, and with the opinion that Jesus Christ was a human sage, and a prophet of the truth. Thus Muhammed met the traditional creed of all those nations, which were descended from the subjects of the vast Parthian or Hebrew empire; and he was secure of the secret alliance of the monotheists every where, while he permitted to his followers the plunder only of idolaters, and of Lantinized Christians. The custody of the sacred well, which was an hereditary right of the family of Muhammed, might aid him in dictating religious professions to the Arabians: but these his first followers had little of the spirit

of piety, and, like the pindaries of our own time, were a predatory cavalry, accustomed to subsist by overrunning the seats of industry, and equally contented with any interior ally that could supply a pretext for irruption and purchase the irremovable booty. If these Arabian freebooters were the original proclaimers of the religion of Muhammed, still there was little of conversion and little of faith among the Arabs; the popular, the settled, the enduring basis of his sect is to be sought in the Jew-christians, or Hebrews, properly so called.

Chapter ii. treats of the undivided caliphate, and explains the rise of the Saracenian empire. The invasion and conquest of Persia, and the plunder of Ctesiphon, then its metropolis, though related with oratoric splendor, might have admitted some farther illustration.

The third chapter branches over the history of the divided caliphate, and gives first an account of the caliphs of Spain, then of the caliphs in Africa and Egypt, and lastly of the caliphs at Bagdad. A dissertation on the causes of the success of the Muhammedan arms and religion closes this chapter: but, as we have already observed, the author does not sufficiently allow that Muhammed rather established an extant than bestowed a new creed; he only added his own name, as last in the series, to the successive prophets of unitarianism whose lessons have been collected in the Jewish records. Some concessions dangerous to toleration are made by Mr. Mills, in consequence of his supposing the sword to have accomplished a conversion, when it only removed the impediment to a public profession of the pre-existent faith.

In the fourth chapter, the history of Muhammedanism is pursued among the Tartarian dynasties of princes. The expeditions into Hindustan, the reign of Zinghis-khan and his successors, the empire of Tamerlane, (here the vulgar orthography of the name is inconsistently adopted by Mr. Mills,) the Seljukiad dynasties, and the Othman or present Turkish power, are severally traced from their origin to

their consequences. The foundation of the Muhammedan dynasties in Hindustan will furnish an expedient extract, because the ancient history of any province which is become a national appurtenance has claims on the patriotic interest of every Englishman.

‘(A. D. 874.) When the Caliphate of Bagdad was crumbling into ruin, a race of princes, called in eastern history the Dynasty of the Samanides, despoiled the legitimate commanders of the Faithful of some of their valuable territories, and exercised kingly authority over Bokharah, Korasan, a great part of the Persian empire, Candahar, Zabulistan, Cabul, and the mountains of the Afghans or Patans. A Turkish slave, by name Alpteghin, ascended the gradations of honourable offices, military and civil, and in the reign of Abdalmalec, the fifth king of the Samanidan dynasty, was appointed governor of the vast province of Korasan. On the death of his master, he endeavoured to wrest the sceptre from the feeble possession of Mansour, the infant son of the late prince; but the emirs of the country rallied round the throne, and Alpteghin quitted the royal city of Bokharah. To the town of Gazna, situated on the westernmost parts of the Cowmul, one of the numerous rivers which are tributary to the Indus, the aspiring governor and the admirers of his courage and ambition retreated. Mansour strove in vain to terminate his power, and for sixteen years Alpteghin increased his dominions and his fame.* (A. D. 995.) Sabactazin, at once his son-in-law, his general, and counsellor, became also his successor. Although master in Gazna, he was for some time regarded by the Samanides only as the governor of a province. His exact military discipline, and his liberality to officers, gained him the love and admiration of his subjects. He established peace and good order through every part of his dominions, carried his arms and the Muselman faith into

* ‘D’Herbelot, vol. i. p. 203.’

India, destroyed the monuments of Pagan superstition, ravaged the Panjab, and built the town of Bost, and that of Kosdar near the Indus. Nauh, the son of Mansour, treated Sabactazen as an ally, rather than as a subject. The king of Turkestan threatened the extinction of the Samanidan dynasty; but the courage of the Gaznavides supported the throne, and the Turks were driven from the invaded provinces.* (A. D. 997.)

‘On the death of Sabactazin, his youngest son, Ishmael, in pursuance of his father’s wishes, was recognised as king; but Mahmud, who had already distinguished himself in assisting his father in the war with the king of Turkestan, took up arms against his brother, and asserted with effect his right of primogeniture. Mahmud may be considered the first prince of the Gaznavide Sultans, and made a lofty superstructure on the foundation of power which Sabactazin had laid. The kingdom of the Samanides was annihilated, (A. D. 999.) and the public prayers for the family of his ancestors’ masters were blotted from the service-books of the mosque. Irak Persia submitted to his yoke, and even the humble independence of the little territory of Gaur, which, under the descendants of a branch of a Persian dynasty, had long enjoyed tranquillity amidst surrounding calamities, was offensive to his insatiable ambition. In fact, from the Caspian to the Ganges, from Transoxiana to the neighbourhood of Ispahan, no tyrant but Mahmud reigned.

‘But it is by this Sultan,† as the founder of the Muhammedan power in India, that our interest is excited. Before his reign, the incursions into this interesting country by other Muselman princes had been few and partial, but the

* ‘De Guignes, vol. iii. p. 156 159.’

† ‘Mahmud was the first Muhammedan prince who bore this name. The previous title had been ~~sulek~~ or king. By the application of this title of sultan to Mahmud, a governor of Segistan flattered the vanity of his lord, and saved himself from the penalties of rebellion.’

prospect of plunder inspired the soldiers of Mahmud with courage against the elephants of war, and in twelve expeditions into Hindustan, his conquests far surpassed those of the Macedonian hero. The town of Kinnoge, on the Upper Ganges, the cities of Lahor, Delhi, and Muttra, became his tributaries, and his troops rioted in the spoils of the wealthy kingdom of Guzerat. In the course of his incursions into the west of India, he discovered one of the most splendid objects of Indian superstition. Two thousand Brahmins, and numerous bands of dancing girls and musicians, were devoted to the service of the Pagoda of Sumnaut. The lofty roof of this temple was supported by fifty-six pillars, overlaid with plates of gold, and incrustated at intervals with rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. One pendant lamp alone illumined the spacious fabric, whose light, reflected back from innumerable jewels, spread a strong and refulgent lustre throughout the temple. In the midst stood Sumnaut himself, an idol composed of one entire stone, fifty cubits in height, forty-seven of which were buried in the ground; and on that spot, according to Brahminical tradition, he had been adored between four and five thousand years. His image was washed every morning and evening with fresh water brought from the Ganges, at a distance of twelve hundred miles. Around the dome were dispersed some thousands of images, in gold and silver, of various shapes and dimensions, so that in this consecrated place, as in a grand Pantheon, seemed to be assembled all the deities venerated in Hindustan.* The priests invoked, without effect, the wrath of their chief god upon the disturber of their worship. The blood of fifty thousand worshippers were shed in vain for the defence of their idol. A treasure of money and jewels, equal to ten millions sterling, was offered by the Brahmins for the preservation of its sanctity; but at the command of Mahmud, whose religious zeal was shocked at being thought a merchant of idols, the

* 'Maurice's *History of Modern Hindustan.* vol. i. p. 295.'

statue was broken into pieces, and a quantity of diamonds and rubies, far greater than the ransom proposed by the crafty priests, fell at his feet. The Gaznavide Sultan treated the Hindus with all the rigour of a conqueror, and with all the fury of a converter, not only plundering treasures, but demolishing temples, and murdering idolators throughout his route.* His enthusiasm for Muhammedanism was as strong as that which inflamed the breasts of the primitive supporters of that religion; and the title of Protector of the Faithful, which the Bagdad Caliph Caderbillah gave him, by way of investing him with the kingdom of Samania, was well merited by his bigotry and intolerance. The stern martial virtues of the conqueror, and his excellent qualities as prince, were degraded by the low passion of avarice. In the hour of dissolution, he commanded his spoils of India to be brought before him. Lamentations fell from his tongue, and tears started into his eyes, on beholding the baubles: he offered not to bestow, what it was beyond his ability to keep, and his attendants were compelled to remove them from his sight, as their view served but to increase the anguish of his death.†

‘ During the reign of his son and successor Masoud, the Gaznavide empire became more potent, by the addition of the remainder of Persia, (except the province of Fars,) and of the territory of the Bowides, on the banks of the Persian Gulf. But the Seljukian Tartars, whose history will hereafter be detailed, availing themselves of a predatory expedition of Masoud into India, conquered from him Korasan. The loss of this province was soon succeeded by the total dismemberment of the Gaznavide empire, A. D. 1160. Kosrow Shaw, the last prince of this dynasty, was deposed by Houssian Gauri, a native of Gaur, who became possessed of

* ‘ Orme’s Preliminary Dissertation to his Coromandel War, p. 9. vol. ii. 4to. London. 1763.’

† ‘ D’Herbelot, vol. ii. p. 517—525. De Guignes, vol. iii. p. 160—173. Dow’s Hist. Hindustan, vol. i. p. 34—99. 4to. edit. 1768.’

a large portion of the western part of the Gaznavide empire, while the descendants of Mahmud retained for a few years the provinces contiguous to both shores of the Indus. (A. D. 1184.) But the Gaurides wrested the sceptre of these territories from their weak possessors, and established the seat of Muhammedan power in India at Lahor. The Gaur Sultans adopted the religious zeal, as well as the military spirit of the Gaznavides. Muhammed Gauri plundered Benares, (1194,) the chief city of the Indian religion, and destroyed the idols with circumstances of cruelty worthy of a successor of Mahmud.* (1205.) The death of this emperor occasioned a new division of the Gaznavide empire. Eldoze retained the Persian part, and the Indian territories were enjoyed by Cuttub, the friend and servant of the late emperor. By Cuttub, the Patan or Afghan dynasty in Hindustan was founded. The Afghans originally inhabited the mountainous tract lying between India and Persia, or the ancient Paropamisus. Cuttub, prior to his elevation to the throne, had carried his arms, under Muhammed Gauri, into Agimul and Guzerat. Until the completion of his conquests, Lahor was his capital, but the necessity of fixing the imperial residence near the centre of his dominions, occasioned his removal to Delhi. His successor, the emperor Altumsh, conquered the vast province of Bengal, and established in it the Muhammedan religion. The Persian or Tartarian parts of the Gaznavide or Gaur territories were, at this period, added to the empire of Zingis Khan.”†

* ‘ Benares was regarded as the principal seat of Braminical learning; and we may conclude that about this period the Sanscrit language, which was before the common language of Hindustan, began to decline in purity, by the admixture of words from that of the invaders. In the course of time new dialects, mixtures of the vernacular idioms and the language of the conquerors, were formed, and the Sanscrit, in its original purity, existed only in ancient writings. Rennell’s Memoir to his Map of Hindustan, Introd. p. 47.’

† ‘ Rennell’s Memoir, Introd. p. 48. et seq.

Chapter v. contains an epitome of the Koran. The greatest demerits of that book consists in the permission of polygamy, and in the intolerance which it commands against other sects: but, on the other hand, humanity, pecuniary probity, and justice, are strongly, repeatedly, and efficaciously enforced. We will copy on this head a short remark of the present author:

‘ In regulating the pecuniary transactions of his followers, Muhammed endeavoured to reconcile the virtues of humanity and justice. Creditors are exhorted to forbearance and even forgiveness of obligations, but debtors are threatened with future punishment who wantonly violate their faith; and Muhammed refused to pray over those who had died without leaving means of paying their debts. He also excepted debt and hypocrisy from the general sanctification obtained by the killing of infidels.* Contracts should be made in writing in the presence of witnesses. All deceit in selling is forbidden, and the vender must announce any defect in his goods. Each party should submit to a trifling loss rather than occasion it to the other. Ali said “ the Prophet has forbidden

* ‘ The general rule in Moslem countries respecting imprisonment for debt seems to be, that when a claimant establishes his right against a solvent debtor, the magistrate is to order the debtor to render it, and in case of non-compliance imprisonment must be awarded. The debtor’s property may be sold by the magistrate’s order for payment of the debt. The Cadi appears to have a discretionary power with respect to the period of imprisonment. Hedaya, xx. i. xxxv. 3. A debtor who has established his indigence cannot be imprisoned for debt. Some lawyers contend that imprisonment is legal, if the debtor has, for vicious purposes, wasted his means. The plea of indigence will not be allowed if the debtor professes any art or calling. He may be compelled to work in discharge of his debt. A number of the lawyers (ductores dubitantium) say, that an indigent person, on being sued and threatened with imprisonment, may lawfully deny the debt, and even swear to the non-existence of it, with a mental reservation and intention of discharging it when in his power. Baillie, p. 194.’

bargaining with a person whose poverty compels him to sell his goods at a low rate: humanity dictates the relief of him.” An option for the performance of a contract exists with both parties till either of them has left the place of commerce. The purchaser having ultimately concluded his contract should repeat his profession of faith, and glorify God. The traditions insist on the propriety of liberality, and mutual mild dealing. Merchants of honesty and veracity will be raised at the last day with the prophets.’

The sixth chapter treats rather negligently of the literature and sciences of the Saracens and Turks. The digits, called Arabic, are, according to Villoison, mere simplifications of the form of the first nine letters of the Greek alphabet, and were already in use at Alexandria in the time of Marcus Antoninus.

In the seventh and concluding section, Mr. Mills sketches the present state and extent of the Muhammedan religion. It seems to be silently undergoing an internal change: the doctrines of anti-supernaturalists are extensively embraced by the educated classes, and a sort of deism, or religion of nature, is superceding the former faith.

ART. V.—*Account of the Guaycuru Indians:* from the third volume of Southey’s *History of Brazil*, recently published at London.

‘THERE were, at the close of the eighteenth century, three divisions of the Guaycuru nation;—one on the western side of the Paraguay; one on the eastern, below the Fecho dos Morros, being those who made peace with the Spaniards of Asumpcion, through the ex-priest; and the third, above the Fecho, who are, according to their own intention in the treaty, allies of the Portuguese; but according to its letter, acknowledged vassals of the Portuguese crown. These branches are declared enemies each of the other, although they are of the same origin, speak the same language, and observe the same

customs. The Brazilian branch is divided into seven* great hordes; who are generally upon friendly terms, and perfectly resemble each other in all their habits and institutions. Each of these hordes is so numerous, that the assemblage of its tents is said to deserve the name of a large town. The tents are arranged in straight wide streets, and are of the simplest structure: mats, made of flags or rushes, laid upon poles, almost horizontally in dry weather, but with more inclination when it rains; and when the rain is heavy, and the matting begins to bag with the weight of water, they brush it off from within; but many have two or three mat coverings, one above the other, with intervals between, as a better protection both against rain and sun. They always encamp upon the banks of a river or great lake, and remain there as long as they find sufficient food for themselves and their cattle, which are very numerous; for they despise agriculture, and live chiefly upon meat. They have profitted thus much by their intercourse with the Portuguese, that they rear every kind of domestic bird and beast, which has been introduced from Europe into America; and they treat them all with such kindness, as well as care, as to render them remarkably tame. Neither stirrups nor saddle of any kind are in use among them; their bridle is made of the *acroata*, one of the aloes of the country; and they are so incessantly on horseback, that their legs are deformed by it. Yet they are said not to be good horsemen, only that they know how to manage the horse at full speed; . . which, indeed, is all the horsemanship they need. Their mode of breaking-in the animal is peculiar to themselves: it is done in the water, almost up to the creature's belly, that he may have less power to struggle, and that the rider may have less to fear from a fall. The war-horse is never used for any other occasion, and never sold; but, upon the death of the master, it is killed at his grave.

* 'These seven hordes are called, Chagoteo, Pacachodeo, Adioeo, Atiadeo, Oleo, Laudeo, and Cadioo.' (*Caral.* 1. 276.)

In their wars against the Portuguese, they made use of their horned cattle; and, collecting them and the horses into a great herd, drove them furiously upon the enemy. Even the Paulistas were afraid of such an attack; and their largest parties dreaded to meet the Guaycurus in the open country; the only resource was, to get into the woods, and climb the trees; then their muskets gave them the advantage. As the Guaycurus, like the savages of South Africa, made this use of their cattle in war, so, like the same people, they had trained them to obey a whistle, by which, at any time, they could assemble and direct them.

‘As soon as the surrounding pasture is exhausted, the horde removes. Presently their tents are struck,—all are in motion: the large town which was standing in the morning disappears; what was then swarming with life and population, is left as a desert behind them; and before night, the town rises upon the banks of another water, and the wilderness is filled with flocks and herds. They sleep upon the ground, on hides, and cover themselves with skins, or with a matting made from the inner rind of certain trees; or with the garments which the women wear by day, and which are large enough to serve for coverlets. The men wear nothing, except a short philibeg, which used to be of cotton, but since their intercourse with the Portuguese, is ornamented with beads of various colours. The women wear a wider petticoat, without which they are never seen from their earliest infancy; and over this a garment, or rather web of calico, is wrapt about them, from the neck to the feet, which is laid on in such heavy folds, that it is said to render the breasts pendant by its weight and pressure: the colour of the cloth is red, with stripes of black and white. They have trimmings of shell work, beads on the arms and legs, silver bugles for a necklace, and a plate of silver* on the breast. Formerly

* ‘Where they should have obtained this silver, is a curious question: Francisco Alves supposes that it has existed among them from the time of

these ornaments were made of wood, and the lower classes still make them of that material. The men adorn their heads and limbs with feathers: they wear mouth-pieces of wood or silver, according to their means, and silver ear-rings in the form of a crescent. They eradicate their eye-brows and eye-lashes, tattoo their faces (a fashion, by which the women also deform themselves), and stain the body in patterns with the juice of the *urucu* and *jenipapo*. The young men shear their hair after their own fancy; the elder to a prescribed form, resembling the tonsure of the Lay-Franciscans: the women also wear only a broad circle on the head. Unlike most of the Brazilian tribes, these Guaycurus are not polygamists: it is not to be supposed, that either law or custom renders their marriages indissoluble; the parties separate if they choose; but such separations are said to be unfrequent. Their connubial attachments are represented to be both durable and strong; and they are tenderly fond of their offspring, when their accursed customs suffer them to be born. The children are charged with showing little natural love towards their parents: cautious, as we ought to be, not to oppose mere opinion to what is asserted as fact upon fair authority, it may yet be affirmed, that this cannot be generally true; for it is impossible that tenderness in the parent should not, generally, produce correspondent, though not equal affection, in the child. Each horde has one great cemetery,—a long piece of ground, covered like a gallery along its whole length with mats: under this roofing every family has its own burial place staked off. The weapons, and other personals of the deceased, are laid upon his grave; and if he were distinguished in war, these things are decked with flowers and with feathers, which are annually renewed. The body of a

Alexo Garcia's expedition, and is part of the spoil which he brought from Peru, and which remained among the tribes by whom he was cut off. Is it not more likely to have found its way from I'otoai, passing from one possessor to another, sometimes by fair means, sometimes by foul?"

young woman is attired for her funeral as it would have been for her marriage, and carried on horseback to the cemetery: the spindle, and other articles of her use are laid upon her grave. Upon the death of a relation, or a slave, the household change their names.

‘ The distinction of ranks is strongly marked in this nation: the true Guaycurus form but the smallest part. They call themselves Joage* and are divided into classes, the first of which is a nobility, proud to excess of their birth. The men have a title equivalent to captain; and their wives and daughters also are addressed by an honorary prefix. There are not many of these nobles, and no supremacy among them. The second class, which is much more numerous, consists of the Guaycuru people, all of whom are soldiers, from father to son; but the great bulk of the population is composed of slaves and their descendants; for with them, one chief motive for making war is, to keep up their numbers by this system of half adoption. They spare no adult males, and sometimes kill the women; but the women are sometimes carried away prisoners, and the children always. When it happens that they bring away an infant without its mother, the wife of the captor takes the babe to her breast, whether she have a babe of her own at the time or not; for they have† discovered that a secretion of milk is excited by the action of the infant’s lips, even in women of more than fifty years of age, who have

* ‘ This name is so like that of Jaadge, by which the Lenguas called themselves, that, notwithstanding the opinion of Hervas, it affords a strong presumption in favour of the assertion of Francisco Alves, that the Lenguas are a branch of the Guaycurus; but when he identifies the latter with the Chiriguanas, he is certainly wrong.’

† ‘ The editor of the *Patriota* (3. 4. 29), seems to intimate a disbelief of this; but many instances have been known. A well-authenticated one is mentioned by Baxter, in his *Own Life and Times*. (*Lib. 1. Part 1. p. 46.*) and the far more extraordinary fact, that milk has thus been produced in the breast of a man, is authenticated by the indisputable testimony of Humboldt.’

never been mothers. The chief, who makes the largest addition to the horde by such captures, obtains the greatest reputation. The state in which these prisoners grow up has only the name of slavery, for they are never called upon to perform any compulsory service. But the inferiority of their rank is considered to be so great, that it is deemed disgraceful for a chief to take a captive for his wife; and the son of a Guaycuru woman by a prisoner, would despise the woman who bore him, as one who by such a connexion had dishonoured herself. The Chamacocos sell their children to the Guaycurus for knives and axes.

‘ When they are going to war, they choose for leader the youngest of the nobles who is able to bear arms; and the elder chiefs accompany him as his counsellors. On the day of their outset, the young warrior sits upon his bed, while they who are to serve in the expedition collect round him, and one by one pay their respects to his mother, and to the woman who nursed him; and these women, with tears, and in impassioned tones, remind them of the famous actions of their forefathers, and exhort them rather to die than show themselves unworthy of their ancestry. They have a singular notion, that a shirt made of the skin of a jaguar is impenetrable, even to a musket ball,—a superstition, which seems to indicate that they have not often been opposed by good marksmen. When a youth kills his first enemy, or brings home his first prisoner, his mother makes a feast, at which the guests inebriate themselves with mead almost as potent as brandy. They make war upon the Cuyarabas, or Coroados, as the Portuguese call them, who roam about the sources of the Mambaya, a river which falls into the Parana; upon the Cambebas, or Pacaleques, about the sources of the Imbotatiu,—a race who flatten their heads like the old Omaguas of the Orellana; and upon the Caupezes, a burrowing tribe, who are said to form for themselves natural but monstrous aprons, by stretching down, from earliest infancy the skin of

the groin. They have also children from many other tribes* among their slaves, if that appellation may be applied to persons who feel none of the evils of slavery, and are subject to none of its restraints.

‘They believe in an Intelligent Creator of all things; but they offer him no worship, and seem not to regard him either with love or with fear. The invisible power, to whom they apply for a knowledge of what is to befall them in sickness, or in war, is supposed to be an inferior Deity, named Nanigogigo; and their jugglers, who are called Unigenitos, pretend to communicate with him. There is a small kind of hawk, of which the native name is Macauham; its cry resembles that of a man in distress, and serves as an indication of weather, for those who are accustomed to it: but the Guaycurus suppose that it foretells coming events; and when it is heard the Unigenito is put upon hard duty for the following night. He passes it in singing and screaming, imitating the notes of various birds, shaking a *maraca*, and calling upon Nanigogigo to interpret to him the augury of his unintelligible messenger. With the same ceremonies these knaves pretend to inquire whether the sick are to recover, and if an expedition will meet with good or ill success. The only appearance of a religious ceremony among them, is an annual festival of many days at the first rising of the Seven Stars; for at that season the cocoa of the Bocayuva palm begins to be ripe, upon which they probably relied for food before the introduction of European cattle. It is said that no belief of retribution after death is combined with their notions of a future state. They hold that the souls of departed chiefs, and Unigenitos, enjoy themselves among the stars, while those of the common people wander about the place of their interment. The Guaycurus seem to have caught their superstitious practices and opinions from many

* ‘Francisco Alves enumerates the Goaxis, Quanas, Guatos, Cayvabas, Bororos, Oorcas, Cayapos, Chiquitos and Chamococos.’

different tribes,—a natural consequence of the manner by which the population of their horde is supplied: it is therefore remarkable, that with this aptness for adopting the tenets of others, they should not during their long and close connexion with the Payaguas, have learnt to look for retributive justice after death.

‘Mead is their only fermented liquor. Both sexes employ themselves equally in preparing their food, which is very much dressed; they eat very leisurely, and make many meals in the day. It is affirmed that they never suffer from indigestion, that scorbutic complaints are never seen, and sudden death unknown among them,—assertions which may be admitted to prove, that these things occur much less frequently than in Europe. In every kind of illness they observe extreme abstinence, taking no food whatever, except a very small portion of the pith of the Caranda palm. There are blind people among them, but none that are bald. Their complexion is of a darker tint than copper; they are rather above the middle stature of Europeans, well made, (were it not that their legs are injured by the great use which they make of the horse and the canoe,) muscular, and capable of making prodigious exertions, and enduring almost incredible fatigue. The women have large coarse features, which, with the additional and needless deformity of tattooing, renders them altogether* ugly, to the eye of an European. Their teeth are irregular, and discoloured by the constant use of tobacco; for even the women are never without a quid in their mouth; but they preserve them to extreme old age. The men girdle themselves with a cord upon their expeditions, and if food is

* ‘Francisco Alves says they have none of the simple graces of Milton’s Eve. It is gratifying to an Englishman to find the commandant of a Portuguese fort, in the heart of South America, thinking of Milton. I believe no nation would display more literary industry and ambition than the Portuguese, if the restrictions by which they are so miserably fettered were withdrawn.’

scarce, they deaden the sensation of hunger by drawing it tighter round them: in this, as in a belt they carry a short club on the right hand, and a large knife on the left. The women soon become lean and haggard, and both sexes are excessively wrinkled in old age. The odd variety of a male and female dialect prevails among them, as among many American tribes. For some purposes they can communicate by whistling, as well as by words. They have names for the planets and more remarkable stars, and for the cardinal points.

‘The women have many excellent qualities. They are compassionate, and so humane towards all creatures under their care, that it is said, the domestic animals of the Guaycurus could not be treated with more kindness if they were in a Banian hospital. They deserve also the praise of industry and ingenuity: they spin, they weave dexterously, they make chords, girdles, mats, and pottery; they evince intelligent curiosity, as well as pleasure, at the sight of any thing new, and examine it attentively in all its parts. There are men among them who affect the dress and manners of women, and are called *Cudinas*, the name by which all emasculated animals are designated. The first conquerors found such persons in Florida, and in the country about the isthmus of Darien; so widely extended in the New World was this abomination, which has its root perhaps in one of the oldest corruptions of heathen worship. Clear nights are their favourite time for sport. Their diversions are of a rough character. The men toss the boys in the large mantles of the women, which serve as blankets for the operation. The women hold hands in a ring, while one runs on the outside; the amusement is for those who are in the circle to put out their feet, and trip her up as she running; she who falls then takes her place in the circle, and the one who threw her runs round and round till her career is stopt in the same violent manner. They ride races, in which the women engage as well as the men. Other sports are to imitate the action

of birds, carrying a wing in each hand; to leap like frogs; and pretend to run at each other like bulls, upon all fours. Sometimes the women have regular scolding matches, as a sort of dramatic amusement; and she who rails with greatest fluency, -and has the most copious vocabulary of abuse at command, is applauded by the by-standers. Quarrels among them are decided by boxing; they are said to be good boxers; and they never have recourse to weapons in their disputes with each other.

‘They have neither music nor songs; yet they manifest a lively sensibility to sweet sounds: they listen to a Portuguese song with exceeding great delight: and if the air be melancholy, it always draws tears from the women. They are faithful in their dealings, although they account treachery not only lawful, but laudable in war. It does not appear that any attempts are making for the conversion of this remarkable people: but if the Portuguese evince no desire to improve them, by the best and surest means, they are no longer guilty of injustice and oppression towards them. There is land enough for both; and long before the Brazilians can replenish half of what they already possess, the Guaycurus, who are now doing their work in diminishing other tribes by their incessant hostilities, will themselves disappear from Brazil, as they have disappeared from the Lower Paraguay. The wicked practice of abortion* is destroying them faster than war, and more surely than pestilence. Already it has so reduced their numbers and their strength, that the Guanas upon the Imbotatiu have shaken off their old vassalage, and placed themselves under the protection of the Portuguese, as a people independent of their former lords.’

* ‘Francisco Alves knew twenty-two chiefs, none of them under forty years of age, all of them married, and only one of them having a child, and he but one. (3. 4. 21.) From this fact, he infers that the custom, though they say it is an old one, cannot long have obtained among them, or they must have been extinct before this time.’

ART. VI.—*Poems, descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery.*

By John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant. Published at London.

THIS is a very extraordinary instance of the triumph of talent over untoward circumstances. The poet is a real peasant, poor, uneducated and friendless; much more destitute of the means of improvement, than Bloomfield, Burns, or Hogg; and yet the author of verses, which neither of the three need to have blushed for as his own.

Clare was born in 1793, and as soon as he was able to work was obliged to assist in the laborious drudgery of a farm, at which employment he has been constantly busied, with the exception of a few months passed as an enlisted soldier in the militia.

The little volume that he has put forth, has not found its way across the Atlantic; the following specimens, and the accompanying remarks and explanations are taken from the *Quarterly Review*.

‘The flowers the sultry summer kills,
Spring’s milder suns restore;
But innocence, that fickle charm,
Blooms once, and blooms no more.

The swains who lov’d no more admire,
Their hearts no beauty warms;
And maidens triumph in her fall,
That envied once her charms.

Lost was that sweet simplicity,
Her eye’s bright lustre fled;
And o’er her cheeks, where roses bloom’d,
A sickly paleness spread.

So fades the flower before its time,
Where canker-worms assail,
So droops the bud upon the stem,
Beneath the sickly gale.’—p. 26.

' For the boisterous sports and amusements which form the usual delight of village youth, Clare had neither strength nor relish; his mother found it necessary to drive him from the chimney corner to exercise and to play, whence he quickly returned, contemplative and silent. His parents—we speak from knowledge—were apprehensive for his mind as well as his health; not knowing how to interpret, or to what cause to refer these habits so opposite to those of other boys of his condition; and when, a few years later, they found him hourly employed in writing—and writing verses too,—“the gear was not mended” in their estimation. “When he was fourteen or fifteen,” says Dame Clare, “he would show me a piece of paper, printed sometimes on one side, and scrawled all over on the other, and he would say, mother, this is worth *so* much; and I used to say to him, ay, boy, it looks as if it warr!—but I thought he was wasting his time.” Clare's history, for a few succeeding years, is composed in two words, spare diet and hard labour, cheered by visions of fancy which promised him happier days: there is an amusing mixture of earnestness and coquetry in his invocation “to Hope,” the deceitful sustainer, time immemorial, of poets and lovers.'

' Come, flattering Hope! now woes distress me,
 Thy flattery I desire again;
 Again rely on thee to bless me,
 To find thy vainness doubly vain.

Though disappointments vex and fetter,
 And jeering whisper, thou art vain,
 Still must I rest on thee for better,
 Still hope—and be deceived again.'—p. 122.

' The eccentricities of genius, as we gently phrase its most reprehensible excesses, contribute no interest to the biography of Clare. We cannot, however, regret this. Once, it seems, “visions of glory” crowded on his sight, and, he enlisted at Peterboro' in the local militia. He still speaks of

the short period passed in his new character, with evident satisfaction. After a while, he took the bounty for extended service, and marched to Oundle; where, at the conclusion of a bloodless campaign, his corps was disbanded, and he was constrained to return to Helpstone, to the dreary abode of poverty and sickness. His novel occupation does not appear to have excited any martial poetry; we need not therefore "unsphere the spirit of Plato," adequately to celebrate the warlike strains of the modern Tyrtæus.

' The clouds which had hung so heavily over the youth of Clare, far from dispersing, grew denser and darker as he advanced towards manhood. His father, who had been the constant associate of his labours, became more and more infirm, and he was constrained to toil alone, and far beyond his strength, to obtain a mere subsistence. It was at this cheerless moment, he composed "What is Life?" in which he has treated a common subject with an earnestness, a solemnity, and an originality deserving of all praise: some of the lines have a terseness of expression and a nervous freedom of versification not unworthy of Drummond, or of Cowley.'

' And what is Life?—An hour-glass on the run,
A mist, retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream,—
Its length?—A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And happiness?—A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

And what is Hope?—the puffing gale of morn,
That robs each flowret of its gem,—and dies;
A cobweb, hiding Disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is Death?—Is still the cause unfound?
That dark, mysterious name of horrid sound?
A long and lingering sleep, the weary crave.
And peace?—Where can its happiness abound?
No where at all, save Heaven, and the grave.

Then what is Life?—When stripp'd of its disguise,
 A thing to be desir'd it cannot be;
 Since every thing that meets our foolish eyes,
 Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.
 'Tis but a trial all must undergo;
 To teach unthankful mortal how to prize
 That happiness vain man's denied to know,
 Until he's call'd to claim it in the skies.'

' That the author of such verses (and there are abundance of them) should have continued till the age of twenty-five unfriended and unknown, is less calculated perhaps to excite astonishment, than that devotedness to his art, which could sustain him under the pressure of such evils, and that modesty which shrunk from obtruding his writings on the world. Once, indeed, and once only, he appears to have made an effort to emerge from this cheerless obscurity, by submitting his verses to a neighbour, who, it seems, enjoyed a reputation for knowledge "in much matters." Even here his ill-fortune awaited him; and his muse met not only with discouragement but rebuke. The circumstance is however valuable, since it serves to illustrate the natural gentleness of the poet's disposition. Instead of venting his spleen against this rustic Aristarch, he only cleaves to his favourite with greater fondness.

' Still must my rudeness pluck the flower
 That's pluck'd, alas! in evil hour;
 And poor, and vain, and sunk beneath
 Oppression's scorn although I be,
 Still will I bind my simple wreath,
 Still will I love thee, Poesy.'—p. 124.

' "Though need make many poets," it was not need that excited Clare to write poetry, though its importunity finally drove him "to trust his little bark to the waves." Without a shilling in his pocket, with a father and mother aged and

decrepit at home, who rather required his aid than contributed to alleviate his condition, with a frame so feeble by nature, as to sink under the toil to which he had all his life submitted, he at length—and on the impulse of the moment—bethought himself of endeavouring to obtain some small advantage from those mental labours which had at various seasons so deeply engaged his mind. “I was working alone in the lime-pits, at Ryhall, in the dead of winter, 1818,” these are his own words, “when knowing it impossible for me to pay a shoemaker’s bill of more than three pounds, having only eighteen-pence to receive at night, I resolved upon publishing proposals for printing a little volume of poems by subscription; and at dinner-time I wrote a prospectus, with a pencil, and walked over to Stamford at night, to send it by the post to Mr. Hanson, a printer at Market Deeping.” Mr. Hanson had seen some of these poems in manuscript; and it is due to him to say that he was the first who expressed a favourable opinion of their merits, and thus induced Clare to venture upon this formidable measure. This prospectus was accordingly published together with the following “address,” which we give as a sort of literary curiosity.

“The public are requested to observe that the TRIFLES humbly offered for their candid perusal, can lay no claim to eloquence of poetical composition, (whoever thinks so will be deceived,) the greater part of them being juvenile productions, and those of a later date offsprings of those leisure intervals which the short remittance from hard and manual labour sparingly afforded to compose them. It is hoped that the humble situation which distinguishes their author will be some excuse in their favour, and serve to make an atonement for the many inaccuracies and imperfections that will be found in them. The least touch from the iron hand of criticism is able to crush them to nothing. May they be allowed to live their little day, and give satisfaction to those who may choose to honour them with a perusal, they

will gain the end for which they were designed, and their author's wishes will be gratified."

' Booksellers, whether metropolitan or provincial, are, it has been said, rarely deficient in shrewdness. The proposals fell into the hands of one of the fraternity in Stamford, and suggested to him the probability of the publication affording a profitable speculation. No time was lost in visiting Helpstone; and, for the immediate deposit of a few pounds to meet his present need, and the expectation of receiving a few more at a distant period, Clare was content to abandon his subscription and to part from the volume before us. The original chapman soon transferred his bargain to the actual publishers, by whom the poems have been given to the world in a manner creditable to themselves, and liberal, we have reason to believe, as to the author.

' Looking back upon what we have written, we find we have not accomplished our intention of interspersing with our narrative such extracts as might convey a general character of Clare's poetry,—we have used only such as assorted with the accidents of the poet's life, and the tone of them has necessarily been somewhat gloomy. The volume however, offers abundant proofs of the author's possessing a cheerful disposition, a mind delighting in the charms of natural scenery, and a heart not to be subdued by the frowns of fortune; though the advantages which he might have derived from these endowments have been checked by the sad realities which hourly reminded him of his unpromising condition. Misery herself cannot, however, keep incessant watch over her victims; and it must have been in a happy interval of abstraction from troublesome feelings that Clare composed "the Summer morning," the result, we believe, of a sabbath-day walk; the lively pictures of rural occupation being introduced from the recollections of yesterday, and the anticipations of the morrow. We have only room for a few stanzas of this little poem, which is gay and graceful, possess-

ing the true features of descriptive poetry, in which every object is distinct and appropriate.

' The cocks have now the morn foretold,
The sun again begins to peep,
The shepherd, whistling to his fold,
Unpens and frees the captive sheep.
O'er pathless plains at early hours
The sleepy rustic gloomy goes;
The dews, brush'd off from grass and flowers,
Bemoistening sop his hardened shoes.

While every leaf that forms a shade,
And every flowret's silken top,
And every shivering bent and blade,
Stoops, bowing with a diamond drop.
But soon shall fly those diamond drops,
The red round sun advances higher,
And streothing o'er the mountain tops
Is gilding sweet the village-spire.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze
Or list the giggling of the brook;
Or, stretch'd beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on Nature's book.
When Nature ev'ry sweet prepares
To entertain our wish'd delay,—
The images which morning wears,
The wakening charms of early day!

Now let me tread the meadow paths
While glittering dew the ground illumes,
As, sprinkled o'er the withering swaths,
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes;
And hear the beetle sound his horn;
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
A hailing minstrel in the sky.—

ART. VII.—*Miscellaneous Articles.*

Observations, Anecdotes and Characters of Books and Men. By the Rev. Joseph Spence. London 1820. 8vo. p. 302.

This is an amusing collection of scraps. The following extracts will suffice for a specimen.

A little after Dr. Young had published his *Universal Passion*, the Duke of Wharton made him a present of 2000*l.* for it. When a friend of the duke's, who was surprised at the largeness of the present, cried out, 'What! two thousand pounds for a poem!' The duke smiled, and said it was the best bargain he ever made in his life, for it was fairly four thousand.—*Mr. Rawlinson.*

When the Doctor was very deeply engaged in writing one of his tragedies, that nobleman made him a very different present. He procured a human skull, and fixed a candle in it, and gave it to the Doctor, as the most proper lamp for him to write tragedy by.—*The same.*

Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said, 'I don't know what I may seem to the world; but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.'—*Ramsay.*

'Tis not at all improbable that Sir Isaac Newton, though so great a man, might have had a hankering after the French prophets. There was a time, I can assure you, when he was possessed with the old fooleries of astrology, and another when he was so far gone in chymistry as to be upon the hunt after the philosopher's stone.—*Lockier.*

When the Bishop of Rochester was in the tower, upon its being said in the drawing-room, 'What shall we do with the man?'—Lord Codogan answered, 'Fling him to the lions.' The Bishop was told of

this, and soon after in a letter to Mr. Pope, said that he had fallen upon some verses by chance in his room, which he must copy out for him to read. These were four extreme severe lines against Lord Cadogan.

By fear unmov'd, by shame unaw'd,
Offspring of hangman and of bawd!
Ungrateful to the ungrateful man he
grew by,

A bold, bad, boist'rous, blust'ring,
bloody booby. *Anon.*

Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.
(From an English Newspaper.)

The distribution of the rewards of this Society took place yesterday, for the first time, at the Argyll Rooms, and, perhaps, never since the Institution has been extant, was the ceremony graced with so much rank, fashion, and beauty.—It has almost become a hacknied source of pride, that the benevolence of this country excels all others; and while we contemplate the many proofs which corroborate the fact, in the variety of establishments for serviceable purposes, we acknowledge none which more effectually contributes to the public good than this, and most sincerely do we annually hail the result of the exertions of its members, who have, for a series of nearly seventy years, strengthened a chain, the first link of which came from the fostering hand of Mr. William Shipley—a name which will ever be recorded in the page of science with respect and gratitude.—He was the founder of the institution, and to him especially are the most important improvements, within the various branches which the Society recognizes, to be attributed.

Soon after twelve o'clock, his royal highness the duke of Sussex, president, entered the room, and though the company seemed absorbed in the contemplation of the dif-

ferent performances of the candidates in *Potite Arts*, which were appended to the walls, and those of *mechanics*, which covered the table, a universal expression of joy beamed in the countenances of all. His royal highness, whose urbanity of disposition cannot be too highly estimated, most gracefully—we may say, benignantly bowed to the company as he passed to his chair, and the business of the day now commenced.

Mr. Aikin, the secretary, here read a most classical and highly interesting exordium on the rise and progress of the institution, very particularly referring to its commencement, and occasionally energetically adverting to the great advantages which society had not only already received by its exertions, but which would be continued, and he trusted enhanced in their value, by the labours of the day.

The premiums were then presented in the order inserted in *THE MORNING HERALD* of yesterday.

His royal highness, on several occasions, observed the exertions of the candidates, and was particularly complimentary to those (and we observed several) who had been before him on former occasions in the same characters.

To Mr. J. Perkins, who was honoured with three of the society's medals, for inventions of the first consequence, he was more than usually happy. The candidate alluded to, is a most ingenious American, and his royal highness observed, that as president of the society, he highly participated in the national liberality which had evinced itself on the occasion; that the reward here bestowed, proved, that men of science were happy to recognize and encourage the same qualification, be it from what country it might.

To Mr. Wm. Harley, another ingenious mechanic, previous to handing him the premium, he observed he felt the highest gratification in

meeting him there, and he knew him to be one of the most clever and honest workmen in the world.

His royal highness eulogized the company for their attendance, felicitously observing, that the society had gained a great point, if the distribution had ensured the smiles of ladies, as those gentlemen, in all probability, who were not already members, would serve the institution by becoming so, in compliment to their feelings.

A well selected band of music occasionally relieved the ceremony, and those gentlemen who officiated as managers, did every thing to contribute to the gratification of the day.

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Reflexions Politiques sur quelques Ouvrages et Journeaux Francois concernant Hayti, par Monsieur le Baron de Vastey, Secrelaire du Roy, &c. &c.

It is above thirty years since the finest feelings of this nation were roused to indignation, at the injustice and cruelty perpetrated by the slave-traders on the negro-race. The politician declared, that inattention to the cultivation of Africa was neglect of our own commercial interests; and the philanthropist, that our apathy, with respect to the civilization of its inhabitants, was a positive neglect of the precepts of our divine religion. The British parliament, in consequence, passed some acts to ameliorate the condition of the wretched blacks, in their horrid passage to our colonies; and our colonial legislatures enacted regulations, for their better treatment in slavery.

After twenty years consideration we abolished the Slave Trade, and most of the civilized nations in the world have followed the example, except Spain and Portugal, which, resisting every moral, religious, and humane appeal, still continue this execrable traffic.

However, we purchased from

those relentless governments; at an expense of nearly a million of pounds, treaties to restrict their merciless subjects from that Slave Trade north of the equator. We have also expended, in the last ten years, on ill executed schemes, for civilizing and instructing the captured negroes, another million of pounds; and we have lavished on visionary and useless expeditions to explore the interior of Africa, in the last five years, at least half a million of pounds more, without the slightest calamitous disasters attended their progress, and prospect of success; complete has been their termination; but the plan was so injudiciously concerted, that its fate was evident from the commencement, except to those who were partakers of the expenditures; in addition to all this, we lavish on ill-judged, unhealthy, and unprofitable settlements on the western coast of Africa, above two hundred thousand pounds a-year, independent of the expense contributed by the visionary plans for creating settlements at the Cape of Good Hope; but we are instructed from high authority, that these expenditures must be estimated, 'benevolent prospects of speculative humanity.' Now we shall only presume to hint how profitably some of these immense sums might be employed on *projects of real humanity* at home, without discussing the inability of this nation to continue such an unprofitable and profligate waste of her treasure; but we fervently hope, that no further expenditure of this sort will be suffered, particularly as we know from the best authenticated documents, and the most uncontradicted statements, that the number of slaves carried from the coast of Africa is more extensive than ever—that the miseries these unfortunate beings endure are greatly increased—that the cultivation of the African soil is very little extended—that the civilization of the inhabitants is not in the least improved—and that the

profits attending the Slave Trade are so largely augmented that there is no chance of a diminution of the calamity, nor a hope of extending the benevolent intentions of Great Britain to Africa, until Portugal shall be obliged totally to abandon the trade, by the whole civilized world constituting every species of traffic in slaves, piracy; and that every person taken in the trade, or convicted in aiding and abetting the traffic in any way, shall be visited with all the pains and penalties attached to pirates.—*Month. Mag.*

New Works, announced. At Columbia, S. C. 'Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Constitutional court of South Carolina, by H. J. Nott and D. L. M'Cord, Counsellors at Law.

M. Carey and Son, Philadelphia; are about to publish a new edition of the Reports of Vexey, jr. and Vexey and Beames, with references to American decisions, by E. D. Ingraham, Esq. in 21 vols. Also a new edition of Chapman's Elements of Therapeutics and Materia Medica. And a second American edition of Lavoine's Atlas.

A new Medical and Philosophical Journal is projected under the editorship of professors Chapman and Patterson of the University of Pennsylvania.

The 7th No. of the Sketch Book is in press, and will be published about the middle of the present month, by Haly and Thomas, New York, and M. Thomas, Philadelphia.

They have likewise in press the third volume of Salmagundi, which will complete the second series.

J. Maxwell has in press the 2d vol. of Otis' Translation of Botta's History of the American Revolution, which will be published in October.

THE

Review

ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

(NEW SERIES.)

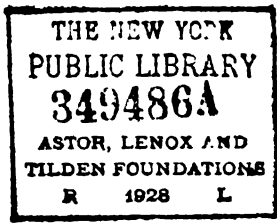
COMPRISING ORIGINAL REVIEWS, BIOGRAPHY, ANALYTICAL ABSTRACTS OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, TRANSLATIONS FROM FRENCH JOURNALS, AND SELECTIONS FROM THE MOST ESTEEMED BRITISH REVIEWS.

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THE
ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1820.

ART. I.—*On the Discovery of North America by the Scandinavians, about the year 986.* [Translated from the first number of the *Svea*, a new scientific paper, published in Sweden, by F. H. Schroeder.]

THE discovery of the new hemisphere, together with the immense treasures it contains, belongs undoubtedly to those extraordinary events, from which, towards the end of the fifteenth century, a new order of things was generated in the ancient world. At the time, when those important changes took place, new empires, founded upon a series of states, hurried to destruction, had been formed of fresh tribes, arrived from the north, in the southern and western parts of Europe. Under a more southerly and serener sky, they preserved, for a considerable period, that ardent desire for adventures, which, at all times, and through all ages, has most promiscuously distinguished the Normans; and it was certainly this very same restless and active character of the new inhabitants of those states, which created the dawning day of the modern history of Europe, which began with the commencement of its renovated political institutions.

Christopher Colon was born in those times, and nourished in the same spirit. He was the first, who ventured to navi-

gate the western ocean, and opened to the Europeans the way to America. In after-ages, several learned men have examined, with undeniable sagacity, whether Colon had really first discovered the new world, or whether it had already been known to our ancestors before him.

Among the great number of valuable scientific documents, not sufficiently known, of the library of St. Mark at Venice, two maps of the year 1436 were found, published by Andrea Bianco, on which, far to the westward of the Atlantic ocean, in the same latitude with Gibraltar, a great island was marked under the name of Antillia; and to the north of that island, in the latitude of Cape Finisterre, a smaller island, called *Isola de la Man Satanaxio*. Vincenzio Formalconi, in '*Saggio sulla nautica antica de Veneziani*,' Venezia, 1783, has made various examinations on this subject, in a particular dissertation, published under the title of '*Illustrazioni di due charte antiche della Biblioteca di S. Marco, che dimostrano l'isole Antille primo della scoperta di Christoforo Colombo*.' From his inquiries it results, that according to his views, by *Antillia* was understood one of the present Antillæ or West India islands, and that, in consequence, our ancestors knew America in earlier times, or at least that group of islands, situated in front of the American continent; but, that its knowledge was lost again, until Colon reopened the way to this country, to all future generations. Formalconi observes on this occasion: '*non è perciò minore la gloria di Colombo, che seppe ritrovare una terra perduta, e aprirsi il passaggio all' opposto emisfero*,' by which he expressed, 'that the glory of Colon is not lessened, on account of an earlier discovery of America, since he knew to rediscover a lost country, and open himself a passage to the opposed hemisphere.' However, in examining more accurately the maps of Bianco, one can easily perceive, that Formalconi was far from having exhausted the subject.

This circumstance has given rise to latter examinations by N. Buache, whose researches are contained in the ‘Memoires de l’institut des Sciences, Lettres, et Arts, Tome VI, Paris 1806,’ in which his dissertation is especially to be found, in the ‘Memoires de la Classe des Sciences Mathematiques et Physiques,’ page 1—29, entitled: ‘Recherches sur l’île Antillia et sur l’époque de la decouverte de l’Amerique.’ From this interesting publication we learn, that the island of Antillia, and that of *Isola de la Man Satanaxio*, must be comprehended, according to all probability, in the Archipelago which forms the Azores. From accounts of more ancient authors, whose opinions he knew artfully to connect, but especially from a map of earlier date, than the before-mentioned,—that of F. Picignano, Venice, 1367, which is contained in the cabinet of the duke of Parma,—Buache endeavours to prove, that the island of Antillia most probably Sanct Michel; and *Isola de la Man Satanaxio*, the *Puo* of the Azores, the latter of which is known on account of its volcano, and in earlier times was called, in consequence of this phenomenon, *Mont de Satan*, or Devil’s Mount. In like manner, Teneriffe, one of the Canary Islands, was called on the oldest maps, *Isola del Inferno*, or Hell Island.

Buache, in consequence of his statements, maintained, against the hypothesis of Formalconi, that it is Colon alone, to whom the glory of having discovered America is to be ascribed, and he concluded his dissertation with the following expression: ‘il resulte de ces diverses considerations, que l’île Antillia n’étoit point une des îles de l’Amerique, et qu’ainsi l’Amerique n’étoit point connue avant le premier voyage de Christophe Colomb. C’est a ce navigateur seul qu’appartient la gloire de la decouverte du Nouveau Monde.’

In our subsequent remarks on this subject, we shall however show, that the researches of Buache, are far from being conclusive, and although it may appear strange to the learn-

ed of the southern parts of Europe, that northern documents should contain more positive elucidations on this important matter, yet the fact really exists. The accounts inserted more than a century ago, in the *Vinlandia and Groenlandia Antiqua* of Torfaeus, concerning the subject before us, appear, notwithstanding the time elapsed since their publication, not to be sufficiently known; we shall therefore communicate some illustrations on the subject, which may be considered as the continuation of Buache's inquiries.

The earliest traditions, which must be considered as the beginning of the northern history, furnish us with accounts of voyages of discovery to unknown countries. To this class belongs *Fundin Noregur*, which is the relation of an expedition from Sweden to Norway. The young Viking, at a premature age, defied the ocean, and Iceland was known to the inhabitants of the north already about the middle of the ninth century, when it was called Snow Land, on account of the constant snow, which remained on the tops of the mountains. Gardar Svafarson, a Swede, navigated afterwards round the island, and gave it the name of Gardarsholm, or Island of Gardar. His follower was Flocke, a Norman, who called it Iceland, which denomination it preserves to the present day. A great political event in Norway gave rise to the formation of a colony on that island. For, since king Harald Haarfager subdued the whole of Norway, the flower of the Norwegian nobility withdrew from the dominion of the despot, and they went with their liberty and their *Sagas* (traditions) to Iceland. Ingolf was their chief, and founder of the new colony, which took place in the year 874.

From that time also begin the written documents of the inhabitants of Iceland, and we may follow, from that period, with perfect security, the maritime expeditions of the Scandinavians. Greenland was discovered a century after the colonization of Iceland. Erik Raude, a Norman, sailed in the year 981 from Iceland, and fell in with an unknown coun-

try to the north of that island, which, at the time, was blessed with such a mild climate, that Erik, on account of its delightful verdure, was induced to call it Greenland. At his return, it was not difficult to persuade his countrymen, to take possession of the new discovered land, and to make settlements on its coasts. Already in the year 985,* Erik Raude carried the new settlers, in twenty-five vessels, to the eastern coast of Greenland; and it is from that part of the world, that new expeditions of discovery were undertaken, by the Scandinavians, to remote unknown countries. These expeditions are related in *Are Frode*, *Sturleson*, *Landnama*, and *Erybriggia*, *Saga*, &c. and according to the accounts these documents contain, we shall now proceed to the historical examination of the subject at present under our consideration.

Towards the beginning of the eleventh century, at the time when Olaf Tryggvason fought for Christianity, we find the first accounts of voyages devoted to discoveries, and since Iceland, and even Greenland, were aboriginally settled from Norway, her kings, considering their empire as the mother country, had a desire to rule those countries, in which attempt they however succeeded only in latter periods, and never to their entire satisfaction. But, notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, Olaf Tryggvason, could not be shaken in his pious zeal, but he sent, at an early period, missionaries to those remote countries, to spread the doctrines of Christianity among their inhabitants. On this occasion, *Sturleson* relates, in *Olaf Tryggvason's Sagas*, in an episode, the voyages of discovery, which the Scandinavians undertook from Greenland.

* Dr. Cranz, in his history of Greenland, observes, that after the year 986, there were on the eastern coast, one hundred and ninety farms, twelve churches, two convents and two towns, called *Garde* and *Hrattalid* or *Albe*; and on the western coast, four churches and one hundred and ten farms.—S.

An inhabitant of Iceland, Biorn Herjulfson, a relative of the above mentioned Ingolf, founder of the colony, began, like the Vikinge at a very premature age, his excursions, and possessed a vessel of his own. He remained for some time in Norway, and, during that period, his father, Herjulf Bardarson, had left Iceland with Erik Raude, and settled in Greenland, at the extremity of Osterboeygden, which was called after him—Herjulfснаes. At the return of the summer, Biorn Herjulfson sailed back to Iceland, where he learned that his father had gone to Greenland, which determined him to go thither, although he was utterly unacquainted with the navigation to that country; and Sturleson adds, that Biorn and his companions were aware of the dangers that accompany such an enterprise, none of them having ever navigated the sea of Greenland. But, notwithstanding these obstacles, they left Iceland, and after three days, when they were long out of sight of the continent, a strong northerly wind sprung up, accompanied with foggy and stormy weather, which having continued for several days, they were in an absolute uncertainty as to their position. At last when the storm had abated, and the weather cleared up, which enabled them to use again their sails, they made land, towards the evening of the same day, which they did not believe to be Greenland, because there were no snow mountains to be perceived, which, as Sturleson intimates, was the sign by which Greenland was recognized. Nevertheless they approached and distinguished a country destitute of mountains, covered with forests, and intermingled with small hills, but, being afraid of setting on shore, they proceeded in their passage, and, after two days, again perceived land, which was level and likewise covered with woods.

The wind having subsided, the crew wished to land, to provide fresh water and other provisions, which Biorn Herjulfson refused. In consequence, with a south-west wind, they continued their passage for three days more, after which

they again saw land, which was high, with naked rocks and old icy mountains. As they expected to meet with a convenient place to set on shore, they sailed along the coast, and discovered it was an island. Their expedition after that, lasted four days longer, before they arrived off the most southern point of Greenland, the above-mentioned Herjulfснаes, where Biorn Herjulfson finally met his father, after a long and erring passage.

If we examine with attention, all that Sturleson relates concerning Biorn Herjulfson's adventurous expedition, the supposition that this new discovered country was North America, becomes almost certainty. For, the direction of the wind, with which Biorn sailed from Iceland, is a very strong proof in favour of this opinion; and Sturleson expressly relates, that a strong northerly wind carried the vessel to the far distant and unknown coast, which our navigator, at his departure from there, *left at his left hand*. He then steered to the north, to arrive in Greenland, in which he likewise succeeded with a south-west wind.

Biorn Herjulfson, did not pursue his discovery, but he continued to live quietly with his father, among the young and flourishing settlement in Greenland. Nevertheless, the news of his adventures were soon diffused all over the north, and the young Scandinavian *Viking*s did not want any other encouragement besides, to find out again the country which Biorn Herjulfson had discovered.

An intrepid young man, among the settlers of Greenland, Leife Erikson, son of Erik Raude, the founder of the colony, was the chief of the new expedition. He had been, previous to that time, in Norway, where he adopted the christian religion, and where he conveyed the first christian missionaries to Greenland. He united thirty-five courageous men for his discovery, and bought a vessel of Biorn Herjulfson, with which he ventured to navigate the pathless ocean.

According to the account, which Sturleson gives of this expedition, Leife first made that part of the country again,

which Biorn had discovered last: it was very mountainous and almost destitute of vegetation; he could not even find grass. In the interior of the country were high mountains, covered with snow, and a series of naked rocks, at intervals, stretched forth, from these mountains, to the sea shore. Our navigators called this part of the country *Helkuland*, on account of its physical constitution, and they proceeded on their way, without any further delay. They made afterwards a less unfriendly coast, and landed. At a distance, there was, in a large plain a thick forest, and the whole of the sea coast consisted of white sand. They called this part of the country *Markland*, and prosecuted their passage, with a fresh north west wind. After having sailed during two days, without interruption, they again perceived land. They approached for the purpose of descending upon an island, which, according to Sturleson, was to the northward of that country. The weather being mild and pleasant, they explored more of the interior, and found dew upon the grass, which was extremely sweet; probably our common mildew, at which the Normans were not a little surprised. They did not remain there for any considerable time, but sailed into the sound, which was formed by the island and the continent. They must however have arrived there with the flood, because the *Saga* reports, that the vessel touched the bottom, when the water ran out; which did not prevent them from sailing up with the tide. They arrived then at the mouth of a river, discharging his waters into the ocean, and they got the vessel up into a lake, where it was in security. Afterwards they landed their provisions, and built up small huts for their habitation; they likewise erected a regular building, because they agreed to remain there during the winter. The rivers, which abounded in fishes, copiously supplied them with food; and the salmons they caught were more beautiful and larger, than those they had ever seen before. Besides Sturleson reports, that the country was extremely fertile; the fruits were

excellent but scarce, and the climate was very pleasant. The grass in the field was almost of a constant verdure, for it did not freeze during the winter. They observed, continues Sturleson, that there was no need to lay up provisions for the winter, and that the days were equally long, or at least more regular than in Iceland and Greenland. This agrees as well with the expression of Sturleson (*jafn daegri*,) as with the known proportion, that the length of the days grows more regular, the nearer we come to the equator; and Sturleson adds: *Sol hafdi thar eiktat stad oe dagmala stad um skammdeigi*, which Schoening has translated thus: the sun rose at half past seven A. M. (*dagmala stad*) and set at half past four P. M. (*eiktat stad*) when the days were the shortest (*um skammdeigi*.) This was indeed very remarkable for the inhabitants of Greenland and Iceland, and it was very natural, that Leife Erikson looked upon it as something extraordinary. Meanwhile, this passage has been differently explained by various authors, concerning which, we may consult Peringskiöld, Lagerbring, Torfaeus and others. In the application we made of it, we have followed the explanation of Schoening, who shows, in his history of the north, according to the quotations of the erudite Vidalins, that the shortest day, where Leife resided, was nine hours long; from which we conclude, that the part he was in, was situated about 41° northern latitude, and according to the celebrated astronomer Bugge, in the neighbourhood of Boston.

In comparing Sturleson's description with our present exact measures of time, we must not forget that they cannot agree to the minute, because they were not acquainted with such accurate means of correction as our cotemporaries. But, in examining with attention the facts contained in these old historical documents, we must evidently infer, that the discoveries of the Scandinavians were extended from the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland to Virginia. The Helluland of these intrepid navigators must have been the

most advanced part of that country to the north, and their Vinlandia, (Wine land) Virginia and upwards.

We shall now examine, how far Leife's description of the climate of Vinlandia, coincides with the just mentioned result; in favour of which we shall however observe, before hand, that our globe has undergone very important changes in its climate, which is asserted by various ancient historical data; and whatever be the final explanation of these uncommon phenomena, still the historian is furnished with facts, which cannot be denied.*

The Vinlandia, where Leife Erikson wintered with his companions, they examined more carefully. After having constructed a house, he divided his companions in two parts, one of whom had to protect the habitation, while the other made excursions every morning to become acquainted with the country. But, since they returned every evening from their expeditions, it is evident that their rambling could not stretch very far into the interior of the country. It was in one of these excursions that they discovered *grapes*, (fox grapes) which appeared so remarkable to the Normans, that they named the country Wineland, on account of this discovery, which denomination it has preserved in all the documents of Iceland. The truth of this narration of Sturleson has been very much doubted in latter periods; but the same honour seems to be attached to the father of the northern

* In the twelfth century, there was a bishoprick in Greenland, and in 1276 the pope claimed the tithes from the ecclesiastical revenues, which in 1327 consisted in *dentibus de Roardo*, probably *dentibus de Rosmarus* or walrus teeth. In the year 1418, Greenland was mentioned for the last time, and the tithes it then paid, consisted of one hundred and thirty *lipunds*; about two thousand six hundred pounds teeth of walrus. Since that period, old Greenland was entirely lost, and no traces of its former towns and castles, on the east coast, could be found again, until 1721, when John Egede, a Norwegian minister and his companions, discovered some of the ruins of stone buildings, of which still more were existing, agreeable to what they learned from the Esquimaux.—S.

history, which has been rendered, with profusion, to Herodotus, many of whose accounts have been considered as fabulous, until they were entirely confirmed after having been submitted to a more careful analysis.

To ascertain, what Sturleson advanced, several recent travellers will have observed, that various species of grapes grow wild in North America; and Schoening has given various testimonies, with regard to this subject, in his history of the north, stating that these grapes were particularly produced in great quantity in Virginia; and there is not the least room for doubt, but the Americans make a species of wine of wild grapes, which demonstrates the veracity of Sturleson's narration.

Besides Sturleson relates, that wheat likewise grew spontaneously in the new discovered country. We suppose that he understood corn or zea, mays, *Linn.* which is produced almost in any part of America, and this appears so evident that there is no necessity of having recourse to any other explanation; as Kalm has done, who believes that this wheat was nothing else but *elymus arenarius*, *Linn.* which is found all along the North American coasts up to Newfoundland, and which at a distance, has some resemblance to fields of grain.* Sturleson further observes, that our navigators found a species of wood, which they called *mosur*, and which was of such a size, as to be used in the construction of their house. Now, it is generally known, that both in the Swedish language, and in that of Iceland, the *betula saxatilis*, *Linn.* is still called *masur* or *mesur*, from which we infer, that the species they made use of, belonged to the birch trees, of which many varieties are produced in North America.

With the returning spring our intrepid navigators determined to go back to Greenland. They provided a whole cargo of the above mentioned articles, and went to sea. They

* There is no corn growing spontaneously throughout America; Kalm's opinion must be considered as correct.—S.

arrived in their country, without visiting Hedeby and the remaining shores. From this circumstance we can easily perceive, that the northern Vikings were very expert mariners, and that they ventured to cross the ocean, without any of the nautical instruments of latter invention, and that they did not sail along the coasts, like the navigators of the southern parts of Europe.

After this expedition, Leife Erikson remained with his father at Brattehlid, situated near Eyrikshord. But the news of his new discovered countries, *Landafundi*, as they called them in their language, was soon generally diffused, which induced several of the settlers of Greenland, to participate in these voyages of discovery.

Thorwald Erikson, brother of Leife Erikson, first visited Wineland after him. He assembled thirty companions and went to sea. He arrived, without any accident, in Wineland, and during the spring he visited the coasts. Thorwald first landed in a boat with some of his companions, to examine the shore. It was very pleasant and covered with forests, and, as Sturleson adds, the shore itself was covered with white sand, just so, as Leife Erikson had observed it, and as the coasts of North America are still described. In front of the shore there were many islands, reefs and shallows. There were neither here, nor on an island, situated more to the westward, traces of men or animals to be perceived; but on the island there was however a *hut*, the work of our species. The ensuing summer our adventurers continued to explore the coasts and islands; and, according to Sturleson, they particularly directed their excursions to the west. Then they resolved to examine the northern and eastern shores, to which purpose they fitted out their vessel, instead of the boat they had used in their former nautical expeditions along the coasts. In this second summer they sailed into a bay, surrounded by woody hills. They landed and found the environs so delightful and advantageous, that Thorwald Erikson resolved to

make a settlement in that place. But they had hardly returned on board the vessel, when they perceived three boats, steering towards them. In each of the boats, there were three inhabitants of the country, whom Sturleson called Skraflinger, a denomination under which the Esquimaux were known to the settlers of Greenland; as we learn from the *Sagas* of Arne Frode and others. Besides, the same documents contain a description of those wild tribes, which perfectly agrees with what we have learned, in recent times, from Kalm and Mackenzie. These polar men, who were in greater number at that period than at present, were of a small size; they were hideous, lived in caves, used arrows, and had boats of skins, called *Cajaken*. Instead of waiting with composure for the arrival of the Skraflinger, Thorwald Erikson and his companions prepared to fight, and the issue was, that all the savages but one, who escaped in his boat, were made prisoners.

Having happily escaped the dangers which threatened them, our adventurers, again went on shore, and being very much fatigued, they laid down to repose; when, all of a sudden, they were roused by the cries, that Skraflinger had arrived in great number, to renew the conflict. In consequence they immediately returned to their vessel, preparing to defend themselves, and the savages were soon routed. But, during the action, Thorwald Erikson was mortally wounded with an arrow, and, according to his own desire, he was entombed on the same spot, where he intended to form a settlement. The ensuing spring, the vessel having been loaden with indigenous productions, our heroes returned home, and arrived, without any further accident, at Eyriksfiord in Greenland, where Leife Erikson resided, and to whom they had 'very important news' to communicate.

Thorstein Erikson, the third brother of Leife Erikson, undertook afterwards another expedition to Wineland, which terminated fatally. He was cast away on the western coast

of Greenland, where he, and the greater part of his companions perished. In the meanwhile, this event did not intimidate Thorfin Karlsefne, a very rich man, as Sturleson says, who immediately fitted out another expedition to Wineland. It must be observed, that the settlers of Greenland considered this new land, as a promised country, where riches and honour were to be earned. Thorfin, who had lately returned from Norway to Greenland, married the widow of Thorstein Erikson. He embarked with his wife and fifty companions, among whom there were five more women; and many other settlers having joined this expedition of their own resolution, Thorfin became commander of three vessels with one hundred and forty individuals. In departing from Greenland, he had more extensive views, than his predecessors. Besides, the number of companions was greater, and the whole expedition appeared to set off with the intention of forming a settlement; for Sturleson mentions expressively, that they provided furniture of every kind, and that they had agreed to divide the land and its productions, at equal shares, amongst them. Thorfin and his suite landed in Wineland, and took possession of the house, which Leife Erikson had constructed, where their furniture could easily be lodged. Besides, the country offered to our navigators an abundance of various provisions; but, particularly fruits and fishes. A large whale, cast on shore by the flood, was a welcome present; but they did not like the meat. The natives, Skralinger, did not show themselves during the winter; but they appeared in spring, and seemed to be of a more friendly disposition. They offered skins and fur, which they wished to exchange for foreign articles. They particularly admired *red cloth*, which they preferred for head ornaments. But, above all, they wished to barter arms, which Thorfin Karlsefne had prohibited; and, with the view, not to interrupt the friendly dispositions of the natives, he ordered some milk to be sent to them, with which they were extremely pleased. This visit however in-

duced Thorfin to act with more prudence for the future, and he surrounded his habitation with a plank work, to prevent sudden attacks. Towards the beginning of the winter, the natives appeared in greater number with a desire of bartering; but one of them having unfortunately been killed, in consequence of an attempt he made to appropriate to himself the arms of one of Thorfin's companions, the friendly intercourse, which had subsisted to that moment, was immediately interrupted, and a conflict ensued, in which the natives were defeated. These disturbances made the stay of our navigators, in a foreign country, very precarious, and they seriously thought of returning home. They carried away a rich cargo of fur and birch wood, and went to Greenland. Various other circumstances, concerning this expedition, are contained in Erik Raude's *Saga*, where it is stated, that Thorfin Karlsefne, after an abode of three years on the distant coasts of Wineland, had returned home, accompanied by three children, natives of that country, who were brought up in the doctrines of Christianity. According to the accounts these children gave, the *Skrælinger* were, at that time, under the dominion of two kings, Avaldemon and Valdividia; they also mentioned countries, situated more in the interior.

About that time, expeditions to Wineland began to be considered as very profitable; but they appear, in a certain measure, to have remained in the exclusive possession of the family of Leife Erikson. His sister, Freydisa Eriksdotter had resolved to undertake a similar voyage, in company with Helge and Finnboge, two brothers and natives of Iceland, who had lately arrived, in their own vessel, from Norway in Greenland. Both parties had agreed to make the voyage to Wineland in their own vessels, and to engage an equal number of companions. They arrived, without any accident, in Wineland; where they found that Freydisa, contrary to the agreement, had engaged five men more in her vessel. This circumstance immediately created suspicion between both

parties, which soon broke out in violent actions. For Freydisa, who was a detestable woman, persuaded her husband Thorwaldr, who had arrived with her from Greenland, to assassinate the two Normans and their crew, and to take possession of the vessel. This horrid action having been executed, Freydisa returned to Greenland with her husband, carrying both vessels with rich cargoes thither. She related that the two Normans had died, and she bribed her companions very generously to make their reports agree with hers. Notwithstanding the news of her crime was successively divulged, and excited general indignation and contempt.

Thorfin Karlsefne having terminated his expedition to Wineland, settled in Iceland, where his descendants preserved the *Sagas* of these travels to America in the greatest purity. Some of his relations were bishops or other respectable inhabitants of Iceland, of whom Sturleson gathered the greatest part of his materials, which induces us to look upon them as faithful accounts. After that period it does not appear that Wineland had been visited as frequently as before; which is the cause, why this country, in latter *Sagas* of Iceland, is but seldom mentioned. Nevertheless Erybriggia-Saga relates, that Gunleif Gunlangson, towards the end of the reign of Olof the saint, had been overtaken, on the western coast of Iceland, by a violent storm, which carried him to unknown shores, where he and his companions hardly escaped the attacks of the natives. There is no doubt, but this country was the same which had been known to the Scandinavians heretofore, because our navigators met with a native of Iceland, who enjoyed great reputation among the inhabitants of that country. Besides, it is expressively mentioned in the *Saga*, that they had been cast away, by a violent storm, from east and north-east, to a far distant country in the south-west, which can be no other continent, than that of America. More particular accounts concerning this subject, are contained in Landnama-Saga, where they give a detailed report, how Fon

Biskop had travelled to Wineland, to preach the gospel on those distant shores, in which attempt he died the death of heroic martyrdom. It is further observed, that the same pious zeal induced the first bishop of Greenland, Erik, in the year 1121, to engage in a similar expedition. In this manner, although more seldom, some new expeditions to Wineland were still continued; but the idea of forming a settlement from Greenland, in that country, disappeared by degrees entirely.

The knowledge of this distant but excellent country was not confined to Greenland alone; but it soon spread all over the north, and it is more than probable, that it was likewise, although imperfectly, communicated to the south of Europe; because, already in early ages, the Scandinavians were acquainted with the route to the Mediterranean, through Niorva Sund, or the straits of Gibraltar. According to Benjamin Tudelensis, Alexandria was visited by the Danes and Swedes; and similar intercourse existed between the Hanseatic towns in the north, and the commercial cities on the Mediterranean. Under such circumstances, it is very probable, that some reports of the discoveries of the Scandinavians had penetrated to the Italian commercial places, as Genoa, Venice, &c. which would give an ample explanation of the maps of Andrea Bianco, and F. Picignano; and we might infer from it, that their indications were founded on dark traditions, which had reached them from the north, through the medium of commercial intercourse.

But it is not only in the *Sagas* that this Viking-life of the Scandinavians has been collected; we likewise possess some historical documents of the greatest purity on this subject, which deserve a closer examination. Adamus Bremensis mentions Wineland, as an island situated at a great distance in the ocean, concerning which he learned wonderful news from the Danes. 'Praeterea una adhuc,' he says, 'insula reperta in illo oceano (qui Norwegiam et etiam Finmarkiam

lambit) quae dicitur Vinland, eo quod ibi vites sponte nascuntur nam et fruges non seminatas abundare, not fabulosa opinione, sed certa Danorum comperimus relatione.' Although this description is short and fragmentary, yet it perfectly confirms the accounts of Sturleson and those collected in *Sagas* by earlier authors.

Besides Adamus Bremensis, there exists an old chorography of Greenland, called Greipla, which mentions Wineland, and affirms still more the accounts of Sturleson, with regard to the geographical situation of that country. Verelius, in his notes concerning Hervarar-Saga, has preserved a fragment of this document, which he probably borrowed from one of the Codices, contained in the former archives of antiquities. Having described the most extreme frontiers of Greenland, he continues: 'Suder fra er Helluland, Pad er Kallat Skraelingaland. Pa er skamt til Vinlands hin gode, er sumer menn actla adgangi of Africa. Milli Vinlands or Groenlands er Ginungagap. Pud geingur ur hafi Pui er heitir oceanus: Pad huerfur um allan heim.' It is evident, from this passage, that Helluland was called, in the Greipla, Skralingaland, and that it was situated to the southward of Greenland, which plainly designates the extensive regions, situated on the northern ocean, which are inhabited by the Esquimaux: These particulars were well known to the settlers of Greenland; and they were especially well acquainted with Skralingaland, as it is mentioned in the Greipla; for it extends, in connection with Greenland, round the bay of Baffin and that of Hudson, and stretches, with its southern frontiers, to Labrador and Newfoundland. The possessions of the Esquimaux, even at present, reach to the 50°; and since it is probable, that in earlier times, they extended some degrees more to the south, which perfectly agrees with the idea of wandering tribes. Wineland, which, according to the Skreipla, was not far from Skralingaland, must have been situated between the 40th and 50th degrees of north latitude,

and even more southerly; and this opinion likewise coincides with what we have observed in the present dissertation, with regard to the geographical situation of Wineland, and the disposition of its clime. It is further mentioned in the Greipla, that Ginungagap* extends between Greenland and Wineland, and that it communicates with the great ocean, which, as it is expressively said in the above quoted passage, surrounds the whole world. From this representation, we can again perceive, that the straits of Baffin and David are to be understood by this description. Besides, it is mentioned in the same above quoted passage, that the new discovered country is contiguous to Africa, or to Moreland, as they call it in the *Sagas*; and although this assertion be false, still it is important to be known, because it discovers what opinion our forefathers entertained, from the earliest times, with regard to the communication of the different parts of the globe.

It is impossible to state, at present, how much intelligence we may draw, with regard to this subject, from those few remaining historical fragments in North America, which have withstood the ruinous influence of ages. Those remnants of fortifications, tomb-hills and cones of earth, which recent travellers have discovered in that country, are indeed remarkable. Kalm supposed them to be traces of an early visitation of the Scandinavians on the coasts of America; and although the inquiries, made on these subjects, by Volney, Smith, Barton, and lately by the learned society of New York, seem to lead to a different conclusion, still it might happen that these objects had not been thoroughly examined. For, if Mallet and Pontoppidan suppose that the Esquimaux are remainders of the earlier Scandinavian settlers, and if the great linguist, Ol. Rudbeck the younger will have

* This word is known in the Edda, and is no proper name in this place, but signifies a vast hiatus.

discovered some analogy between the American-Virginian, and the ancient northern languages; these suppositions, we must allow, have no historical foundation. Latter examinations prove, on the contrary, that the language and physical constitution of the Esquimaux are analogous to those of the Tschutski and Samoyedes, from which, with regard to our species, we can fully demonstrate that an intimate communication must have subsisted between the north-east part of Asia and the north-west part of America.*

It is not ascertained by historians how long the Scandinavians continued their expeditions to North America. In Sturleson they do not go beyond the middle of the eleventh century; but in other documents, accounts are given till within the twelfth century. An ancient author, Ordevicus Vi-

* The same analogy can likewise be shown in the southern parts of America, and especially in Brazil, where both the external configuration of the face, and the various languages spoken by the natives, exhibit in the fullest degree, Asiatic origin. A collection of words of some of the South American tribes, which I intend to publish at some future period, will show a great similarity between many of these words and those of the Thibetans and of various other Asiatic nations. Besides, there is a very remarkable physiological curiosity to be observed in the Mongoyos, one of the Brazilian tribes, whose skin is as white as that of an inhabitant of the northern parts of Europe or America. They are moreover the most skilful and most laborious Indians of that part of the world.

I have to regret my insufficiency to collect precise materials, concerning their mode of life, manners, &c. but I expect, that Dr. Freyreisa, a native of Germany, who has explored the Brazils these six years past, with the most indefatigable perseverance and intrepidity, will favour us with an accurate account of this interesting tribe. Many other accounts I collected, but which I cannot ascertain, concerning other tribes in the interior, living like Tartars, mostly on horseback, and being armed with lances, will, I hope, be likewise examined by Dr. Freyreisa, whose intention was to explore Brazils during five years more; to penetrate to the most distant parts in the west, and thence to descend the river Amazon; which journey, if it be crowned with the success it deserves, will embrace the immense extent of about 28° in latitude and 35° in longitude.—S.

talís mentions Wineland, towards the end of the eleventh century, as one of the ultra-marine possessions of Norway; where we must recollect, that both Iceland and Greenland, after various political commotions, at last submitted to the dominion of the kings of Norway. But already before that political union, the bartering trade of the settlers had probably subsided; else it would certainly be unaccountable, how it happened that they were not better informed on that subject in the mother country. Besides, the cause of this event, must probably have arisen from the continued hostilities of the Esquimaux, to whom those small numbers of foreigners, who came over for the purpose of making settlements on the coast, could not resist for any length of time. Thus, Thorfin Karlsefne himself saw the best of his intentions vanish; for although he arrived there with a numerous company, he was necessitated, after three years residence, to give up his hopes of settling on these shores.

The proximity of the Esquimaux to Greenland, became, in latter times, even perilous to the settlers of Iceland. In the annals of Greenland, quoted in the Saga library of Muller, it is reported, that the Esquimaux destroyed the possessions of that colony, in the year 1379. The Esquimaux, at that time, were probably attacked by the Mohawks and other tribes from the south, which caused them to take their direction to the north; of whom several parties penetrated perhaps into the eastern parts of Greenland, where their proximity was undoubtedly one of the causes of the destruction of the colony. Cranz and Egede mention a letter (bull) from the pope containing accounts of a hostile fleet, which is reported to have caused great devastation in Greenland, about the year 1418. At the same time, the plague made furious ravages in Iceland which probably propagated its desolating influence to Greenland. Some *decennia* after this unhappy occurrence, the polar ice, with its insurmountable walls shut up entirely the way to the eastern coast of Greenland, (Oester Roygt.)

It is generally known, in what succession, the above mentioned causes prepared and consummated the ruin of the colony in Greenland. The disturbances, which prevailed at the time in Scandinavia, when it was but feebly kept together, through the union of Calmar, were the causes which prevented the mother country from efficaciously supporting her distant colonies; and when it effectually took place, the period of necessity had disappeared. Notwithstanding various very important expeditions, the most intrepid mariners could not penetrate through those huge masses of ice, behind which the once so splendid colony of Greenland laid intombed in amazing cold. In this manner, the knowledge of the passage from the northern parts of Europe to America was lost with its settlers, and this important discovery remained, like many other human things, for some time at rest; until at another period, and by another nation, it was prosecuted with redoubled zeal. But the names of the first discoverers of those distant countries, would have remained in eternal oblivion, if the northern *Sagas* had not carefully collected the memory of the great actions of her heroes.—F. SCHMIDT.

ART. II.—*Description of the Character, Manners, and Customs of the people of India; and of their institutions, Religious and Civil.* By the Abbe J. Dubois.

(Concluded.)

THE art of book making so well understood by those whose employment is literary, makes us diffident in giving credit to the many fables that are daily promulgated, under the specious names of histories and accounts of foreign lands, &c. we unhesitatingly, however, bestow upon the Abbe's an implicit faith, not only from its own intrinsic worth, but the decided approbation which it has received of the best oriental scholars.

Few objects have more engrossed the attention of the learned, than the religion of the Hindus. Veiled in almost

impenetrable fiction, the Brahmans, for some considerable time after the introduction of Europeans, imposed upon their credulity, and affected a mystery, which has at length been solved; and the abominable and idolatrous worship laid open in all its disgusting wickedness and deformity.

Mystery, especially in matters of religion, is a betraying symptom of unsoundness, the refuge only of the guilty; the clear and undisguised evidence of the Christian worship, so far from seeking to conceal its doctrines, is widely and openly disseminated, and its invaluable privileges offered to the acceptance of the meanest individual: partakers in common of its blessings, we are able to judge for ourselves of the value of what it is designed to teach, and the simple grandeur of its style impresses the mind with a conviction of its truth; accepted as a standard of faith by all classes of Christians, the worship of the one true God, simplifies its doctrines; and it proudly disdains all attempt at concealment. Widely different are the Vedas, and the other religious books of the Hindus; written in the true hyperbolical style of the east; abounding in fiction and metaphor, they seek rather to hide the perniciousness of their doctrines, than to open the sources of religious contemplation and comfort to their deluded believers; occasional bursts of elegance of style, and sublimity of diction have induced many learned men to admire the profound skill displayed in their construction; but they sink into insignificance, when put in comparison with the institutes of Moses,* and the moral law of the Gospel. Unlike the teachers of the divine word, in the Christian church, the Brahmans conceal from the eyes and understandings of their followers, the fundamental principles of their religion; and by constantly appealing to their passions, by which they are entirely governed, contrive to delude them into a belief of their sanctity, and sometimes even arro-

* See Priestley's comparison between the religion of Moses and the Hindus.

gate to themselves divinity: thus, in the Hindu law, it is stated 'If a Sudra (the lowest of the four casts) reads the Vedas to any of the other three casts, or listens to them, heated oil, wax and melted tin, shall be poured into his ears: if he gets them by heart, he shall be put to death: if he spits on a Brahmin, his lips shall be cut off.' In fact the Eleusinian games of the Greeks, and the temples erected to Venus and Minerva, were not more celebrated for their debaucheries and lasciviousness, than are those of the Hindus.

The progress of knowledge, especially that kind which elevates the mind to the contemplation of divinity, is a desideratum with every good and pious Christian, and in proportion to its increase will the moral and physical happiness be improved. The striking effects of early tuition, on the morals and disposition of a people, are too obvious in the present day, not to desire a more diffused and extended circulation of the blessings and benefits of instruction; and never can it be better employed, than in seeking to disseminate it among a people, who are so absolutely sunk in ignorance and superstition, as to resign even the distinguishing attribute of men, and submit to be led, like brutes, to the commission of every breach of morality and common decency, under the sacred name of religion.

India was celebrated for its learning, and the wisdom of its philosophers, long before the eruption of Alexander the great into Asia. His astonishment was excited by the power and riches of its kings, the grandeur of their palaces, and the magnificence of their regal state. The inhabitants however were, with regard to religious knowledge, wholly resigned to idolatry.

The conquests of the Ottoman princes brought with them the religion of Mahomet; but notwithstanding oppressions and cruelties, of every description, exercised upon this inoffensive race, they pertinaciously adhered to their original belief, and are, at this day, the same, in every respect, as they were

centuries ago. Such constancy and perseverance would be a subject of admiration, were they exerted in a good cause, not that the change from Hinduism to Mahometanism would have produced any beneficial result, but the same spirit exists at this time, and renders them utterly regardless of the divine truths, so meritoriously attempted to be taught them. Nor can we be much surprised, that they should be unwilling to desert a worship, which indulges and ministers to their sensual appetites. A religion which has for its basis the severest morality, and abstinence from unlawful gratifications, will find a natural bar to the wide dissemination of its gospel, until the gross ignorance, in which they are involved, shall be dispelled, by placing, in their own power, the means of ascertaining the truth by intellectual improvements.

The existence of a first cause, seems to be a principle imbibed with our entry into life. The savage, from the light of nature alone, sees that some being, superior to himself, governs his actions, and causes the various beauties of nature to exhibit themselves in all their glory; the revolving day and night excite his astonishment; he looks around and admires the hues of his native forests, and rejoices in the protection they afford; the effulgence of the sun and the milder light of the moon attract his notice, and, under their vivifying influence, he sees the earth spontaneously bring forth her productions, which supply him with his daily food; his limited intellect, naturally imputes all the benefits he receives to what his vision tells him, has been derived from that source; and he falls prostrate before those objects, that are more immediately presented to his view as the great parents of nature, and the most visible administration to his wants. Such has been the origin of religious observances in every barbarous age, and the natural results of unassisted and unsophisticated reason; and such we find to have been the early practice of

the Hindus, until disfigured and rendered hideous by the polytheistical inventions of artful and designing men.

As men progressed in improvement, and witnessed the actions of some predominant spirit, which, to their view, appeared to be superhuman, they were anxious to transmit to posterity the memory of them, and from thence commenced the deification of their heroes, to whom they afterwards assigned a bodily form, believing it to be the only means of fixing durable impressions of them in the minds of a people nearly insensible to every thing that did not directly affect the senses.

On such materials is founded the Hindu mythology; a system of allegory, not confined to India, but peculiar to all the nations of antiquity, the most depraved, dissolute and indecent conduct is ascribed to their divinities, the infancy of whose actions may vie with the grossest descriptions of the Pantheon.

The Trimurti, composed of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, is understood by the Hindus to signify three powers, because the three essential energies of *Creation, Preservation and Destruction*, severally pertain to these three gods. The first is the leading attribute of Brahma, by whom all things were created. The second belongs to Vishnu, the preserver of all that exists: the last to Siva, the destroyer of what Brahma creates, and Vishnu preserves.

These three deities are sometimes represented singly, with their peculiar attributes; and sometimes as blended into one body with three heads. It is in this last state that they obtain the name of Trimurti, or three powers. It appears also that this union of persons may have been intended to denote, that existence cannot be produced and reproduced, without the combination of the threefold power of creation, conservation, and destruction.

These are sometimes worshipped singly, and sometimes collectively, without regard to particular doctrines.

As to the origin of these three principal Deities, a variety of opinions exist, so that the fable of the Trimurti, is less consistently supported than any other doctrines in the Hindu books; they are principally occupied in what relates to the debaucheries and abominable amours of the three deities in a combined form. The *three powers* contained in the etymology of the word, appear to show that, under the representation of three divine persons in one body, the ancient Hindus intended the three great powers of nature; namely the earth, the water, and the fire. In course of time this original notion would gradually vanish; and an ignorant race, directed solely by the impressions of the senses, gradually converted what at first was a simple allegory, into three distinct godheads.

The strong resemblance between the attributes of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, of the Hindus, and Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto of the Greeks, and Romans, have induced many to suppose that the latter derive their origin from Asia; the resemblance, however, does not, by any means, prove that they are the same deities, though worshipped under different names; for the attributes of any one of the Trimurti are equally applicable to the three divinities of the Greeks and Romans. That a resemblance does exist, is not sufficient to justify the conclusion that they are formed in the same model. Archbishop Potter, in his 'Antiquities,' conceives that the mythology of the Greeks was derived from the contributions of the 'colonies from divers nations,' from whom they borrowed some part of their religious ceremonies, and not wholly from Egypt. The gross idolatry of the Hindu, extends far beyond the more refined systems of Greece and Rome, as every thing, animate and inanimate, participates in the devotion of the former. It differs widely too in the object worshipped. The Greeks and Romans paid adoration only to the God whom the image is supposed to represent, while the Hindu, on the contrary, worships the actual sub-

stance for its utility; thus, A woman adores the basket, which serves to bring or to hold her necessaries, and offers sacrifices to it; as well as to the rice-mill, and other implements that assist her in household labours. A carpenter does the like homage to his hatchet, his adze, and other tools; and likewise offers sacrifices to them. A Brahman does so to the style with which he is going to write; a soldier to the arms he is to use in the field; a mason to his trowel, and a labourer to his plough; in some instances, however, it assimilates to the Grecian mode.

Though the people of India have still preserved a knowledge of the Supreme Being, his providence, his mercy and his justice, yet have they so disfigured it by allegory and fiction, that scarcely a trace of it can be discerned, amid the gross darkness in which they are enveloped; such knowledge appears to be confined exclusively to the Brahmans, who find their account in keeping it from their deluded followers.*

* The writer, in company with three European gentlemen, was witness to a most interesting and impressive scene on the banks of the Hoogly, near Calcutta, which confirms him in the belief that the lower casts are kept in entire ignorance of this important doctrine. A Brahman, who had been converted by the labours of the Baptist Missionaries, at Serampore, was arguing with another on the blessings of the gospel dispensation, and its preference to the idolatrous worship of the Hindu; he had divested himself of his turban, and held a Bible under his arm, to which he constantly appealed for the truth of the doctrine he supported: the costume, the attitude, the subject, and the surrounding pagans, brought forcibly to our minds the primitive apostles expounding the law to the Gentiles; the mildness, the benignity displayed in his countenance, the affectionate tone in which he uttered the divine truths, and his solicitude to impress them with the importance of his doctrines, formed a striking contrast to the fury and violence of his opponent, who in vain appealed to Gunga, Brahma, Vishnu, and the whole Hindu Mythology to prove his position; foiled in every attempt by the coolness and intrepidity of the Christian, laughed at even by the natives, amounting to two hundred, around him, he broke out into the most ungovernable rage, and with a load of abuse left the field to his opponent, who afterwards partook with us the refreshment of tea, and con-

Attempts have also been made to prove that they are acquainted with the doctrine of the trinity, which is said to be comprised under the fable of the Trimurti; this, however, requires, says the Abbe, 'expressions more decided, more consistent, than are to be found in the Hindu writings.'

It is a principle with the Hindu, that whatever is the cause of good or evil, is entitled to honour; and they readily prostitute the name of God by applying it to any mere mortal whom they have reason to view with fear or hope.

A letter sent to lord Minto, when governor general of India, commenced thus, 'My lord, you are my God.'

When the natives of antiquity first lost sight of the knowledge of the true God, their gradation downwards, from one degree of idolatry to another, was extremely rapid; gods multiplied, and became subservient to the passions of the human heart; fanciful hypothesis usurped the place of positive truth; the whole system of moral law was lost in the universal superstition which prevailed, and a system of ethics, adapted more to the gratification of the senses, than the maintenance of public order and decency, was instituted in its place. The poor Hindu, ignorant, illiterate and superstitious, is satisfied with the mode of worship prescribed by the Brahmans, without inquiry into its correctness. Accustomed to a blind submission, under the most despotic of governments, they receive, as truths, all the absurdities uttered by their religious teachers, who exercise over them, and their consciences, the most unbounded sway; the light of reason is extinguished by the darkness of superstition; and the grosser particles of sense, destroy the progressive advancement to virtue. The great revenue derived to the Brahmans by the institution of festivals in honour of their gods, where scenes the most abominable occur, and every

firm, by the urbanity of his manner, the favourable impressions his conduct had procured for him.

thing that can gratify the senses, constitutes the principal ceremonies of the worship, is, of itself, sufficient to destroy every principle of honesty and integrity in the one, and reduce the other to the lowest grade of moral turpitude: the mind, thus prepared, will readily accommodate itself to every expediency, and, as hope and fear are passions that have so considerable an influence over the human heart, we cannot wonder that, in their general debasement, they should ascribe divinity to mortals, who are so able to injure them.

Of the elements, water is the principal object of adoration: the sacred stream of the Ganges is of indispensable importance in all transactions of life; to swear by it is the most sacred of oaths; and, as on the eve of dissolution, it is supposed to procure a happy passage out of life; for this purpose, the dying are conveyed to the banks of the river, where, placed on an elevated mound, the last ceremonies of their religion are performed: to those who are at too great a distance to be thus blessed, its waters are conveyed at a considerable expense.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the gods of India, as they reckon no less than thirty-three *koti* of gods, each *koti* being equal to ten millions, so that the whole number amounts to three hundred and thirty millions. Suffice it that the principal among them are the Trimurti, Krishna, the Lingam, Vighneswara and Indra or Devindra. The worship of animals, though not confined to India, having been carried to a very great extent by the Egyptians, is another peculiar feature in the Hindu mythology. The ape, the bull, the bird garuda, and the serpent, have their devotees; some on account of their usefulness to man, in his daily labour, and others for the destruction of noxious reptiles, but the most remarkable and absurd doctrine is that of transmigration, of which we shall now speak.

The doctrines of the metempsychosis, or the passage of the soul after death, from one body to another, is one of the most singular, in appearance, that could have been invented

by the genius of man. When we reflect, however, that revelation had not yet shed its light on the world, and on that desire of life, which we all experience, we cannot be surprised that a doctrine, which goes to afford this consolation, should be adopted with avidity. That the soul should cease to exist with the body, was, to the sensualist, a matter of extreme sorrow and mortification. That they were to resign, forever, all the delights and pleasures of sense, could not but be a circumstance of regret; they, therefore, probably from observing the instinct and sagacity of the brute, invented a doctrine so consolatory to the feelings and dispositions of the people, that it was embraced by all classes, and continues, to this day, a fundamental article in the Hindu belief.

People who are resident in Christian countries, and have had the benefit of early instruction, with an opportunity of judging for themselves, can scarcely credit the stories of travellers, who give to them almost incredible accounts of foreign customs. Incredulity is so peculiar a disposition in man, that it requires the most undoubted testimony to induce his belief, particularly when the relation implies a total aberration from all moral virtue, and an acquiescence in the most absurd and ridiculous opinion: nor can we be surprised at his scepticism, when we hear relations so marvellous, of absurdities so striking to a cultivated mind, and a worship so abhorrent to the first principles of nature. There are many accounts we would wish to disbelieve, but the various histories of intelligent and learned men, have taken from us even the ability to doubt. The state of man, when not governed by any other motives than fear and hope, and whose passions are the sole regulators of his conduct, is a perpetual warfare against his fellow creatures; his moral perceptions are blunted by the constant duplicity he is compelled to maintain, in such a state of society, and he seizes with avidity a prospect of future emancipation from his cares, little scrupulous as to consequences, provided his object be attained.

In the life of an idolator, possessed of a plurality of gods, an offence committed against one is propitiated by a sacrifice to his opposite; thus secure, he is no longer actuated by moral ties, but seeks the gratification of his senses, even to the detriment of his fellow creatures. Laws are in vain enacted for men whose sins can be expiated and eternal happiness insured by a sacrifice of themselves at the shrine of their divinities; and the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is neutralized, where endless felicity is promised to those who bestow alms and benefactions on the Brahmans.

The metempsychosis, called, by the Hindus, *Parma Jamura*, or regeneration, that so long agitated the learned, since the time of Pythagoras, is erroneously ascribed to that heathen as the inventor, for it is certain that he did not promulgate his system until after his return from India. And, says the Abbe:

‘Is it at all to be imagined that the Brahmans would consent to borrow a system so abstracted and extraordinary from a stranger? Those who know their pride and arrogant presumption, will find great difficulty in believing it. Never can a Brahman be persuaded that sciences, which he is ignorant of, can be lodged in the mind of a man of any other cast, far less of a foreigner; and never would he lend an ear to any individual who should pretend to be acquainted with any new science or useful discovery, of which he himself would not assume to be inventor.’

A difference, however, exists between the systems of Greece and India. Pythagoras taught that the soul in leaving the body passed frequently into that of an animal, and consequently that a total abstinence from such food was incumbent, lest in the repast, a son should unwittingly feed on the body of his father, whose soul might possibly have passed into that of a sheep or fowl: and such continued to be the Pythagorean creed, until the time of Plotinus and Porphyry,

disciples of Plato, who substituted another, implying, that the souls of men passed into a human body, and that of brutes into their own species, and endeavoured, though too late, to prove that such was the original doctrine. The Hindus, on the contrary, found their belief on two different principles; one is, 'their dread of being defiled by the use of animal nutriment,' and the other the 'abhorrence of the murder which must have been committed before they could enjoy such a feast.' The Hindus believe that no difference exists between the souls of men and of animals; and that the sins of human beings in one generation are the cause of their being degraded to the condition of a beast in another. Hence they conclude, that it is equally wicked to slay a beast or an insect as to murder one of their own species.

Two principal causes are assigned by the Hindus for the transmigration of souls; the first, that transgression must be punished and virtue rewarded: thus, 'as in this life, vice is frequently triumphant and virtue beaten down;' the gods as a remedy for the evil, have decreed that he who, during his life, was a wicked man, a robber or homicide, shall, in requital of his crimes, be regenerated after his present life, and become a Pariah, some voracious animal, or a creeping insect, or be born blind or crooked; so that, according to this doctrine, lowness of birth or bodily defects, are an incontestable proof of the perverseness that reigned in a preceding existence. On the contrary, to have been born beautiful, handsome, rich, powerful, a Brahman, or even a cow; every circumstance of that nature, is a clear proof of the pure and virtuous life which had distinguished the fortunate object in the preceding generation. Extremes, it is said, are nearly allied, and certainly no affinity exists between virtue and a Brahman, whatever he may have been in former life: in this, he is a compound of every vice; lying and knavery are his characteristics; and comparing his former existence with his present, he is like a criminal at the bar, who has always

maintained a good reputation up to the time of committing the offense, for which he is arraigned; the unbounded credulity, however, of the Hindu sees nothing but absolute perfection.

The Hindus have a notion peculiar to themselves, which they assign as another cause of transmigration, 'that a soul after death, must retain something of the dispositions and stains which it had contracted in a preceding generation, just as an earthen vessel retains for a long time the odour of some strong liquor which was put into it when new. They strengthen this comparison by the instance of a woman, who had been a fish in her preceding generation; and who, though in the present, a real woman, still retained the fishy odour. It is necessary, therefore, that a long succession of generations should cleanse the impurities of the past; which must be followed by a vast number more, if, in place of purifying themselves from ancient stains, they contract new ones, by a dissolute life.

As to the proportion and duration of rewards and punishments, it must depend on the measure of virtue and vice predominant in each individual, which must require a greater or less succession of new births before arriving at that sublime state of purity which at last puts a period to this transition of the soul from body to body, and inseparably reunites it to the great Being, to Para-Brahma.

With the exception of those who maintain the doctrine of materiality, all nations have admitted a future state of rewards and punishment; but like all other parts of the Hindu system, it has been made subservient to the purposes of the Brahmans. Punishment is sometimes imposed for any offence offered to a Brahman; and, as we have before stated, rewards bestowed on those who are liberal in their contributions in this life. The abodes of happiness are the abodes of the sensualist, and are well adapted to the genius of the people.

I have passed over their festivals, so disgusting in the recital, and their human sacrifices, which though considerably decreased, are still to be met with in some parts of India.

The effect of such a worship, especially of the Lingam, must tend to break down the barriers of virtue, and make vice a predominant principle. The influence of example, beyond precept, is daily witnessed in the common transactions of life, how much more must it operate, when the passions are interested, and sensual delights form a part of religious ceremonies. The abominable scenes transacted in public, invade the privacy of the dwelling, and the passions, no longer under the control of public opinion, riot in undisguised libertinism.

Conceiving themselves justified in the infraction of every moral precept, by the example and history of their gods, we cannot be surprised at the demoralized state of society among them. Some eminent men, dazzled by the novelty, and deceived by the specious appearance of affected sanctities, have bestowed eulogiums upon their morality, and denied that the obscene exhibition of the Lingam, has not at all tended to deprave their minds, asserting that they are merely symbolical of generation and fruition; but experience has completely overthrow these fine spun theories, and developed the destructive poison in its true colours.

The division into casts, alone, prevents the most unbounded excesses; where moral feeling is wanting, fanaticism and superstitions step in to supply its place, and happy it is for them that such obstacles exist, in some measure to restrain; were it not for this, their unruly passions would, like the mountain torrent, dash impetuously on in one destructive course. The Brahmans alone, absolute masters of the consciences of their deluded followers, claim an exemption from the shackles of religious and moral observances, and revel in all the excesses of sensual indulgence, originating in excessive credulity. Could we hope that such impiety and infidelity were likely to be subverted by the pure and moral

precepts of the gospel, it would be something consolatory to the Christian; but, however desirous we may be of such a result, and we are too prone to believe what we wish, the unremitted exertions of the worthy missionaries, and their success, will best testify. Dr. Bryce, the minister of the Scotch Presbyterian church, in Calcutta, has asserted from the pulpit, 'that zeal the most active and disinterested, and diligence the most assiduous, have not been spared by the Christian Missionary, in his pious attempt to convert the natives of India. But, alas! it may be doubted, if at this day he boasts a single proselyte to his creed, over whom he is warranted to rejoice.'

From the profound darkness, however, that covers the land, a ray of light is shining forth in the person of a native of great literary acquirement, and of a sect from whom alone any absolute benefit can be expected to result. The authority of the Brahman is absolutely necessary to the completion of the grand design, and in this individual, it is hoped, a firm support will be given to the completion of the work. Under a host of persecution, he has succeeded in establishing a sect, consisting already of one thousand persons, who worship the true God, and take the moral law of the gospel for their guide. From such a beginning more is to be expected, than from the exertions of strangers. A spirit of inquiry has been elicited, and the altars of Belial must give way to those of a pure and spotless Deity.

On the whole we have derived much pleasure and information from the perusal of the Abbe's description, and ardently wish that, instead of avaricious speculators, a few more such men were resident in India. P.

ART. III.—*Remarks of the Edinburgh Reviewers on Mr. Walsh's Appeal.*

[Selections have not been often made from the Edinburgh Review, because that Journal has a wide circulation in this

country. We are induced, at present, to depart from the observance of this rule, in consideration of the lively interest taken in the present literary warfare, waged between the Scottish critics and our accomplished champion, the author of the 'Appeal.' Much praise has been given in some late American publications, to the candour and liberality said to be discoverable in the following critique. We confess ourselves unable to perceive any foundation for such compliments. The Edinburgh Reviewers make an artful and disingenuous defence, and while professing friendship and goodwill, exert their utmost efforts to destroy the reputation, and impede the circulation of the 'Appeal.' To attain these objects, truth and candour are unhesitatingly sacrificed. They unblushingly deny that they had ever spoken ill of the essential characteristics of the American character—charge Mr. W. with having for his *avowed* object the excitement of a hostile spirit between the two countries,—and represent the notice taken in the 'Appeal' of the sins of their Journal, as *a principal* part of the work. These assertions are not more dishonest than their personal attack on Mr. W. is undignified and unfair.

The minor reviews of Great Britain, in noticing the 'Appeal,' have generally avoided every thing like a liberal discussion of its merits, and have been fearful of giving extracts from its contents; but, have under the pretence of a review, repeated their usual *tirade* against the United States, quoting copiously from Mr. Bristed's libellous publication, as a book of unquestionable authority.]

[From the LXVI No. of the Edinburgh Review.]

'ONE great staple of this book is a vehement, and, we really think, an unjust attack on the principles of this Journal. Yet we take part, on the whole, with the author:—and heartily wish him success in the great object of vindicating his country from unmerited aspersions, and trying to make us, in England, ashamed of the vices and defects which he has taken

the trouble to point out in our national character and institutions. In this part of his design we cordially concur—and shall at all times be glad to cooperate. But there is another part of it, and we are sorry to say a principal and avowed part, of which we cannot speak in terms of too strong regret and reprobation—and that is, a design to excite and propagate among his countrymen, a general animosity to the British name, by way of counteracting, or rather revenging, the animosity, which he very erroneously supposes to be generally entertained by the English against them.

‘ That this is, in itself, and under any circumstances, an unworthy, an unwise, and even a criminal object, we think we could demonstrate to the satisfaction of Mr. W. himself, and all his reasonable adherents; but it is better, perhaps, to endeavour, in the first place, to correct the misapprehensions, and dispel the delusions in which this disposition has its foundation, and, at all events, to set them the example of perfect good humour and fairness, in a discussion where the parties perhaps will never be entirely agreed; and where those, who are now to be heard, have the strongest conviction of being injuriously misrepresented. If we felt any soreness, indeed, on the score of this author’s imputations, or had any desire to lessen the just effect of his representations, it would have been enough for us, we believe, to have let them alone. For, without some such help as ours, the work really does not seem calculated to make any great impression in this quarter of the world. It is not only, as the author has candidly observed of it, a very ‘ clumsy book,’ heavily written and abominably printed,—but the only material part of it—the only part about which any body can now be supposed to care very much, either here or in America—is overlaid and buried under a huge mass of historical compilation, which would have little chance of attracting readers at the present moment, even if much better digested than it is in the volume before us.

The substantial question is, what has been the true character and condition of the United States since they became an independent nation,—and what is likely to be their condition in future? And to elucidate this question, the learned author has thought fit to premise about 200 very close printed pages, upon their merits as colonies, and the harsh treatment they then received from the mother country! Of this large historical sketch, we cannot say either that it is very correctly drawn, or very faithfully coloured. It presents us with no connected narrative, or interesting deduction of events—but is, in truth, a mere heap of indigested quotations from common books, of good and of bad authority—inartificially cemented together by a loose and angry commentary. We are not aware, indeed, that there are in this part of the work either any new statements, or any new views or opinions; the facts being mostly taken from Chalmer's Annals, and Burke's European Settlements; and the authorities for the good conduct and ill-treatment of the colonies, being chiefly the Parliamentary Debates and Brougham's Colonial Policy.—But, in good truth, these historical recollections will go but a little way in determining that great practical and most important question, which it is Mr. W.'s intention, as well as ours, to discuss—What are, and what ought to be, the Dispositions of England and America towards each other?—And the general facts as to the origin and colonial history of the latter, in so far as they bear upon this question, really do not admit of much dispute. The most important of their settlements were unquestionably founded by the friends of civil and religious liberty—who, though somewhat precise and puritanical, were, in the main, a sturdy and sagacious race of people, not readily to be cajoled out of the blessings they had sought through so many sacrifices, and ready at all times manfully and resolutely to assert them against all invaders. As to the mother country, again, without claiming for her any romantic tenderness or generosity towards those hardy

offsets, we think we may say, that she oppressed and domineered over them much less than any other modern nation has done over such settlements—that she allowed them, for the most part, liberal charters and constitutions, and was kind enough to leave them very much to themselves;—and although she did manifest, now and then, a disposition to encroach on their privileges, their rights were, on the whole, very tolerably respected—so that they grew up to a state of prosperity, and a familiarity with freedom, in all its divisions, which was not only without parallel in any similar establishment, but probably could not have been attained had they been earlier left to their own guidance and protection. This is all that we ask for England, on a review of her colonial policy, and her conduct before the war; and this, we think, no candid and well-informed person can reasonably refuse her.

As to the war itself, the motives in which it originated, and the spirit in which it was carried on, it cannot now be necessary to say any thing—or, at least when we say, that having once been begun, we think that it terminated as the friends of justice and liberty must have wished it to terminate, we conceive that Mr. W. can require no other explanation. That this result, however, should have left a soreness upon both sides, and especially on that which had not been soothed by success, is what all men must have expected. But, upon the whole, we firmly believe, that this was far slighter and less durable than has generally been imagined; and was likely very speedily to have been entirely effaced by those ancient recollections of kindness, and kindred which could not fail to recur, and by that still more powerful feeling, to which every day was likely to add strength, of their common interests as *free* and as *commercial* countries, and of the substantial conformity of their national character, and of their sentiments, upon most topics of public and of private right. The healing operation, however, of these causes was unfor-

unately thwarted and retarded by the heats that rose out of the French revolution, and the new interests and new relations which it appeared for a time to create:—And the hostilities in which we were at last involved with America herself—though the opinions of her people, as well as our own, were deeply divided upon both questions—served still further to embitter the general feeling, and to keep alive the memory of animosities that should not have been so long remembered. At last came peace—and the spirit, but not the prosperity of peace; and the distresses and commercial embarrassments of both countries threw both into bad humour, and unfortunately hurried both into a system of jealous and illiberal policy, by which that bad humour was aggravated, and received an unfortunate direction.

In this exasperated state of the national temper, and, we do think, too much under its influence, Mr. Walsh has thought himself called upon to vindicate his country from the aspersions of English writers, and after arraigning them, generally, of the most incredible ignorance, and atrocious malignity, he proceeds to state, that the *EDINBURGH* and *QUARTERLY* Reviews, in particular, have been incessantly labouring to traduce the character of America, and have lately broken out into such ‘excesses of obloquy,’ as can no longer be endured; and, in particular, that the prospect of a large emigration to the United States has thrown us all into such ‘paroxysms of spite and jealousy,’ that we have engaged in a scheme of systematic defamation that sets truth and consistency alike at defiance. To counteract this nefarious scheme, Mr. W. has taken the field—not so much to refute or to retort—not for the purpose of pointing out our errors, or exposing our unfairness, but, rather, if we understand him aright, of retaliating on us the abuse we have been so long pouring on others. In his preface, accordingly, he fairly avows it to be his intention to act on the offensive—to carry the war into the enemy’s quarters, and to make reprisals up-

on the honour and character of England, in revenge for the insults which, he will have it, her writers have heaped on his country. He therefore proposes to point out 'the sores and blotches of the British nation' to the scorn and detestation of his countrymen; and having assumed, that it is 'the intention of Great Britain to educate her youth in sentiments of the most rancorous hostility to America,' he assures us, that this design 'will and must be met with *corresponding sentiments* on his side of the water.'

Now, though we cannot applaud the generosity, or even the humanity of these sentiments—though we think that the American government and people, if at all deserving of the eulogy which Mr. W. has here bestowed upon them, might, like Cromwell, have felt themselves too strong to care about paper shot—and though we cannot but feel, that a more temperate and candid tone would have carried more weight, as well as more magnanimity with it, we must yet begin by admitting, that America has cause of complaint;—and that nothing can be more despicable and disgusting, than the scurrility with which she has been assailed, by a portion of the press of this country—and that, disgraceful as these publications are, they speak the sense of a powerful and active party in the nation. All this, and more than this, we have no wish, and no intention, to deny. But we do wish most anxiously to impress upon Mr. W. and his adherents, to beware how they believe that this party speaks the sense of the British nation—or that their sentiments on this, or on many other occasions, are in any degree in accordance with those of the body of the people. On the contrary, we are firmly persuaded, that a great majority of the nation, numerically considered, and a still greater majority of the intelligent and enlightened persons, whose influence and authority cannot fail in the long-run to govern her councils, would disclaim all sympathy with any part of these opinions; and actually look on the miserable libels in question, not only with the

scorn and disgust to which Mr. W. would consign them, but with a sense of shame from which his situation fortunately exempts him; and a sorrow and regret of which unfortunately he seems too little susceptible.

It is a fact which can require no proof, even in America, that there is a party in this country not friendly to political liberty, and decidedly hostile to all extension of popular rights,—which, if it does not grudge to its own people the powers and privileges which are bestowed on them by the constitution, is at least for confining their exercise within the narrowest limits—which thinks the peace and well-being of society in no danger from any thing but popular encroachments, and holds the only safe or desirable government to be that of a pretty pure and unincumbered monarchy, supported by a vast revenue and a powerful army, and obeyed by a people just enlightened enough to be orderly and industrious, but no way curious as to questions of right—and never presuming to judge of the conduct of their superiors.

Now, it is quite true that *this party* dislikes America, and is apt enough to decry and insult her. Its adherents never have forgiven the success of her war of independence—the loss of a nominal sovereignty, or perhaps of a real power of vexing and oppressing—her supposed rivalry in trade—and, above all, the happiness and tranquillity which she enjoys under a republican form of government. Such a spectacle of democratical prosperity is unspeakably mortifying to their high monarchical principles, and is easily imagined to be dangerous to their security. Their first wish, and, for a time, their darling hope, was, that the infant States would quarrel among themselves, and be thankful to be again received under our protection, as a refuge from military despotism. Since that hope was lost, it would have satisfied them to find that their republican institutions had made them poor and turbulent and depraved—incapable of civil wisdom, regardless of national honour, and as intractable to their own

elected rulers as they had been to their hereditary sovereign. To those who were capable of such wishes and such expectations, it is easy to conceive, that the happiness and good order of the United States—the wisdom and authority of their government—and the unparalleled rapidity of their progress in wealth, population, and refinement, must have been but an ungrateful spectacle; and most especially, that the splendid and steady success of the freest and most popular form of government that ever was established in the world, must have struck the most lively alarm into the hearts of all those who were anxious to have it believed that the people could never interfere in politics but to their ruin, and that the smallest addition to the democratical influence, recognised in the theory at least of the British constitution, must lead to the immediate destruction of peace and property, morality and religion.

That there are journals in this country, and journals too of great and deserved reputation in other respects, who have spoken the language of the party we have now described, and that in a tone of singular intemperance and offence, we most readily admit. But need we tell Mr. W. or any ordinarily well informed individual of his countrymen, that neither this party nor their journalists can be allowed to stand for the people of England?—that it is notorious that there is among that people another and a far more numerous party, whose sentiments are at all points opposed to those of the former, and who are by necessary consequence, friends to America, and to all that Americans most value in their character and institutions?—who, as Englishmen, are more proud to have great and glorious nations descended from them, than to have discontented colonies uselessly subjected to their caprice—who, as freemen, rejoice to see freedom spreading itself, with giant footsteps, over the fairest regions of the earth, and nations flourishing exactly in proportion as they are free—and to know, that when the drivelling advocates of hierarchy

and legitimacy vent their paltry sophistries with some shadow of plausibility on the history of the Old World, they can turn with decisive triumph, to the unequivocal example of the New—and demonstrate the unspeakable advantages of free government, by the unprecedented prosperity of America? Such persons, too, can be as little suspected of entertaining any jealousy of the commercial prosperity of the Americans, as of their political freedom; since it requires but a very moderate share of understanding to see, that the advantages of trade must always be mutual and reciprocal—that one great trading country is of necessity the best customer to another—and that the trade of America, consisting chiefly in the exportation of raw produce and the importation of manufactured commodities, is, of all others, the most beneficial to a country like England.

That such sentiments were naturally to be expected in a country circumstanced like England, no thinking man will deny. But Mr. Walsh has been himself among us, and was, we have reason to believe, no idle or incurious observer of our men and cities; and we appeal with confidence to him, whether these were not the prevailing sentiments among the intelligent and well educated of every degree! If he thinks as we do, as to their soundness and importance, he must also believe that they will sooner or later influence the conduct even of our court and cabinet. But, in the mean time, the fact is certain, that the opposite sentiments are confined to a very small portion of the people of Great Britain—though now placed unfortunately in a situation to exercise a great influence in her councils—and that the course of events, as well as the force of reason, is every day bringing them more and more into discredit. Where then, we would ask, is the justice or the policy of seeking to render, a quarrel national, when the cause of quarrel is only with an inconsiderable and declining party of its members?—and why labour to excite animosity against a whole people, the majority of whom *must*

be your sincere friends, merely because some prejudiced or interested persons among them have disgusted the great body of their own countrymen, by the senselessness and scurrility, of their attacks upon yours?

The Americans are extremely mistaken, if they suppose that they are the only persons who are abused by the party that does abuse them. They have merely their share, along with all the friends and the advocates of liberty in every part of the world. The constitutionalists of France, including the king and many of his ministers, meet with no better treatment;—and those who hold liberal opinions in this country, are assailed with still greater acrimony and fierceness. Let Mr. Walsh only look to the language held by our ministerial journals, for the last twelvemonth, on the subjects of Reform and Alarm—and observe in what way, not only the whole class of reformers and conciliators, but the names and persons of such men as lords Lansdowne, Grey, Fitzwilliam, and Erskine, sir James Mackintosh, and Messrs. Brougham, Lambton, Tierney, and others, are dealt with by these national oracles,—and he will be satisfied that his countrymen neither stand alone in the misfortune of which he complains so bitterly, nor are subjected to it in very bad company. We, too, he may probably be aware, have had our portion of the abuse which he seems to think reserved for America—and, what is a little remarkable, for being too much her advocate. For what we have said of her present power, and future greatness—her wisdom in peace and her valour in war—and of all the invaluable advantages of her representative system—her freedom from taxes, sinecures, and standing armies—we have been subjected to far more virulent attacks than any of which he now complains for his country—and that from the same party scribblers, with whom we are here, somewhat absurdly, confounded and supposed to be leagued. It is really, we think, some little presumption of our fairness, that the accusations against us

should be thus contradictory—and that for one and the same set of writings, we should be denounced by the ultra-royalists of England as little better than American republicans, and by the ultra-patriots of America, as the jealous defamers of her freedom.

‘ This, however, is of very little consequence. What we wish to impress on Mr. W. is, that they who traduce the largest and ablest part of the English nation, cannot well speak the sense of that nation—and that *their* offences ought not, in reason, to be imputed to her. If there be any reliance on the principles of human nature, the friends of liberty in England must rejoice in the prosperity of America. Every selfish, concurs with every generous motive, to add strength to this sympathy; and if any thing is certain in our late internal history, it is, that the friends of liberty are rapidly increasing among us;—partly from increased intelligence—partly from increased suffering and impatience—partly from conviction, prudence, and fear.

There is another consideration, also arising from the aspect of the times before us, which should go far, we think, at the present moment, to strengthen these bonds of affinity. It is impossible to look to the state of the Old World without seeing, or rather feeling, that there is a greater and more momentous contest impending, than ever before agitated human society. In Germany—in Spain—in France—in Italy, the principles of reform and liberty are visibly arraying themselves for a final struggle with the principles of established abuse,—legitimacy, or tyranny,—or whatever else it is called, by its friends or enemies. Even in England, the more modified elements of the same principles are stirring and heaving, around, above and beneath us, with unprecedented agitation and terror; and every thing betokens an approaching crisis in the great European commonwealth, by the result of which the future character of its governments, and the structure and condition of its society, will in all probability be

determined. The ultimate result, or the course of events that are to lead to it, we have not the presumption to predict. The struggle may be long or transitory—sanguinary or bloodless; and it may end in a great and signal amelioration of all existing institutions, or in the establishment of one vast federation of military despots, domineering as usual in the midst of sensuality, barbarism, and gloom. The issues of all these things are in the hand of Providence and the womb of time; and no human eye can yet foresee the fashion of their accomplishment: But great changes are evidently preparing; and in fifty years—most probably in a far shorter time—some material alterations must have taken place in most of the established governments of Europe, and the rights of the European nations been established on a surer and more durable basis. Half a century cannot pass away in growing discontents on the part of the people, and growing fears and precautions on that of their rulers. Their pretensions *must* at last be put in issue; and abide the settlement of force, or fear, or reason.

Looking back to what has already happened in the world, both recently and in ancient times, we can scarcely doubt that the cause of liberty will be ultimately triumphant. But through what trials and sufferings—what martyrdoms and persecutions is it doomed to work out its triumph—we profess ourselves totally unable to conjecture. The disunion of the lower and the higher classes, which was gradually disappearing with the increasing intelligence of the former, but has lately been renewed by circumstances which we cannot now stop to examine, leads, we must confess, to gloomy auguries as to the character of this contest; and fills us with apprehensions, that it may neither be peaceful nor brief. But in this, and in every other respect, we conceive that much will depend on the part that is taken by America; and on the dispositions which she may have cultivated towards the different parties concerned. Her great and growing wealth and population—her universal commercial relations—her

own impregnable security—and her remoteness from the scene of dissension—must give her prodigious power and influence in such a crisis, either as a mediator or umpire, or, if she take a part, as an auxiliary and ally. That she must wish well to the cause of freedom, it would be indecent to doubt—and that she should take an active part against it, is a thing not even to be imagined:—But she may stand aloof, a cold and disdainful spectator; and, counterfeiting a prudent indifference to scenes that neither can nor ought to be indifferent to her, may see, unmoved, the prolongation of a lamentable contest, which her interference might either have prevented, or brought to a speedy termination. And this course she will most probably follow, if she allows herself to conceive antipathies to nations for the faults of a few calumnious individuals: and especially if, upon grounds so trivial, she should nourish such an animosity towards England, as to feel a repugnance to make common cause with her, even in behalf of their common inheritance of freedom.

Assuredly, there is yet no other country in Europe where the principles of liberty, and the rights and duties of nations, are so well understood as with us—or in which so great a number of men, qualified to write, speak, and act with authority, are at all times ready to take a reasonable, liberal, and practical view of those principles and duties. The government, indeed, has not always been either wise or generous, to its own or to other countries;—but it has partaken, or at least has been controlled by the general spirit of freedom; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the free constitution of England has been a blessing and protection to the remotest nations of Europe for the last 100 years. Had England not been free, the worst despotism in Europe must have been far worse than it is, at this moment. If the world had been parcelled out among arbitrary monarchs, they would have run a race of oppression, and encouraged each other in all sorts of abuses. But the existence of one powerful and

flourishing state, where juster maxims were admitted, has shamed them out of their worst enormities, given countenance and encouragement to the claims of their oppressed subjects, and gradually taught their rulers to understand, that a certain measure of liberty was not only compatible with national greatness and splendour, but essential to its support. In the days of queen Elizabeth, England was the champion and asylum of religious freedom—in those of king William, of national independence. If a less generous spirit has prevailed in her cabinet since the settled predominance of tory principles in her councils, still, the effects of her parliamentary opposition—the artillery of her free press—the voice, in short, of her people, which Mr. W. has so strangely mistaken, have not been without their effects;—and, though some flagrant acts of injustice have stained her recent annals, we still venture to hope, that the dread of the British public is felt as far as Petersburg and Vienna; and would fain indulge ourselves with the belief, that it may yet scare some imperial spoiler from a part of his prey, and lighten, if not break, the chains of many distant captives.

It is in aid of this decaying, perhaps expiring influence—it is as an associate or successor in the noble office of patronizing and protecting general liberty, that we now call upon America to throw from her the memory of all petty differences and nice offences, and to unite herself cordially with the liberal and enlightened part of the English nation, at a season when their joint efforts will in all probability be little enough to crown the good cause with success, and when their disunion will give dreadful advantages to the enemies of all improvement and reform. The *example* of America has already done much for that cause; and the very existence of such a country, under such a government, is a tower of strength, and a standard of encouragement, for all who may hereafter have to struggle for the restoration or the extension of their rights. It shows within what limits popular institutions are safe and

practicable; and what a large infusion of democracy is consistent with the authority of government, and the good order of society. But her *influence*, as well as her example, will be wanted in the crisis which seems to be approaching:—and that influence must be paralyzed and inoperative, if she shall think it a duty to divide herself from England, to look with jealousy upon her proceedings, and to judge unfavourably of all the parties she contains. We do not ask her to think well of *that* party whether in power or out of it, which has always insulted and reviled her, because she is free and independent and democratic and prosperous:—but we do confidently lay claim to her favourable opinion for that great majority of the nation that have always been opposed to this party—which has divided with her the honour of its reproaches, and is bound, by every consideration of interest and duty, consistency and common sense, to maintain her rights and her reputation, and to promote and proclaim her prosperity.

To which of these parties *we* belong, and to which our pen has been devoted, we suppose it is unnecessary for us to announce, even in America;—and therefore, without recapitulating any part of what has just been said, we think we may assume, in the outset, that the charge exhibited against us by Mr. W. is, at least, and on its face, a very unlikely and improbable one—that we are actuated by jealousy and spite towards America, and have joined in a scheme of systematic defamation, in order to diffuse among our countrymen a general sentiment of hostility and dislike to her! Grievous as this charge is, we should scarcely have thought it necessary to reply to it, had not the question appeared to us to relate to something of far higher importance than the character of our Journal, or the justice or injustice of an imputation on the principles of a few anonymous writers. In that case, we should have left the matter, as all the world knows we have uniformly left it in other cases, to be determined by

our readers upon the evidence before them. But Mr. W. has been pleased to do us the honour of identifying us with the great whig party of this country, or, rather, of considering us as the exponents of those who support the principles of liberty—and to think his case sufficiently made out against the nation at large, if he can prove that both the **EDINBURGH** and the **QUARTERLY** Review had given proof of deliberate malice and shameful unfairness on the subject of America. Now *this*, it must be admitted, gives the question a magnitude that would not otherwise belong to it; and makes what might in itself be a mere personal or literary altercation, a matter of national moment and concernment. If a sweeping conviction of mean jealousy and rancorous hostility is to be entered up against the whole British nation, and a corresponding spirit to be conjured up in the breast of America, because it is alleged that the Edinburgh Review, as well as the Quarterly, has given proof of such dispositions,—then it becomes a question of no mean or ordinary concernment, to determine whether this charge has been justly brought against that unfortunate Journal, and whether its accuser has made out enough to entitle him to a verdict leading to such consequences.

It will be understood, that we deny altogether the justice of the charge:—But we wish distinctly to say in the beginning, that if it should appear to any one, that in the course of a great deal of hasty writing, by a variety of hands, in the course of twenty long years, some rash or petulant expressions had been admitted, at which the national pride of our transatlantic brethren might be justly offended, we shall most certainly feel no anxiety to justify these expressions,—nor any fear that, with the liberal and reasonable part of the nation to which they relate, our avowal of regret for having employed them, would not be received as a sufficient atonement. Even in private life, and without the provocation of public controversy, there are not many men who, in half the time

we have mentioned, do not say some things to the slight or disparagement of their best friends; which, if all 'set in a notebook, conned and got by rote,' it might be hard to answer:—and yet, among people of any sense or temper, such things never break any squares—and the dispositions are judged of by the general tenor of one's life and conduct, and not by a set of peevish phrases, curiously culled and selected out of his whole conversation. But we really do not think that we shall very much need the benefit of this plain consideration, and shall proceed straightway to our answer.

The sum of it is this—That, in point of fact, we have spoken far more good of America than ill—that in nine instances out of ten, where we have mentioned her, it has been for praise—and that in almost all that is essential or of serious importance, we have spoken *nothing but good*;—while our censures have been wholly confined to matters of inferior note, and generally accompanied with an apology for their existence, and a prediction of their speedy disappearance.

Whatever we have written seriously and with earnestness of America, has been with a view to conciliate towards her the respect and esteem of our own country: and we have scarcely named her, in any deliberate manner, except for the purpose of impressing upon our readers the signal prosperity she has enjoyed—the magical rapidity of her advances in wealth and population—and the extraordinary power and greatness to which she is evidently destined. On these subjects we have held but one language, and one tenor of sentiment; and have never missed an opportunity of enforcing our views on our readers—and that not feebly, coldly or reluctantly, but with all the earnestness and energy that we could command; and we do accordingly take upon us to say, that in no European publication have those views been urged with the same force or frequency, or resumed at every season, and under every change of circumstances, with such steady-

ness and uniformity. We have been equally consistent and equally explicit in pointing out the advantages which that country has derived from the extent of her elective system—the lightness of her public burdens—the freedom of her press—and the independent spirit of her people. The praise of the government is implied in the praise of these institutions; but we have not omitted upon every occasion to testify, in express terms, to its general wisdom, equity, and prudence. Of the character of the people too, in all its more serious aspects, we have spoken with the same undeviating favour; and have always represented them as brave, enterprising, acute, industrious, and patriotic. We need not load our pages with quotations to prove the accuracy of this representation—our whole work is full of them; and Mr. W. himself has quoted enough, both in the outset of his book and in the body of it, to satisfy even such as may take their information from him, that such have always been our opinions. Mr. W. indeed seems to imagine, that other passages, which he has cited, import a contradiction or retraction of these; and that we are thus involved, not only in the guilt of malice, but the awkwardness of inconsistency. Now this, as we take it, is one of the radical and almost unaccountable errors with which the work before us is chargeable. There is no such retraction, and no contradiction. We can of course do no more, on a point like this, than make a distinct asseveration; but, after having perused Mr. W.'s book, and with a pretty correct knowledge of the Review, we do say distinctly, that there is not to be found in either, a single passage inconsistent, or at all at variance with the sentiments to which we have just alluded. We have never spoken but in one way of the prosperity and future greatness of America, and of the importance of cultivating amicable relations with her—never but in one way of the freedom, cheapness, and general wisdom of her government—never but in one way of the bravery, intelligence, activity, and patriotism of

her people. The points on which Mr. W. accuses us of malice and unfairness, all relate, as we shall see immediately, to other and far less considerable matters.

Assuming, then, as we must now do, that upon the subjects that have been specified, our testimony has been eminently and exclusively favourable to America, and that we have never ceased earnestly to recommend the most cordial and friendly relations with her, how, it may be asked, is it *possible* that we should have deserved to be classed among the chief and most malignant of her calumniators, or accused of a design to excite hostility to her in the body of our nation? and even represented as making reciprocal hostility a point of duty in her, by the excesses of our obloquy? For ourselves, we profess to be as little able to answer this question, as the most ignorant of our readers;—but we shall lay before them some account of the proofs on which Mr. W. relies for our condemnation; and cheerfully submit to any sentence they may seem to justify. There are a variety of counts in our indictment; but, in so far as we have been able to collect, the heads of our offending are as follows. *1st*, That we have noticed, with uncharitable and undue severity, the admitted want of indigenous literature in America, and the scarcity of men of genius; *2d*, as an illustration of that charge, That we have laughed too ill-naturedly at the affectations of Joel Barlow's *Columbiad*, made an unfair estimate of the merits of Marshall's *History*, and Adams's *Letters*, and spoken illiberally of the insignificance of certain American *Philosophical Transactions*; *3dly*, That we have represented the manners of the fashionable society of America as less polished and agreeable than those of Europe,—the lower orders as impertinently inquisitive, and the whole as too vain of their country; *4th*, and finally, That we have reproached them bitterly with their negro slavery.

These, we think, are the whole, and certainly they are the chief, of the charges against us; and, before saying any

thing as to the particulars, we should just like to ask, whether, if they were all admitted to be true, they would afford any sufficient grounds, especially when set by the side of the favourable representations we have made with so much more earnestness on points of much more importance, for imputing to their authors, and to the whole body of their countrymen, a systematic design to make America odious and despicable in the eyes of the rest of the world? This charge, we will confess, appears to us most extravagant—and, when, the facts already stated are taken into view, altogether ridiculous. Though we are the friends and well-wishers of the Americans—though we think favourably, and even highly, of many things in their institutions, government and character,—we are not their stipendiary laureates or blind adulators; and must insist on our right to take notice of what we conceive to be their errors and defects, with the same freedom which we use to our own, and all other nations. It has already been shown, that we have by no means confined ourselves to this privilege of censure; and the complaint seems to be, that we should have used it at all. We really do not understand this. We have spoken much more favourably of their government and institutions, than we have done of our own. We have criticised their authors with at least as much indulgence, and spoken of their national character in terms of equal respect. But because we have pointed out certain *undeniable* defects, and laughed at some *indefensible* absurdities, we are accused of the most partial and unfair nationality, and represented as engaged in a conspiracy to bring the whole nation into disrepute! Even if we had the misfortune to differ in opinion with Mr. W., or the majority of his countrymen, on most of the points to which our censure has been directed, instead of having his substantial admission of their justice in most instances, this, it humbly appears to us, would neither be a good ground for questioning our good faith, nor a reasonable occasion for denouncing a general hos-

tility against the country to which we belong. Men may differ conscientiously in their taste in literature and manners, and in their opinions as to the injustice or sinfulness of domestic slavery; and may express their opinions in public, without being actuated by spite or malignity. But a very slight examination of each of the articles of charge, will show still more clearly, upon what slight grounds they have been hazarded, and how much more of spleen than of reason there is in the accusation.

1. Upon the *first* head, Mr. W. neither does, nor can deny, that our statements are perfectly correct. The Americans have scarcely any literature of their own growth—and scarcely any authors of celebrity. The fact is too remarkable, not to have been noticed by all who have had occasion to speak of them;—and we have only to add, that, so far from bringing it forward in an insulting or invidious manner, we have never, we believe, alluded to it without adding such explanations as in candour we thought due, and as were calculated to take from it all shadow of offence. So early as in our third Number, we observed that ‘Literature was one of those *finer manufactures* which a new country will always find it easier to import than to raise;’—and, after showing that the want of leisure and hereditary wealth naturally led to this arrangement, we added, that ‘the Americans had shown abundance of talent, wherever inducements had been held out for its exertion; that their party-pamphlets were written with great keenness and spirit; and that their orators frequently displayed a vehemence, correctness, and animation, that would command the admiration of any European audience.’ Mr. W. has himself quoted the warm testimony we bore in our 12th volume, to the merits of the papers published under the title of *The Federalist*: And in our 16th, we observe, that when America once turned her attention to letters, ‘we had no doubt that her authors would improve and multiply, to a degree that would make all our exertions

necessary to keep the start we have of them.' In a subsequent number, we add the important remark, that 'among them, the men who *write* bear no proportion to those who *read*;' and that, though they have but few native authors, 'the individuals are innumerable who make use of literature to improve their understanding, and add to their happiness.' The very same ideas are expressed in a late article, which seems to have given Mr. W. very great offence—though we can discover nothing in the passage in question, except the liveliness of the style, that can afford room for misconstruction. 'Native literature,' says the reviewer, 'the Americans have none: it is all imported. And why should they write books? when a six weeks' passage brings them, in their own tongue, our sense, science, and genius, in bales and hogs-heads?'—Now, what is the true meaning of this, but the following—'The Americans do not write books; but it must not be inferred, from this, that they are ignorant or indifferent about literature.—The true reason is, that they get books enough from us in their own language; and are in this respect, just in the condition of any of our great trading or manufacturing districts at home, where there is no encouragement for *authors* to settle, though there is as much reading and thinking as in other places.' This has all along been our meaning—and we think it has been clearly enough expressed. The Americans, in fact, are at least as great readers as the English, and take off immense editions of all our popular works;—and while we have repeatedly stated the causes that have probably withheld them from becoming authors in great numbers themselves, we confidently deny that we have ever represented them as illiterate, or negligent of learning.

2. As to our particular criticisms on American works, we cannot help feeling that our justification will be altogether as easy as in the case of our general remarks on their rarity. Nothing, indeed, can more strikingly illustrate the unfortunate prejudice or irritation under which Mr. W. has com-

posed this part of his work, than the morose and angry remarks he has made on our very innocent and good-natured critique of Barlow's Columbiad. It is very true that we have laughed at its strange neologisms, and pointed out some of its other manifold faults. But is it possible for any one seriously to believe, that this gentle castigation was dictated by national animosity?—or does Mr. W. really believe, that, if the same work had been published in England, it would have met with a milder treatment? If the book was so bad, however, he insinuates, why take any notice of it, if not to indulge your malignity? To this we answer, *first*, That a handsome quarto of verse, from a country which produces so few, necessarily attracted our attention more strongly than if it had appeared among ourselves; *secondly*, That its faults were of so peculiar and amusing a kind, as to call for animadversion rather than neglect; and, *thirdly*, what no reader of Mr. W.'s remarks would indeed anticipate, That in spite of these faults, the book actually had merits that entitled it to notice, and that a considerable part of our article is accordingly employed in bringing these merits into view. In common candour, we must say, Mr. W. should have acknowledged this fact, when complaining of the illiberal severity with which Mr. Barlow's work had been treated. For, the truth is, that we have given it fully as much praise as he, or any other intelligent American can say it deserves; and have been at some pains in vindicating the author's sentiments from misconstruction, as well as rescuing his beauties from neglect. Yet Mr. W. is pleased to inform his reader, that the work 'seems to have been committed to the Momus of the fraternity for especial diversion;' and is very surly and austere at 'the exquisite jokes' of which he says it consists. We certainly do not mean to dispute with him about the quality of our jokes:—though we take leave to appeal to a gayer critic—or to himself in better humour—from his present sentence of reprobation. But he should have recollected, that, besides stating,

in distinct terms, that, 'his versification was generally both soft and sonorous, and that there were many passages of rich and vigorous description, and some that might lay claim even to the praise of magnificence,' the critics had summed up their observations by saying, 'that the author's talents were evidently respectable; and that, severely as they had been obliged to speak of his taste and his diction, in a great part of the volume, they considered him as a giant in comparison with many of the paltry and puling rhymsters who disgraced our English literature by their occasional success; and that, if he would pay some attention to purity of style and simplicity of composition, they had no doubt that he might produce something which English poets would envy, and English critics applaud.'

Are there any traces here, we would ask, of national spite and hostility?—or is it not true, that our account of the poem is, on the whole, not only fair but favourable, and the tone of our remarks as good-humoured and friendly as if the author had been a wiggish Scotchman? As to 'Marshall's Life of Washington,' we do not think that Mr. W. differs very much from the reviewers. He says, 'he does not mean to affirm that the story of their revolution has been told *absolutely well* by this author;' and we, after complaining of its being cold, heavy, and tedious, have distinctly testified, that 'it displayed industry, good sense, and, in so far as we could judge, laudable impartiality; and that the style, though neither elegant nor impressive, was yet, upon the whole, clear and manly.' Mr. W. however, thinks, that nothing but national spite and illiberality can account for our saying, 'that Mr. M. must not promise himself a reputation commensurate with the *dimensions* of his work;' and 'that what passes with him for dignity, will, by his readers, be pronounced dulness and frigidity.' And then he endeavours to show, that a passage in which we say that 'Mr. Marshall's narrative is *deficient* in *almost* every thing that constitutes his-

torical excellence,' is glaringly inconsistent with the favourable sentence we have transcribed in the beginning; not seeing, or not chusing to see, that in the one place we are speaking of the *literary* merits of the work as an historical *composition*, and in the other of the information it affords. But the question is not, whether our criticism is just and able, or otherwise; but whether it indicates any little spirit of detraction and national rancour—and this, it would seem not very difficult to answer. If we had taken the occasion of this publication to gather together all the foolish and awkward and disreputable things that occurred in the conduct of the revolutionary councils and campaigns, and to make the history of this memorable struggle a vehicle for insinuations against the courage or integrity of many who took part in it, we might, with reason, have been subjected to the censure we now confidently repel. But there is not a word in the article that looks that way; and the only ground for the imputation is, that we have called Mr. Marshall's book dull and honest, accurate and heavy, valuable and tedious, while neither Mr. W., nor any body else, ever thought or said any thing else of it. It is his style only that we object to.—Of his general sentiments—of the conduct and character of his hero—and of the prospects of his country, we speak as the warmest friends of America, and the warmest admirers of American virtue could wish us to speak. We shall add but one short passage as a specimen of the tone of this insolent and illiberal production.

' History has no other example of so happy an issue to a revolution, consummated by a long civil war. Indeed it seems to be very near a maxim in political philosophy, that a free government cannot be obtained where a long employment of military force has been necessary to establish it. In the case of America, however, the military power was, by a rare felicity, disarmed by that very influence which makes a revolutionary army so formidable to liberty. For the images of

grandeur and power—those meteor lights that are exhaled in the stormy atmosphere of a revolution, to allure the ambitious and dazzle the weak—made no impression on the firm and virtuous soul of the American commander.’

As to Adams’s Letters on Silesia, the case is nearly the same. We certainly do not run into extravagant compliments to the author because he happens to be the son of the American president: But he is treated with sufficient courtesy and respect; and Mr. W. cannot well deny, that the book is very fairly rated, according to its intrinsic merits. There is no ridicule, nor any attempt at sneering, throughout the article. The work is described as ‘easy and pleasant, and entertaining,’—as containing some excellent remarks on education,—and indicating, throughout, ‘that settled attachment to freedom which is worked into the constitution of every man of virtue who has the fortune to belong to a free and prosperous community.’ As to the style, we remark, certainly in a very good-natured and inoffensive manner, that ‘though it is remarkably free from those affectations and corruptions of phrase, that overrun the compositions of his country, a few national, perhaps we might still venture to call them provincial, peculiarities, might be detected;’ and then we add, in a style which we do not think can appear impolite even to a minister plenipotentiary, ‘that if men of birth and education in that other England which they are building up in the west, will not diligently study the great authors who fixed and purified the language of our common forefathers, we must soon lose the only badge that is still worn of our consanguinity.’ Unless the Americans are really to set up a new standard of speech, we conceive that these remarks are perfectly just and unanswerable; and we are sure, at all events, that nothing can be farther from a spirit of insult or malevolence.

Our critique on the volume of *American Transactions* is perhaps more liable to objection; and, on looking back to it,

we at once admit that it contains some petulant and rash expressions which had better have been omitted—and that its general tone is less liberal and courteous than might have been desired. It is remarkable, however, that this, which is by far the most offensive of our discussions on American literature, is one of the earliest, and that the sarcasms with which it is seasoned, have never been repeated—a fact which, with many others, may serve to expose the singular inaccuracy with which Mr. W. has been led, throughout his work, to assert that we began our labours with civility and kindness towards his country, and have only lately changed our tone, and joined its inveterate enemies in all the extravagance of abuse. The substance of our criticism, it does not seem to be disputed, was just—the volume containing very little that was at all interesting, and a good part of it being composed in a style very ill suited for such a publication.

Such are the perversions of our critical office, which Mr. W. can only explain on the supposition of national jealousy and malice. As proofs of an opposite disposition, we beg leave just to refer to our lavish and reiterated praise of the writings of Franklin—to our high and distinguished testimony to the merits of the *Federalist*—to the terms of commendation in which we have spoken of the *Journal of Messrs. Lewis and Clarke*; and, in an especial manner, to the great kindness with which we have treated a certain American pamphlet, published at Philadelphia and London in 1810, and of which we shall have a word to say hereafter,—though each and all of these performances touched much more nearly on subjects of national contention, and were far more apt to provoke feelings of rivalry, than any thing in the *Philosophical Transactions*, or the tuneful pages of the *Columbiad*.

3. We come now to the ticklish chapter of manners; on which, though we have said less than on any other, we suspect we have given more offence—and, if possible, with less reason. We may despatch the lower orders first, before we

come to the people of fashion. The charge here is, that we have unjustly libelled those persons, by saying in one place, that they were too much given to spirituous liquors; in another, that they were rudely inquisitive; and in a third, that they were absurdly vain of their constitution, and offensive in boasting of it. Now, we may have been mistaken in making these imputations; but we find them stated in the narrative of *every* traveller who has visited their country, and most of them noticed by the better writers among themselves. We have noticed them, too, without bitterness or insult, and generally in the words of the authors upon whose authority they are stated. Neither are the imputations themselves very grievous, or as can be thought to bespeak any great malignity in their authors. Their inquisitiveness, and the boast of their freedom, are but excesses of laudable qualities; and intemperance, though it is apt to lead further, is, in itself, a sin rather against prudence than morality. Mr. W. is infinitely offended, too, because we have said that ‘the people of the western states are very hospitable to strangers—*because they are seldom troubled with them, and because they have always plenty of maize and hams;*’ as if this were not the *rationale* of *all* hospitality among the lower orders throughout the world,—and familiarly applied, among ourselves, to the case of our Highlanders and remote Irish. But slight as these charges are, we may admit that Mr. W. would have had some reason to complain if they had included all that we have ever said of the great bulk of his nation. But the truth is, that we have all along been much more careful to notice their virtues than their faults, and have lost no fair opportunity of speaking well of them. In our 23d number, we have said, ‘The great body of the American people is *better educated*, and more comfortably situated, than the bulk of *any* European community; and possesses all the accomplishments that are any where to be found in persons of the same occupation and condition.’ And more recently, ‘The Americans are about as polished

as 99 out of 100 of our own countrymen, in the upper ranks; and *quite as moral, and well educated, in the lower*. Their virtues are such as we ought to admire; for they are those on which we value ourselves most highly.' We have never said any thing inconsistent with this:—and if this be to libel a whole nation, and to vilify and degrade them in comparison of ourselves, we have certainly been guilty of that enormity.

As for the manners of the upper classes, we have really said very little about them, and can scarcely recollect having given any positive opinion on the subject. We have lately quoted with warm approbation, captain Hall's strong and very respectable testimony to their agreeableness—and certainly have never contradicted it on our own authority. We have made however certain hypothetical and conjectural observations, which, we gather from Mr. W., have given some offence—we must say, we think, very unreasonably. We have said, for example, that 'the Americans are about as polished as 99 in 100 of our own countrymen in the upper ranks.' Is it the reservation of this inconsiderable fraction in our own favour that is resented? Why, our very *seniority*, we think, might have entitled us to this precedence: and we must say that our monarchy—our nobility—our greater proportion of hereditary wealth, and our closer connexion with the old civilized world, might have justified a higher per-centage. But we will not dispute with Mr. W. even upon this point. Let him set down the fraction, if he pleases, to the score merely of our national partiality;—and he must estimate that element very far indeed below its ordinary standard, if he does not find it sufficient to account for it without the supposition of intended insult or malignity. Was there ever any great nation that did not prefer its own manners to those of any of its neighbours?—or can Mr. W. produce another instance in which it allowed that a rival came so near as to be within one hundredth of its own excellence?

But there is still something worse than this. Understanding that the most considerable persons in the chief cities of America, were their opulent merchants, we conjectured that their society was probably much of the same description with that of Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow.—And does Mr. W. really think there is any disparagement in this? —Does he not know that these places have been graced, for generations, by some of the most deserving and enlightened citizens, and some of the most learned and accomplished men that have ever adorned our nation? Does he not know that Adam Smith, and Reid and Miller, spent their happiest days in Glasgow; that Roscoe and Currie illustrated the society of Liverpool—and Priestley and Ferriar and Darwin that of Manchester? The wealth and skill and enterprise of all the places is equally indisputable—and we confess we are yet to learn in which of the elements of respectability they can be imagined to be inferior to New York, or Baltimore, or Philadelphia.

But there is yet another passage in the Review which Mr. W. has quoted as insulting and vituperative—for such a construction of which we confess ourselves still less able to divine a reason. It is part of an honest and very earnest attempt to overcome the high monarchical prejudices of a part of our own country against the Americans, and notices this objection to their manners only collaterally and hypothetically. Mr. W. needs not be told that all courtiers and zealots of monarchy impute rudeness and vulgarity to republicans. The French used to describe an inelegant person as having ‘*Les manieres d’un Suisse, En Hollande civilise;*’—and the court faction among ourselves did not omit this reproach when we went to war with the Americans. To expose the absurdity of such an attack, we expressed ourselves in 1814 as follows:

‘The complaint respecting America is, that there are no people of fashion,—that their column still wants its Corin-

thian capital, or, in other words, that those who are rich and idle, have not yet existed so long, or in such numbers, as to have brought to full perfection that system of ingenious trifling and elegant dissipation, by means of which it has been discovered that wealth and leisure may be most agreeably disposed of. Admitting the fact to be so, and in a country where there is no court, no nobility, and no monument or tradition of chivalrous usages,—and where, moreover, the greatest number of those who are rich and powerful have raised themselves to that eminence by mercantile industry, we really do not see how it could well be otherwise; we could still submit, that this is no lawful cause either for national contempt or for national hostility. It is a peculiarity in the structure of society among that people, which, we take it, can only give offence to their visiting acquaintance; and, while it does us no sort of harm while it subsists, promises, we think, very soon to disappear altogether, and no longer to afflict even our imagination. The number of individuals born to the enjoyment of hereditary wealth is, or at least was, daily increasing in that country; and it is impossible that their multiplication (with all the models of European refinement before them, and all the advantages resulting from a free government and a general system of a good education) should fail, within a very short period, to give birth to a *better tone of conversation and society, and to manners more dignified and refined*. Unless we are very much misinformed, indeed, *the symptoms* of such a change may already be traced in their cities. Their youths of fortune already travel over all the countries of Europe for their improvement; and specimens are occasionally met with, even in these islands, which, with all our prejudices, we must admit, would do no discredit to the best blood of the land from which they originally sprung.'

Now, is there really any matter of offence in this?—In the first place, is it not substantially true?—in the next place, is

it not mildly and respectfully stated? Is it not true, that the greater part of those who compose the higher society of the American cities, have raised themselves to opulence by commercial pursuits?—and is it to be imagined that, in America alone, this is not to produce its usual effects upon the style and tone of society? As families become old, and hereditary wealth comes to be the portion of many, it cannot but happen that a change of manners will take place;—and is it an insult to suppose that this change will be an improvement? Surely they cannot be *perfect*, both as they are, and as they are to be; and, while it seems impossible to doubt that a considerable change is inevitable, the offence seems to be, that it is expected to be for the better! It is impossible, we think, that Mr. W. can seriously imagine that the manners of any country upon earth can be so dignified and refined—or their tone of conversation and society so good, when the most figuring persons come into company from the desk and the counting-house, as when they pass only from one assembly to another, and have had no other study or employment from their youth up, than to render society agreeable, and to cultivate all those talents and manners which give its charm to polite conversation. If there are any persons in America who seriously dispute the accuracy of these opinions, we are pretty confident that they will turn out to be those whom the rest of the country would refer to in illustration of their truth. The truly polite, we are persuaded, will admit the case to be pretty much as we have stated it. The upstarts alone will contend for their present perfection. If we have really been so unfortunate as to give any offence by our observations, we suspect that offence will be greater at New Orleans than at New York,—and not quite so slight at New York as at Philadelphia.

But we have no desire to pursue this topic any further—nor any interest indeed to convince those who may not be already satisfied. If Mr. W. really thinks us wrong in the

opinions we have now expressed, we are willing for the present to be thought so: But surely we have said enough to show that we had plausible grounds for those opinions; and surely, if we did entertain them, it was impossible to express them in a manner less offensive. We did not even recur to the topic spontaneously—but occasionally took it up in a controversy on behalf of America, with a party of our own countrymen. What we said was not addressed *to* America—but said *of* her; and, most indisputably, with friendly intentions to the people of both countries.

But we have dwelt too long on this subject. The manners of fashionable life, and the rivalry of *bon ton* between one country and another, is, after all, but a poor affair to occupy the attention of philosophers, or affect the peace of nations.—Of what real consequence is it to the happiness or glory of a country, how a few thousand idle people—probably neither very virtuous nor very useful—pass their time, or divert the ennui of their inactivity?—And men must really have a great propensity to hate each other, when it is thought a reasonable ground of quarrel, that the rich *débauchés* of one country are accused of not knowing how to get through their day so cleverly as those of another. Manners alter from age to age and from country to country; and much is at all times arbitrary and conventional in that which is esteemed the best. What pleases and amuses each people the most, is the best for that people: And, where states are tolerably equal in power and wealth, a great and irreconcilable diversity is often maintained with suitable arrogance and inflexibility, and no common standard recognised or dreamed of. The *bon ton* of Pekin has no sort of affinity, we suppose, with the *bon ton* of Paris—and that of Constantinople but little resemblance to either. The difference, to be sure, is not so complete within the limits of Europe; but it is sufficiently great, to show the folly of being dogmatical or intolerant upon a subject so incapable of being reduced to principle.

The French accuse us of coldness and formality, and we accuse them of monkey tricks and impertinence. The good company of Rome would be much at a loss for amusement at Amsterdam; and that of Brussels at Madrid. The manners of America, then, are probably the best for America: But, for that very reason, they are not the best for us: And when we hinted that they probably might be improved, we spoke with reference to the European standard, and to the feelings and judgment of strangers, to whom that standard alone was familiar. When their circumstances, and the structure of their society, come to be more like those of Europe, their manners will be more like—and they will suit better with those altered circumstances. When the fabric has reached its utmost elevation, the Corinthian capital may be added: For the present, the Doric is perhaps more suitable; and, if the style be kept pure, we are certain it will be equally graceful.

4. It only remains to notice what is said with regard to Negro slavery;—and on this we shall be very short. We have no doubt spoken very warmly on the subject in one of our late numbers;—but Mr. W. must have read what we there said with a jaundiced eye indeed, if he did not see that our warmth proceeded, not from any animosity against the people among whom this miserable institution existed, but against the institution itself—and was mainly excited by the contrast that it presented to the freedom and prosperity upon which it was so strangely engrafted;—thus appearing

——‘ Like a stain upon a Vestal’s robe,
The worse for what it soils.’——

Accordingly we do not call upon other nations to hate and despise America for this practice; but upon *the Americans themselves* to wipe away this foul blot from their character. We have a hundred times used the same language to our own countrymen—and repeatedly on the subject of the slave

trade;—and Mr. W. cannot be ignorant, that many pious and excellent citizens of his own country have expressed themselves in similar terms with regard to this very institution. As to his recriminations on England, we shall explain to Mr. W. immediately, that they have no bearing on the question between us; and, though nobody can regret more than we do the domestic slavery of our West India islands, it is quite absurd to represent the difficulties of the abolition as at all parallel in the case of America. It seems to be pretty clearly made out, that, without slaves, those islands could not be maintained; and, independent of private interests, the trade of England cannot afford to part with them. But will any body pretend to say, that the great and comparatively temperate regions over which the American slavery extends, would be deserted, if all their inhabitants were free—or even that they would be permanently less populous or less productive? We are perfectly aware, that a sudden or immediate emancipation of all those who are now in slavery, might be attended with frightful disorders, as well as intolerable losses; and, accordingly, we have no where recommended any such measure: But we must repeat, that it is a crime and a shame, that the freest nation on the earth should keep a million and a half of fellow creatures in chains, within the very territory and sanctuary of their freedom, and should see them multiplying, from day to day, without thinking of any provision for their ultimate liberation. When we say this, we are far from doubting that there are many amiable and excellent individuals among the slave proprietors. There were many such among the importers of slaves in our West Indies; yet, it is not the less true, that that accursed traffic was a crime—and it was so called in the most emphatic language, and with general assent, year after year in parliament, without any one ever imagining that this imported a personal attack on those individuals, far less a blot upon the nation which tolerated and legalized their proceedings.

Before leaving this topic, we have to thank Mr. W. for a great deal of curious, and, to us, original information, as to the history of the American slave trade, and the measures pursued by the different states with regard to the institution of slavery; from which we learn, among other things, that, so early as 1767, the legislature of Massachusetts brought in a bill for prohibiting the importation of negroes into that province, which was rejected by the British governor, in consequence of express instructions;—and another in 1774 shared the same fate. We learn also, that, in 1770, two years *before* the decision in the case of Somerset in England, the courts of the same distinguished province decided, upon solemn argument, that no person could be held in slavery within their jurisdiction; and awarded not only their freedom, but wages for their past services, to a variety of Negro suitors. These, indeed, are fair subjects of pride and exultation; and we hail them, without grudging, as bright trophies in the annals of the states to which they relate. But do not *their* glories cast a deeper shade on those who have refused to follow the example—and may we not now be allowed to speak of the guilt and unlawfulness of slavery, as their own countrymen are praised and boasted of for having spoken, so many years ago.

We learn also from Mr. W., that Virginia abolished the foreign slave trade so early as 1778—Pennsylvania in 1780—Massachusetts in 1787—and Connecticut and Rhode Island in 1788. It was finally interdicted by the general congress in 1794; and made punishable as a crime, seven years before that measure was adopted in England. We have great pleasure in stating these facts. But they all appear to us not only incongruous with the permanent existence of slavery, but as indicating those very feelings with regard to it which we have been so severely blamed for expressing.

We here close our answer to Mr. W.'s charges. Our readers, we fear, have been for some time tired of it; and,

indeed, we have felt all along, that there was something absurd in answering gravely to such an accusation. If any regular reader of our Review could be of opinion that we were hostile to America, and desirous of fomenting hostility between her and this country, we could scarcely hope that he would change that opinion for any thing we have now been saying. But Mr. W.'s book may fall into the hands of many, in his own country at least, to whom our writings are but little known; and the imputations it contains may become known to many who never inquire into their grounds; on such persons, the statements we have now made may produce some impression—and the spirit in which they are made perhaps still more. Our labour will not have been in vain, if there are any that rise up from the perusal of these pages with a better opinion of their transatlantic brethren, and an increased desire to live with them in friendship and peace.

There still remains behind, a fair moiety of Mr. W.'s book; containing his recriminations on England—his exposition of 'her sores and blotches'—and his retort courteous for all the abuse which her writers have been pouring on his country for the last hundred years. The task, we should think, must have been rather an afflicting one to a man of much moral sensibility;—but it is gone through very resolutely, and with marvellous industry. The learned author has not only ransacked forgotten histories and files of old newspapers in search of disreputable transactions and degrading crimes—but has groped for the materials of our dishonour, among the filth of Dr. Colquhoun's Collections, and the Reports of our Prison and Police committees—culled vituperative exaggerations from the record of angry debates—and produced as incontrovertible evidence of the excess of our guilt and misery, the fervid declamations of moralists exhorting to amendment, or of satirists endeavouring to deter from vice. Provincial misgovernment from Ireland to Hindostan—cruel amusements—increasing pauperism—disgusting brutality—

shameful ignorance—perversion of law—grinding taxation—brutal debauchery, and many other traits equally attractive, are all heaped together, as the characteristics of English society; and unsparingly illustrated by ‘loose extracts from English Journals,’—quotations from Espriella’s Letters—and selections from the Parliamentary Debates. Accustomed, as we have long been, to mark the vices and miseries of our countrymen, we really cannot say that we recognise any likeness in this distorted representation, which exhibits our fair England as one great Lazar-house of moral and intellectual disease—one hideous and bloated mass of sin and suffering—one festering heap of corruption, infecting the wholesome air which breathes upon it, and diffusing all around the contagion and the terror of its example.

We have no desire whatever to *argue* against the truth or the justice of this picture of our country; which we can assure Mr. W. we contemplate with perfect calmness and equanimity: but we are tempted to set against it the judgment of another foreigner, with whom he cannot complain of being confronted, and whose authority at this moment stands higher, perhaps with the whole civilized world, than that of any other individual. We allude to madame de Staël—and to the splendid testimony she has borne to the character and happiness of the English nation, in her last admirable book on the revolution of her own country. But we have spoken of this work so lately, in our number for September, 1818, that we shall not now recal the attention of our readers to it, further than by this general reference. We rather wish to lay before them an *American* authority.

In a work of great merit, entitled, ‘A letter on the Genius and Dispositions of the French Government,’ published at Philadelphia in 1810, and which attracted much notice, both there and in this country, the author, in a strain of great eloquence and powerful reasoning, exhorts his country to make common cause with England in the great struggle in which

she was then engaged with the giant power of Bonaparte, and points out the many circumstances in the character and condition of the two countries that invited them to a cordial alliance. He was well aware, too, of the distinction we have endeavoured to point out, between the court or the tory rulers of the state, and the body of our people: and, after observing that the American government, by following his councils, might retrieve the character of their country, he adds, 'They will, I am quite sure, be seconded by an entire correspondence of feeling, not only on our part, but on that of the PEOPLE of England—whatever may be the narrow policy, or illiberal prejudices of the BRITISH MINISTRY;'—and, in the body of his work, he gives an ample and glowing description of the character and condition of that England of which we have just seen so lamentable a representation. The whole passage is too long for insertion; but the following extracts will afford a sufficient specimen of its tone and tenor.

'A peculiarly masculine character, and the utmost energy of feeling are communicated to all orders of men,—by the abundance which prevails so universally,—the consciousness of equal rights,—the fullness of power and fame to which the nation has attained,—and the beauty and robustness of the species under a climate highly favourable to the animal economy. The dignity of the rich is without insolence,—the subordination of the poor without servility. Their freedom is well guarded both from the dangers of popular licentiousness, and from the encroachments of authority.—Their national pride leads to national sympathy, and is built upon the most legitimate of all foundations—a sense of preeminent merit and a body of illustrious annals.

'Whatever may be the representations of those who, with little knowledge of facts, and still less soundness or impartiality of judgment, affect to deplore the condition of England,—it is nevertheless true, that there does not exist, and never has existed elsewhere so beautiful and perfect a model of

public and private prosperity,—so magnificent, and at the same time, so solid a fabric of social happiness and national grandeur. *I pay this just tribute of admiration with the more pleasure, as it is to me in the light of an atonement for the errors and prejudices, under which I laboured on this subject, before I enjoyed the advantage of a person's experience.* A residence of nearly two years in that country,—during which period, I visited and studied almost every part of it,—with no other view or pursuit than that of obtaining correct information, and, I may add, with previous studies well fitted to promote my object,—convinced me that I had been egregiously deceived.—I saw no instances of individual oppression, and scarcely any individual misery but that which belongs, under any circumstances of our being, to the infirmity of all human institutions.'—

'The agriculture of England is confessedly superior to that of any other part of the world, and the condition of those who are engaged in the cultivation of the soil, incontestibly preferable to that of the same class in any other section of Europe. An inexhaustible source of admiration and delight is found in the unrivalled beauty, as well as richness and fruitfulness of their husbandry; the effects of which are heightened by the magnificent parks and noble mansions of the opulent proprietors: by picturesque gardens upon the largest scale, and disposed with the most exquisite taste: and by gothic remains no less admirable in their structure than venerable for their antiquity. The neat cottage, the substantial farm-house, the splendid villa, are constantly rising to the sight, surrounded by the most choice and poetical attributes of the landscape. The vision is not more delightfully recreated by the rural scenery; than the moral sense is gratified, and the understanding elevated by the institutions of this great country. The first and continued exclamation of an American who contemplates them with unbiassed judgment, is—

Salve magna Parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum.

‘It appears something *not less than impious to desire the ruin of this people*, when you view the height to which they have carried the comforts, the knowledge, and the virtue of our species: the extent and number of their foundations of charity: their skill in the mechanic arts, by the improvement of which alone, they have conferred inestimable benefits on mankind; the masculine morality, the lofty sense of independence, the sober and rational piety which are found in all classes; their impartial, decorous, and able administration of a code of laws, than which none more just and perfect has ever been in operation; their seminaries of education, yielding more solid and profitable instruction than any other whatever; their eminence in literature and science—the urbanity and learning of their privileged orders—their deliberative assemblies, illustrated by so many profound statesmen, and brilliant orators. *It is worse than ingratitude in us not to sympathise with them in their present struggle, when we recollect that it is from them we derive the principal merit of our own CHARACTER—the best of our own institutions—the sources of our highest enjoyments—and the light of freedom itself, which, if they should be destroyed, will not long shed its radiance over this country.*’

What will Mr. Walsh say to this picture of the country he has so laboured to degrade?—and what will our readers say, when they are told that MR. WALSH HIMSELF is the author of this picture!

So, however, the fact unquestionably stands. The book from which we have made the preceding extracts, was written and published in 1810, by the very same individual who has now recriminated upon England in the volume which lies before us,—and in which he is pleased to speak with extreme severity of the *inconsistencies* he has detected in our Review!—That some discordant or irreconcilable opinions

should be found in the miscellaneous writings of twenty years, and thirty or forty individuals under no effective control, may easily be imagined, and pardoned, we should think, without any great stretch of liberality. But such a transmutation of sentiments on the same identical subject—such a reversal of the poles of the same identical head, we confess has never before come under our observation; and is parallel to nothing that we can recollect, but the memorable transformation of *Bottom*, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Nine years, to be sure, had intervened between the first and the second publication. But all the guilt and all the misery which is so diligently developed in the last, had been contracted before the first was thought of; and all the injuries, and provocations too, by which the exposition of them has lately become a duty. Mr. W. knew perfectly, in 1810, how England had behaved to her American colonies before the war of independence, and in what spirit she had begun and carried on that war:—our poor rates and taxes, our bull-baitings and swindlings, were then nearly as visible as now. Mr. Colquhoun had, before that time, put forth his *Political Estimate* of our prostitutes and pickpockets; and the worthy laureate his authentic *Letters* on the bad state of our parliaments and manufactures. Nay, the *EDINBURGH REVIEW* had committed the worst of those offences which now make hatred to England the duty of all true Americans, and had expressed little of that zeal for her friendship which appears in its subsequent numbers. The reviews of the *American Transactions*, and Mr. Barlow's *Epic*, of *Adams's Letters*, and *Marshal's History*, had all appeared before this time—and but very few of the articles in which the future greatness of that country is predicted, and her singular prosperity extolled.

(To be Continued.)

ART. IV. *Miscellaneous Articles.*

Extracts from Rocca's Memoirs of the War in Spain.

March of the French Army.—

We traversed France as if it had been a land newly conquered and subjected to our arms. The emperor Napoleon had ordered that his soldiers should be well received and feasted every where; deputations came to compliment us at the gates of his good cities. The officers and soldiers were conducted immediately on their arrival to sumptuous banquets prepared beforehand, and on our departure, the magistrates thanked us again that we had deigned to spend in one day many weeks' private revenues of their municipal chests. The soldiers of the grand army did not lose in France the habit they had contracted in Germany, of now and then maltreating the citizens or peasants with whom they lodged. The allied auxiliaries, in particular, would not comprehend why they were not to behave in France as in an enemy's country: they said it must be the custom, as the French troops had not behaved otherwise to them in Germany and in Poland. The inhabitants of the towns and villages through which we passed, suffered all patiently, till the armed torrent was drained off. Our troops were composed, besides the French, of Germans, Italians, Poles, Swiss, Dutch, and even Irish and Mamelukes; these strangers were all dressed in their national uniforms, and spoke their own languages; but, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of manners, which raise barriers between nations, military discipline easily united them all under the powerful hand of one; all these men wore the same cockade, and they had but one shout of war, and one cry to rally.

We crossed the Seine at Paris, the Loire at Saumur, the Garonne at Bordeaux; there, for the first time since we left Prussia, we enjoyed a

few days of rest, while the rest of the army was employed in gaining the other bank of the river. We next traversed the uncultivated tract between Bordeaux and Bayonne. In these solitary plains, as in the moors of Prussia and Poland, the sandy soil no longer resounded under the horses' feet, the regular and accelerated noise of their iron-shod hoofs no longer served to renew their ardour. Vast forests of pine and of cork bound the horizon at an immense distance; one sees at long intervals single shepherds, clad in black sheep-skins, mounted on stilts six or seven feet high, and leaning on a long pole; they remain motionless on the same spot, without ever losing sight of their flocks, which feed around them on the heath. When the Emperor Napoleon crossed these wide plains, the poverty of the country did not permit it to furnish the usual horse guard of honour: he was escorted by a detachment of these shepherds, who, with their tall stilts, kept pace through the sand with the horses at full trot.

Some leagues beyond Bayonne we reached the Bidassoa, a rivulet which bounds France in the Pyrenees. As soon as one sets foot in the Spanish territory, one perceives a sensible difference in the aspect of the country, and in the manners of the inhabitants. The narrow crooked streets of the towns, the grated windows, the doors of the houses always carefully shut, the severe and reserved air of the inhabitants of all classes, the distrust which was generally shown towards us, increased the involuntary melancholy which seized us on our entrance into Spain.

We saw the Emperor Napoleon pass before he arrived at Vittoria; he was on horseback; the simplicity of his green uniform distinguished him amidst the richly clothed generals who surrounded him; he waved

his hand to every individual officer, as he passed, seeming to say—I rely on you. The French and the Spaniards were gathered in crowds on his way; the first regarded him as the fortune of the whole army: the Spaniards seemed willing to read in his aspect and behaviour the fate of their unhappy country.

Progress through Spain.—On the 15th of November, our brigade of hussars went to Lerma, to join the corps of Marshal Ney, to which it thenceforth remained provisionally attached. On the 16th, Marshal Ney's corps went from Lerma to Aranda; the inhabitants always abandoned their dwellings at our approach, carrying with them into their mountain-retreats all their most precious possessions; the solitude and the desolation, which victorious armies commonly leave behind them, seemed to precede us wherever we came.

In approaching the deserted towns and villages of Castile, we no longer saw those clouds of smoke, which, constantly rising through the air, form a second atmosphere over inhabited and populous cities. Instead of living sounds and continual rumours, we heard nothing within the circles of their walls but the passing bells, which our arrival could not suspend, or the croaking of the ravens hovering round the high bell-towers. The houses, now empty, served only to re-echo tardily and discordantly the deep sounds of the drum, or the shrill notes of the trumpet.

Lodgings were quickly distributed;—every regiment occupied a ward, every company a street, according to the size of the town; a very short time after our entry, the soldiers were established in their new dwellings, as if they had come to found a colony. This warlike and transitory population gave new names to the places it occupied—they talked of the *Dragoon-ward*; *Such a company's-street*; *Our gene-*

ral's house; *the main-guard's square*, or *parade-place*.—Often on the walls of a convent might be read, written with charcoal, *barracks of such a battalion*. From the cell of a deserted cloister hung a sign with a French inscription, bearing the name of one of the first cooks in Paris: he was a victualler, who had hastened to set up his ambulatory tavern in that spot.

When the army arrived late at night in the place where it was to rest, it was impossible to distribute the quarters with regularity, and we lodged *militarily*; that is to say, promiscuously and without observing any order, wherever we could find room. As soon as the main guard was posted, at a concerted signal the soldiers left the ranks, and precipitated themselves all together tumultuously, like a torrent, through the city, and long after the arrival of the army, shrieks were still heard, and the noise of doors broken open with hatchets or great stones. Some of the grenadiers found out a method, as quick as efficacious, to force such doors as obstinately resisted; they fired point blank into the key-holes of the locks, and thus rendered vain the precautions of the inhabitants, who always carefully locked up their houses before they fled, at our approach, to the mountains. On the morning of the 20th, Marshal Ney's corps left Aranda; for two days we continued to march up the banks of the Douro, having no news of the enemy, and not meeting any where a living creature.

The army stopped very late at night near deserted towns or villages, and on our arrival, we generally found ourselves in absolute want of every thing; but the soldiers soon dispersed on all sides to forage, and in less than an hour they collected, at the bivouac, all that yet remained in the neighbouring villages.

Around large fires, lighted at intervals, all the implements of military cookery were seen. Here they

were busy constructing in haste, barracks of plank covered with leaves for want of straw; there they were erecting tents, by stretching across four stakes such pieces of stuff as had been found in the deserted houses. The ground was strewn up and down with the skins of the sheep just slain, guitars, pitchers, bladders of wine, the cowls of monks, clothes of every form and colour; here the cavalry under arms were sleeping by the side of their horses, farther on a few of the infantry, dressed in women's clothes, were dancing grotesquely among piles of arms to the sound of discordant music.

The moment the army departed, the peasants descended from the neighbouring heights, and started up on every hand, as if out of the bosom of the earth, from their hiding-places. They hastened back to their dwellings. Our soldiers could neither go off the roads nor lag behind the columns, without exposing themselves to being assassinated by the peasants of the mountains, and we dared not, as in Germany, place detached patrols, or send our sick by themselves to the hospitals. The foot soldiers, who could no longer bear the march, followed their divisions on asses; they held their long muskets in their left hands, and in their right their bayonets, which they used as goads. These pacific animals, like the untamed Numidian steeds of former times, had neither bridles nor saddles.

Madrid after the capitulation.—After the review we took the road towards Madrid. A melancholy silence had succeeded to the noisy and tumultuous agitation which had reigned only the day before, both within and without the walls of that capital. The streets by which we entered were deserted, and in the public places, even the numerous shops for eatables had not been reopened. The water-carriers were

the only inhabitants who had not interrupted their customary employ. They walked along calling, with the slow nasal accent of their native mountains of Galicia, *¿Quien quiere agua?* Nobody appeared to buy; the aguador from time to time ruefully answered himself *Dios que la da*, and began his cry again.

As we advanced towards the centre of Madrid, we saw a few groups of Spaniards standing upright, wrapped in their great cloaks, at the corners of a place where they were formerly used to assemble in great numbers. They looked at us with a melancholy and dejected air; their national pride was so great, that they could hardly persuade themselves that soldiers not born Spaniards could have beaten Spaniards. When, by chance, they discovered among our ranks a horse, taken from the enemy's cavalry, and ridden by one of our hussars, they immediately knew him by his paces, they roused themselves from their stupor, and said to each other. *Este caballo es Español*; as if he had been the only cause of our success.

We only passed through Madrid; our regiment being quartered sixteen days at Cevolla, not far from the banks of the Tagus, near Talavera; after which it returned, on the 19th December, to form a part of the garrison of Madrid. The inhabitants of the capital and its neighbourhood had recovered from their great astonishment. By degrees they had become accustomed to the sight of the French. The army observed the strictest discipline; and, at least in appearance, tranquillity was as well established as during a time of peace.

Before entering Madrid by the Toledo gate, the Mancanares is crossed by a superb stone bridge, sufficiently broad for four carriages to pass abreast with ease. The length of this bridge, and the number and height of its arches, would make one believe at first sight that

it was built over a wide river; yet the Mancanares, exhausted by daily consumption, scarcely flows, and in some places is lost in the sand of its bed. The immense bridges, so frequently met with in Spain, and other southern and mountainous countries, are necessary, because the smallest stream, increased by a sudden influx, is sometimes instantaneously transformed into an impetuous torrent.

There exists in Spain a nobility of cities as well as of men. The Spaniards preserve so much respect for their old institutions, that their capital still bears the name of *Villa*, or country-town, whereas some poor villagers pride themselves on that of *Ciudad*, or city, either because they have received this title and the privileges attached to it, as the reward of some great proofs of devotion to their country or sovereign, or inherited it from the ruined towns upon which they themselves are founded. When a Spaniard is asked where he was born, he answers, I am the son of such a town; and this expression, which intimately identifies him with the place of his birth, causes him to attach the more value to the dignity of his native city. Madrid contains no Roman or Moorish monuments; before Charles V. it was but a country-residence, or *sitio*, where the court passed a few months in the year, as in our days at Aranjuez, the Escorial, and St. Ildefonso.

One is astonished on entering Madrid by the gate of Toledo and the place of Cenada, where the market is held early in the morning, at the tumultuous concourse of people from the country and the provinces, diversely clothed, going, coming, arriving, and departing. Here a Castilian gathers up the ample folds of his cloak with the dignity of a Roman senator, wrapt in his toga. There a drover from La Manch, with a long goad in his hand, and clad in a kelt of hide, which also resembles the ancient form of the tunick worn by the Roman and Gothick warriors.

Farther on are seen men whose hair is bound with long silken fillets, and others wearing a sort of short brown vest, chequered with blue and red, which reminds one of a Moresco garb. The men who wear this habit come from Andalusia; they are distinguished by their black lively eyes, their expressive and animated looks, and the rapidity of their utterance. Women sitting in the corners of the streets and in the public places, are occupied preparing food for this passing crowd, whose homes are not in Madrid.

One sees long strings of mules laden with skins of wine or of oil, or droves of asses led by a single man, who talks to them unceasingly. One also meets carriages drawn by eight or ten mules, ornamented with little bells, driven with surprising address by one coachman, either on the trot, or galloping, without reins, and by means of his voice only, using the wildest cries. One long sharp whistle serves to stop all the mules at the same moment. By their slender legs, their tall stature, their proudly raised heads, one would take them for teams of stags or elks. The vociferations of the drivers and muleteers, the ringing of the church bells, which is unceasing, the various vesture of the men, the superabundance of southern activity, manifested by expressive gestures or shouts in a sonorous language of which we were ignorant, manners so different from our own, all contributed to make the appearance of the capital of Spain strange to men coming from the north, where all goes on so silently. We were so much the more struck with it, as Madrid was the first great town we had found peopled since our entry into Spain.

The inhabitants even of Madrid have all a grave deportment and a measured walk. They wear, as I have already said, large dark-coloured cloaks. The women are in black, and a large black veil covers almost entirely their head and shoul-

ders, which gave rise to the saying among the French soldiers, during the first part of their stay in Madrid, that the city was peopled only by priests and nuns. The women are generally short: they are remarkable rather for the grace and elegance of their figure, than the regularity of their features. Their step is bold and quick, the covering of their feet elegant. A Spanish woman never walks out without her *basquinna* and *mantilla*. The *basquinna* is a black silk or woollen gown made to fit close: the *mantilla* is a large black veil which covers the head and shoulders, and sometimes hides all the face except the eyes and nose. This part of the dress sets off still more the paleness of their complexion and the brilliancy of their eyes. The young women occasionally replace their *mantilla* by an inclination of the head and an easy jerk of the right shoulder and arm. This very graceful motion furnishes them with the opportunity of directing, as if by chance, a look at those who pass or stand by them. The Spanish women keep themselves almost always at home, seated behind their grated balconies. They thence observe all who pass, without being seen, and in the evening listen to guitars, and to tender complaints skilfully expressed in songs. Their rest is sometimes disturbed by the contentions of lovers, who walk under their windows in the narrow streets.

At the hour of the *siesta*, especially in summer, during the heat of the day, all these noises were suspended, the whole city was asleep, and the streets only re-echoed to the trampling of the horses of our corps of cavalry, going their rounds, or the drum of a solitary detachment mounting guard. This same French drum had beaten the march and the charge in Alexandria, in Cairo, in Rome, and in almost every town in Europe, from Königsberg to Madrid, where we then were.

Before the French began to mix

indiscriminately with the population of the city, the inhabitants, male and female, as soon as the evening bell announced the Ave Maria, fell on their knees in the houses, the squares, and even in the middle of the streets; the tumult of life was on a sudden suspended, as if this extensive capital, in which a whole people repeated simultaneously the same prayer, had been for some minutes transformed into one vast temple.

Our regiment remaining almost a month in the capital of Spain, I was quartered on an old man of illustrious name, who lived alone with his daughter. He went regularly twice a day to mass, and once to the place Del Sol, to learn the news. He sat down as soon as he came in, in a parlour where he passed his days doing nothing. Sometimes he lighted his segar, and dissipated his cares and his thoughts by smoking; he rarely spoke, and I never saw him laugh. He only exclaimed every half hour, with a sigh of dejection, *Ay Jesus!* his daughter always answered in the same words, and they both again became silent.

A priest, the spiritual director of the house, came every day to see my hosts, with as much assiduity as a physician visits his patients. He wore a fair wig to hide his priest's tonsure, and was habited like an ordinary citizen, always affecting to say, that he dared not wear his canonical dress, for fear of being murdered by our soldiers; this useless disguise was solely for the purpose of increasing the violent irritation which already existed against the French.

Although, to appearance, the greatest tranquillity prevailed at Madrid, our regiment was always ready to mount at a moment's warning; and our horses, though in the capital, were kept constantly saddled as if it had been an advanced post in presence of the enemy. Eleven hundred determined Spaniards had, according to report, re-

mained concealed in the town when it capitulated, in order to raise the inhabitants, and to put an end to every Frenchman at the first favourable opportunity.

The infantry was distributed in the convents of the different quarters of the city: the requisite furniture had not yet been procured, to avoid being troublesome to the inhabitants, and to attach them to king Joseph. Our soldiers, subjected in an enemy's country to the strictest discipline, had none of the advantages which compensate the rigour of the military state in regular garrisons. They slept on the cold stone in the long corridors of the monasteries: they were sometimes in want of the necessities of life, and cursed the poverty of the monks whom they had replaced, gayly complaining, however, of being forced to live like capuchin friars.

Amidst the strains of victory with which our bulletins resounded, we had a confused feeling of uncertainty concerning the very advantages we had just gained; it might have been said that we had conquered upon volcanoes. The emperor Napoleon made no public entry into Madrid, as he had done into the other capitals of Europe; we were told that he was prevented by the forms imposed by etiquette with regard to his brother Joseph, whom he already considered as a foreign sovereign. Encamped with his guard on the heights of Chamartin, he issued daily decrees to Spain, expecting the immediate submission of that kingdom, from the terror that the rapid success of our arms must have produced.

Don Quixote. At Cuenca we joined our division; and for some days we occupied cantonments at Belmonte and the neighbourhood of San Clemente: we waited for our artillery, which had great difficulty in advancing even one league, or, at most, two in a day: the winter rains had so destroyed the roads,

that it was frequently necessary to use the horses belonging to several pieces of cannon to drag a single gun. We afterwards crossed the country of Don Quixote, on our way to Consuegra and Madridejos. Toboso perfectly answers the description of Cervantes, in his immortal poem of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. If that imaginary hero was not of any great service to widows and orphans during his life time, his memory, at least, protected the supposed country of his Dulcinea from some of the horrors of war. As soon as the French soldiers saw a woman at a window, they cried out, laughingly, 'There's Dulcinea!' Their gayety tranquilized the inhabitants; far from flying, as usual, at the first sight of our advanced posts, they crowded to see us pass; witticisms upon Dulcinea and Don Quixote became a bond of union between our soldiers and the inhabitants of Toboso, and the French, being well received, treated their hosts in return with civility.

Moorish Remains. In Andalusia, still more than in any other province in the Peninsula, one meets with traces and monuments of the Arabs at every step; and it is the singular mixture of the customs and usages of the east, with Christian manners, which distinguishes the Spaniards from the other nations of Europe.

The town houses are almost all built on the Moresco plan; in the middle they have a large court paved with flag stones, in the centre of which there is a basin, whence fountains continually rise and refresh the air; the basin is shaded by the cypress and the lemon tree. Trellice work, supporting orange trees, whose leaves, flowers, and fruit last all the year, frequently covers the walls. The different apartments communicate with each other by the court, and there is commonly an interior gate on the same side with the door opening to the street. In the

ancient palaces of the Moorish kings and nobles, such as the Alhambra of Grenada; the courts are surrounded with colonades or porticoes, whose narrow and numerous arches are supported by very tall slender columns; ordinary houses have a single and very plain interior court, with a cistern shaded by a large citron tree in one corner. A sort of pitcher or jar, in which water is put to cool, usually hangs near the door or wherever there is a current of air. These pitchers are called *alcarazas*; and their name, which is Arabic, indicates that they were brought into Spain by the Moors.

There is one of these open courts within the walls of the cathedral of Cordova, which was an ancient mosque. This court, like those of private houses, is shaded by citrons and cypresses, and contains basins, in which the water is kept continually pure and full by fountains. On entering the consecrated part of the *Mexquita*, for the temple has preserved its antique appellation even to our days, one is struck with astonishment at the sight of a multiplicity of columns of different coloured marbles. These columns are ranged in parallel lines pretty near each other, and they support a sort of open arcade covered with a wooden roof. This multitude of columns crowned with arcades, reminds one of a forest of palm trees, whose branches, regularly trained round, touch each other as they bend.

The chapel where the book of the laws was kept, is now under the guardianship of Saint Peter. A high altar for performing mass, and a choir where canons chant the service, have been placed in the middle of that Mussulman mosque, and have converted it in our days into a Christian temple. These coincidences are continually met with in Spain, and recall to mind the triumph of Christianity over Mahomedanism.

The Andalusians bring up nu-

merous flocks, which they feed in the plains during winter, and send in summer to graze on the tops of the mountains. The yearly and customary transmigration of large flocks at fixed times, originates in Arabia, where the practice is very ancient.

The Andalusian horses are descended from the generous breed brought over in former times by the Arabs; and the same distinctions, paid in Arabia to pure and noble blood in these animals, are still regarded in Spain. The Andalusian horse is proud, spirited, and gentle; the sound of the trumpet pleases and animates him; and the noise and smoke of powder do not frighten him; he is sensible of caresses, and docile to the voice of his master; so when he is overcome with fatigue, his master, instead of beating him, flatters and encourages him; the horse seems to recover his strength, and sometimes does from mere emulation what blows could never have extorted from him.

We were often followed by Spanish peasants, who led the baggage, victuals, and ammunition, upon their own horses and mules. One day I heard one of them after a long speech to his horse, who could hardly walk, whisper closely in his ear with great eagerness, and as if he wished to spare him an affront in the eyes of his fellows, *Take care that nobody sees you.* At the same moment a child was saying to his ass, *Curse the mother that bred thee.* Asses are treated much worse than horses, for they are not supposed capable of the same feelings of honour.

People commonly travel on horseback in Spain, and the carriage of goods is, in many provinces, still on the backs of mules. The fine roads which cross Spain are very modern; the streets of the old towns are narrow and winding, and the stories of the houses jut out farther the higher they are. These streets, of Moorish building, are not made for carriages. Excepting a few hotels founded by

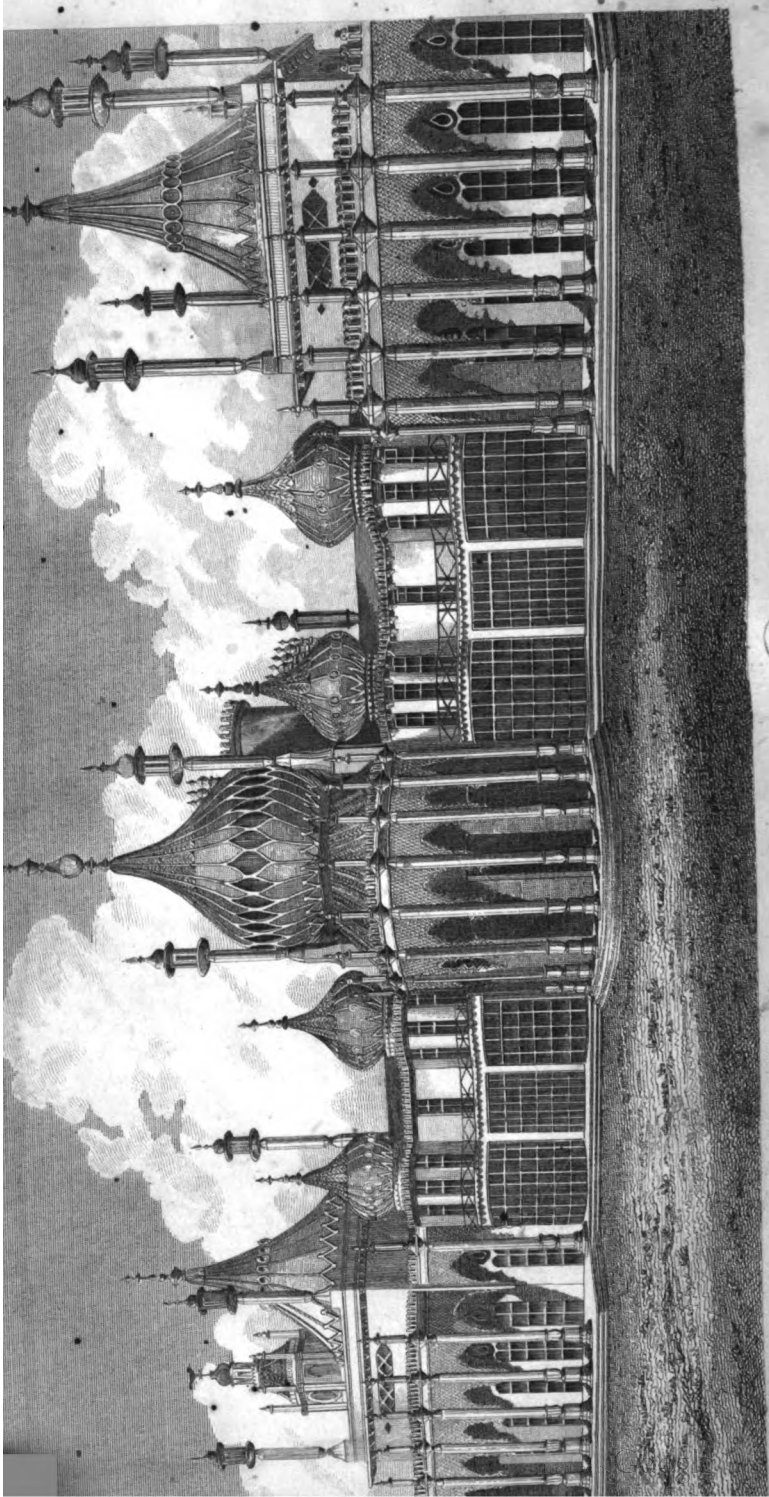
Italians in the large cities, the inns of Andalusia, and indeed of all Spain, are large caravanseras, where one finds nothing but lodging, and room for horses and mules. Travellers are obliged to carry provisions with them, and to sleep upon their horse-cloths. The natives of the country travel in small caravans, whenever they go off the most public roads, and they carry guns slung to their saddle bows, for fear of being robbed by the smugglers, who are very numerous in the mountains of Grenada, and the southern coasts between Malaga and Cadix. In some parts of Spain the country people, and particularly the farm servants, sleep stretched out upon mats, which they roll up and carry about with them. This eastern custom explains the words of our Haviour, 'Take up thy bed and walk.'

The country women sit, in the Moorish manner, on circular mats of reeds, and in some convents of Spain, where the ancient manners are transmitted without alteration, the nuns still sit like Turks, without knowing that they derive the custom from the enemies of the Christian faith. The mantilla, a sort of large woollen veil commonly worn by the lower class of women in Andalusia, and which sometimes hides their whole face, except their eyes, seems to have originated in the large scarf in which the eastern women wrap themselves when they go out. The Spanish dances, particularly the different kinds of fandango, resemble the loose dances of the east. The custom of playing the castanets in dancing, and of singing *sequedillas*, still exist among the Arabs of Egypt, as well as in Spain, and the burning wind which blows from the east, still receives the name of the Medina wind, in Andalusia.

Like the Orientals, the Spanish, in general, are sober, even in the midst of abundance, from a religious principle; they look upon intemperance as an abuse of the gifts of God, and entertain a profound contempt for

those who give themselves up to it. They eat salt pork every day at their meals; this meat, unwholesome in hot countries, is prohibited by the sacred laws of all the nations of the east, and is an abomination to them. At the time when Spain was conquered by the Christians, and before the entire expulsion of the Moors, there were in Andalusia a great number of Mussulmans and Jews, who had become converts in appearance only, in order to obtain permission to remain in the country. The Christian Spaniards then eat pork, as a test among themselves, and it was, so to speak, a kind of profession of faith.

The Spanish national and local troops, or the levies in mass, fight in disorder and with loud shouts. In an attack in the open country they have that impetuosity, that fury, mingled with despair and fanaticism, which distinguishes the Arabs; and, like them, they are apt to despair too soon of the event, and yield the battle at the very moment they might claim the victory; but when they fight behind walls and entrenchments, their firmness is unconquerable. The inhabitants of Egypt fled into the defiles of the mountains beyond the desert. The inhabitants of Spain quitted their dwellings on the approach of our troops, and carried their most precious effects into the mountains. In Spain, as in Egypt, our soldiers could not remain behind their companies without being murdered; in short, the inhabitants of the south of Spain possess the same perseverance in hatred, and the same liveliness of imagination, which distinguish the nations of the east; like them, they are easily discouraged on the least rumour of defeat, and rise up in arms the moment they conceive the slightest hopes of success. The Spaniards, like the Arabs, often treated their prisoners with the excess of barbarity; but they also sometimes exercised towards them the noblest and most generous hospitality.



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(NEW SERIES.)

COMPRISING ORIGINAL REVIEWS, BIOGRAPHY, ANALYTICAL AB-
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ART. I.—*Remarks of the Edinburgh Review on Mr. Walsh's Appeal.*

(*Concluded.*)

HOW then is it to be accounted for, that Mr. W. should have taken such a favourable view of our state and merits in 1810, and so very different a one in 1819? There is but one explanation that occurs to us—Mr. W., as appears from the passages just quoted, had been originally very much of the opinion to which he has now returned—For he tells us, that he considers the tribute of admiration which he there offers to our excellence, as an *atonement* for the errors and prejudices under which he laboured till he came among us,—and hints pretty plainly, that he had formerly been *ungrateful* enough to disown all obligation to our race, and *impious* enough even to wish for our ruin. Now, from the tenor of the work before us, compared with these passages, it is pretty plain, we think, that Mr. W. has just *relapsed* into those damnable heresies which we fear are epidemic in his part of the country—and from which nothing is so likely to deliver him, as a repetition of the same remedy by which they were formerly removed. Let him come again then to England and

try the effect of a second course of 'personal experience and observation'—let him make another pilgrimage to Mecca, and observe whether his faith is not restored and confirmed—let him, like the Indians of his own world, visit the tombs of his fathers in the old land, and see whether he can *there* abjure the friendship of their other children? If he will venture himself among us for another two years' residence, we can promise him that he will find in substance the same England that he left:—Our laws and our landscapes—our industry and urbanity;—our charities, our learning, and our personal beauty, he will find unaltered and unimpaired;—and we think we can even engage, that he shall find also a still greater 'correspondence of feeling in the body of our people,' and not a less disposition to welcome an accomplished stranger, who comes to get rid of errors and prejudices, and to learn—or, if he pleases, to teach, the great lessons of a generous and indulgent philanthropy.

We have done, however, with this topic. We have a considerable contempt for the *argumentum ad hominem* in any case—and have no desire to urge it any further at present. The truth is, that neither of Mr. W.'s portraiture of us appears to be very accurate. We are painted *en beau* in the one, and *en laid* in the other. The particular traits in each may be given with tolerable truth—but *the whole truth* is to be found in neither; and it will not even do to take them together—any more than it would do to make a correct likeness, by patching or compounding together a flattering portrait and a monstrous caricature.—We have but a word or two, indeed, to add on the general subject, before we take a final farewell of this discussion.

We admit, that many of the charges, which Mr. W. has here made against our country, are justly made—and that for many of the things with which he has reproached us, there is just cause of reproach. It would be strange, indeed, if we were to do otherwise—considering that it is from our

pages that he has on many occasions borrowed the charge and the reproach. If he had stated them, therefore, with any degree of fairness or temper, and had not announced that they were brought forward as incentives to hostility and national alienation, we should have been so far from complaining of him, that we should have been heartily thankful for the services of such an auxiliary in our holy war against vice and corruption, and rejoiced to obtain the testimony of an impartial observer, in corroboration of our own earnest admonitions. Even as it is, we are inclined to think that this exposition of our infirmities will rather do good than harm, so far as it produces any effect at all in this country. Among our national vices, we have long reckoned an insolent and overweening opinion of our own universal superiority; and though it really does not belong to America to reproach us with *this* fault, and though the ludicrous exaggeration of Mr. W.'s charge, is sure very greatly to weaken his authority, still such an alarming catalogue of our faults and follies, may have some effect, as a wholesome mortification of our vanity. It is with a view to its probable effect in his own country, and to his avowal of the effect he wishes it to produce there, that we consider it as deserving of all reprobation;—and therefore beg leave to make one or two very short remarks on its manifest injustice, and indeed absurdity, in so far as relates to ourselves, and that great majority of the country whom we believe to concur in our sentiments. The object of this violent invective on England is twofold; and we really do not know under which aspect it is most reprehensible. It is, *first*, to repress, if possible, the invectives which we, it seems, have been making on America; and, *secondly*, to excite, *there*, a spirit of animosity, to meet and revenge that which those invectives are said to indicate here:—And this is the shape of the argument—What right have you to abuse us for keeping and whipping slaves, when you yourselves whip your soldiers, and were so slow to give up your slave

trade, and use your subjects so ill in India and Ireland?—or what right have you call our Marshall a dull historian, when you have a Belsham and a Gifford who are still duller? Now, though this argument would never show that whipping slaves was a right thing, or that Mr. Marshall was not a dull writer, it might be a very smart and embarrassing retort to those among us who had defended our slave trade or our military floggings, or our treatment of Ireland and India—or who had held out Messrs. Belsham and Gifford as pattern historians, and ornaments of our national literature. But what meaning or effect can it have when addressed to those who have always testified against the wickedness and the folly of the practices complained of, and who have treated the ultra-whig and the ultra-tory historian with equal scorn and reproach? *We have* a right to censure cruelty and dulness abroad, *because* we have censured them with more and more frequent severity at home;—and their home existence, though it may prove indeed that our censures have not yet been effectual in producing amendment, can afford no sort of reason for not extending them where they might be more attended to.

We have generally blamed what we thought worthy of blame in America, without any express reference to parallel cases in England, or any invidious comparison. Their books we have criticised just as we should have done those of any other country; and in speaking more generally of their literature and manners, we have rather brought them into competition with those of Europe in general, than those of our country in particular.—When we have made any comparative estimate of our own advantages and theirs, we can say with confidence, that it has been far oftener in their favour than against them;—and, after repeatedly noticing their preferable condition as to taxes, elections, sufficiency of employment, public economy, freedom of publication, and many other points of paramount importance, it surely was but fair that we should notice, in their turn, those merits or advantages

which might reasonably be claimed for ourselves, and bring into view our superiority in eminent authors, and the extinction and annihilation of slavery in every part of our realm.

We would also remark, that while we have thus praised America far more than we have blamed her—and reproached ourselves far more bitterly than we have ever reproached her, Mr. W., while he affects to be merely following our example, has heaped abuse on us without one grain of commendation—and praised his own country extravagantly, without admitting one fault or imperfection. Now, this is not a fair way of retorting the proceedings even of the Quarterly; for they have occasionally given some praise to America, and have constantly spoken ill enough of the paupers, and radicals, and reformers of England. But as to *us*, and the great body of the nation which thinks with us, it is a proceeding without the colour of justice or the shadow of apology—and is not a less flagrant indication of impatience or bad humour, than the marvellous assumption which runs through the whole argument, that it is an unpardonable insult and an injury to find *any fault with any thing* in America, must necessarily proceed from national spite and animosity, and affords, whether true or false, sufficient reason for endeavouring to excite a corresponding animosity against our nation. Such, however, is the scope and plan of Mr. W.'s whole work. Whenever he thinks that his country has been erroneously accused, he points out the error with sufficient keenness and asperity;—but when he is aware that the imputation is just and unanswerable, instead of joining his rebuke or regret to those of her foreign censors, he turns fiercely and vindictively on the parallel infirmities of this country—as if those also had not been marked with reprobation, and without admitting that the censure was merited, or hoping that it might work amendment, complains in the bitterest terms of malignity, and rouses his country to revenge!

Which, then, we would ask, is the most fair and reasonable, or which the most truly patriotic?—We, who, admitting our own manifold faults and corruptions, testifying loudly against them, and feeling grateful to any foreign auxiliary who will help us to *reason*, to *rail*, or to *shame* our countrymen out of them, are willing occasionally to lend a similar assistance to others, and speak freely and fairly of what appear to us to be the faults and errors, as well as the virtues and merits, of all who may be in any way affected by our observations;—or Mr. Walsh, who will admit *no* faults in his own country, and *no* good qualities in ours—sets down the more extensive of our domestic crimes to their corresponding objects abroad, to the score of national rancour and partiality; and can find no better use for their mutual admonitions, which should lead to mutual amendment or generous emulation, than to improve them into occasions of mutual animosity and deliberate hatred?

This extreme impatience, even of merited blame from the mouth of a stranger—this still more extraordinary abstinence from any hint or acknowledgment of error on the part of her intelligent defender, is a trait too remarkable not to call for some observation;—and we think we can see in it one of the worst and most unfortunate consequences of a republican government. It is the misfortune of sovereigns in general, that they are fed with flattery till they loathe the wholesome truth, and come to resent, as the bitterest of all offences, any insinuation of their errors, or intimation of their dangers. But of all sovereigns, *the sovereign people* is most obnoxious to this corruption, and most fatally injured by its prevalence. In America, every thing depends on their suffrages, and their favour and support; and accordingly it would appear, that they are pampered with constant adulation, from the rival suitors for their favour—so that no one will venture to tell them of their faults: and moralists, even of the austere character of Mr. W., dare not venture to whisper a syllable to their pre-

judice. It is thus, and thus only, that we can account for the strange sensitiveness which seems to prevail among them on the lightest sound of disapprobation, and for the acrimony with which, what would pass any where else for very mild admonitions, are repelled and resented. It is obvious, however, that nothing can be so injurious to the character either of an individual or a nation, as this constant cockering of praise; and that the want of any native censor, makes it more a duty for the moralists of other countries to take them under their charge, and let them know now and then what other people say of them.

We are anxious to part with Mr. W. in good humour;—but we must say that we rather wish he would not go on with the work he has begun—at least if it is to be pursued in the spirit which breathes in this. Nor is it so much to his polemic and vindictive tone that we object, as this tendency to adulation, this passionate vapouring rhetorical style of amplifying and exaggerating the felicities of his country. In point of talent and knowledge and industry, we have no doubt that he is eminently qualified for the task—(though we must tell him that he does not write so well now as when he left England)—but no man will ever write a book of authority on the institutions and resources of his country, who does not add some of the virtues of a censor to those of a patriot—or rather, who does not feel, that the noblest, as well as the most difficult part of patriotism, is that which prefers his country's *good* to its *favour*, and is more directed to reform its vices, than to cherish the pride of its virtues. With foreign nations, too, this tone of fondness and self-admiration is always suspected, and most commonly ridiculous—while the calm and steady claims of merit that are interspersed with acknowledgments of faults, are sure to obtain credit, and to raise the estimation both of the writer and of his country.

And now we must at length close this very long article—the very length and earnestness of which, we hope, will go some way to satisfy our American brethren of the importance we attach to their good opinion, and the anxiety we feel to prevent any national repulsion from being aggravated by a misapprehension of our sentiments, or rather of those of that great body of the English nation of which we are here the organ. In what we have now written, there may be much that requires explanation—and much, we fear, that is liable to misconstruction.—*The spirit* in which it is written, however, cannot, we think, be misunderstood. We cannot descend to little cavils and altercations; and have no leisure to maintain a controversy about words and phrases. We have an unfeigned respect and affection for the free people of America; and we mean honestly to pledge ourselves for that of the better part of our own country. We are very proud of the extensive circulation of our Journal in that great country, and the importance that is there attached to it. But we should be undeserving of this favour, if we could submit to seek it by any mean practices, either of flattery or of dissimulation; and feel persuaded that we shall not only best deserve, but most surely obtain, the confidence and respect of Mr. W. and his countrymen, by speaking freely what we sincerely think of them—and treating them exactly as we treat that nation, to which we are here accused of being too favourable.

ART. II.—*Description of Odessa.*

[From the German of Dr. Meissner, lately published at Halle.]

THOSE who visit Odessa for commercial purposes, usually travel by sea, while those who visit it for the sake of the baths, generally go by land. The latter mode of travelling is attended by many inconveniences: in the *Steppes*,* it is very difficult to obtain a sufficient number of horses. If a

* The Russian Deserts.

party choose to travel in the Polish fashion, that is to say, in the form of a small caravan, they employ hired horses, and take along with them every thing that may be requisite for the space of four or five days: this supply includes not only provisions, but also water and wood. The latter articles are greatly needed by the colonists, with whom the Russian government has endeavoured to people the Steppes; though they have, it is true, in some measure supplied the want of water by means of cisterns, and have substituted dry dung for fuel. I know of nothing more tedious than travelling across the Steppes, those immeasurable levels, bounded only by the horizon. At sea, the element itself, the activity of the ship's crew, and in calm weather, the anxiety for a favourable gale, contribute to keep the mind unceasingly employed. But the monotony of immense plains, covered only with grass and gigantic thistles, is in the highest degree oppressive to the senses. It is seldom that even a solitary, mishapen tree, marks the spot where the colonist has constructed his hut, half buried under ground. Troops, and the *Bands of the Steppes*, as they are called, are the only occupants of this soil, which is fertile, though the present, as well as the next generation, must labour hard for its cultivation ere their posterity can hope to derive from it the means of subsisting with comfort. To the above wants, may be added that of materials for building, which are only to be procured at Severinowka, a place belonging to count Severin Potocki; it furnishes a light calcareous kind of stone, of which Odessa is principally built.

When it is recollected that thirty years ago, the inhabitants of this place lived beneath tents, and that from the village and the little Tartar fort of the inlet of Kadjabey, a town has risen whose population is calculated at 28,000; the rapidity of the improvement naturally excites astonishment. Odessa is most advantageously situated for trade; it lies

between the mouths of two important rivers, the Dniester and the Dniester, about six miles distant from each, and vessels readily seek shelter in the bay against the storms which render navigation so dangerous in the Black Sea. In the year 1796, the town received its present name from the empress Catharine; but it owes its prosperity to the emperor Alexander, who appointed the duke de Richelieu to be governor of Bessarabia and the Crimea. The duke watched over the welfare of Odessa with paternal tenderness; the population continued to increase every year, and it was not until he had insured the happiness of thousands that he left the place, accompanied by the prayers and blessings of both rich and poor.

The situation of Odessa is by no means picturesque, the houses of the town extend as far as the Steppes, and the sea-shore is flat and without vegetation. In dry weather the dust is unbearable, and in the rainy season the unpaved streets are covered with deep mud. The mixture of oriental dresses, manners, and languages, however, presents a most lively and novel picture. A stranger might imagine himself transported into one of the trading towns of the Levant; for though the majority of the population are Russians, yet the Greeks and Karails (a Jewish sect from some of the eastern countries) are exceedingly numerous. Their bazaars contain all the produce of the East, from shawls down to rose-pastilles; and the Italian language is universally understood. On festival days the liberal minded merchants here permit a species of amusement, which the oppressors of the Greeks do not suffer them to enjoy in their native country, namely, a dramatic performance in the modern Greek language. The piece which I saw represented, certainly bore even less resemblance to the ancient Greek drama, than the performers did to their glorious ancestors; it was a translation from a Russian play. I was, however, much pleased to hear, in the recitation of the actors, those

harmonious tones, which I had never been able to discover in the common conversation of the modern Greeks; the *ore retundo loqui* was the only circumstance which served to remind me of the ancient Hellas.

With respect to diversity of languages, nothing can be more interesting than the conversation-rooms of the Quarantine Establishment at Odessa. They consist of long galleries, five or six feet in breadth, with a partition on either side. Behind one of these barriers, are the foreigners of the Quarantine house, and behind the other the merchants of the town. In general, foreigners are not detained here until it be ascertained that they are free from all plague infection. As soon as their ships are laden with grain, they are permitted to depart, and from behind the partitions above mentioned, they transact business with the inhabitants of the town. I happened to be at Odessa in the year 1816, a period when many countries were visited by scarcity, and Russia, through her superabundance, was destined to supply the greater part of Europe. Upwards of 300 vessels of all countries were constantly lying in the harbour waiting to take in their cargoes. In the Quarantine Establishment, almost all the languages of Europe and of the East resounded at the same moment, whilst every one endeavoured to drown the voice of his neighbour, and the inhabitant of the South accompanied every word with an expressive gesture. The whole scene forcibly reminded me of the lines of Dante:—

Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira
Facevan un tumulto, il qual s'aggira
Sempre in quel aria.

In the years 1812 and 1813, 3000 of the inhabitants of Odessa were carried off by the plague. It is said, that a Turk, who escaped quarantine, spread the infection among the dancers of the Opera. Another more poetic story, is

that a swallow lighted on a ship that had the plague on board, and carried off some feathers for her nest. Some time after, a child picked up a young swallow which had fallen from this very nest, and his whole family were immediately infected. The nature of the disease was not immediately known; but the plague soon spread over a great part of the surrounding country.

ART. III.—*Remarks made on a short Tour between Hartford and Quebec, in the Autumn of 1819.* By the Author of a Journal of Travels in England, &c. New Haven, 1820.

AT a period when the American press is so remarkably barren, it is gratifying to hail the appearance of a volume so attractive. Very neat printing, fine paper, and pretty engravings, claim at first sight a favourable attention; and the name of the author, Professor Silliman, of Yale College, is a warrant for perfect veracity, at least, if not for tasteful description.

It is said to be the cardinal error in the scheme of instruction pursued at the very valuable seminary, that has the benefit of Mr. Silliman's talents, to condemn unduly and immoderately the lighter studies of the belles lettres, while the physical sciences are alone respected as worthy of earnest attention. For the fact we do not vouch, but this volume is in some degree calculated to strengthen such opinions, by the manifest and lamentable disregard evinced by its learned author, for all elegance, grace, or even purity of diction. Yet as the real observations of a sensible and accomplished traveller, the true relation of occurrences, and the unvarnished description of interesting objects, the 'Remarks' deserve and will repay an attentive perusal. We subjoin some of the most interesting portions of the work; confining our extracts however to what may be amusing to general readers, and omitting the geological information which though valuable in it-

self, will find a more appropriate place in the journals devoted to the '*Musas severiores*.'

1. *Monte Video, the seat of Mr. Wadsworth, in Connecticut.*—

' After constantly ascending, for nearly three miles, we reached the highest ridge of the mountain, from which a steep declivity of a few rods, brought us to a small rude plain, terminated at a short distance, by the western brow, down which the same fine turnpike road is continued. From this plain, the traveller who wishes to visit a spot called Monte Video, remarkable for the extraordinary beauty of its natural scenery, will turn directly to the north, into an obscure road, cut through the woods, by the proprietor of the place to which it conducts. The road is rough, and the view bounded on the east, by the ridge, which, in many places, rises in perpendicular cliffs, to more than one hundred feet above the general surface of the summit of the mountain. On the west, you are so shut in by trees, that it is only occasionally, and for a moment, that you perceive there is a valley immediately below you.

' At the end of a mile and an half, the road terminates at a tenant's house, built in the Gothic style, and through a gate of the same description, you enter the cultivated part of this very singular country residence.

' Here the scene is immediately changed. The trees no longer intercept your view upon the left, and you look almost perpendicularly, into a valley of extreme beauty, and great extent, in the highest state of cultivation, and which although apparently within reach, is six hundred and forty feet below you. At the right, the ridge, which has, until now, been your boundary, and seemed an impassible barrier, suddenly breaks off, and disappears, but rises again at the distance of half a mile, in bold gray masses, to the height of one hundred and twenty feet, crowned by forest trees, above which appears a tower, of the same colour as the rocks.

‘ The space or hollow, caused by the absence of the ridge, or what may very properly be called the *back bone* of the mountain, is occupied by a deep lake, of the purest water, nearly half a mile in length, and somewhat less than half that width. Directly before you, to the north, from the cottage or tenant’s house and extending half a mile, is a scene of cultivation, uninclosed, and interspersed with trees, in the centre of which stands the house. The ground is gently undulating, bounded on the west by the precipice which overlooks the Farmington valley, and inclining gently to the east, where it is terminated by the fine margin of trees, that skirt the lake. After entering the gate, a broad foot-path, leaving the carriage road, passes off to the left, and is carried along the western brow of the mountain, until passing the house, and reaching the northern extremity of this little domain, it conducts you, almost imperceptibly, round to the foot of the cliffs, on which the tower stands. It then gradually passes down to the north extremity of the lake, where it unites with other paths, at a white picturesque building, overshadowed with trees, standing on the edge of the water, commanding a view of the whole of it, and open on every side, during the warm weather, forming at that season, a delightful summer house, and in the winter, being closed, it serves as a shelter for the boat. There is also another path which beginning at the gate, but leading in a contrary direction, and passing to the right, conducts you up the ridge, to what is now the summit of the south rock, whose top having fallen off, lies scattered in huge fragments, and massy ruins, around and below you.

‘ From this place you have a view of the lake, of the boat at anchor on its surface, gay with its streamers, and snowy awning: of the white building at the north extremity of the water, and, (rising immediately above it,) of forest trees, and bold rocks, intermingled with each other, and surmounted by the tower.

‘To the west, the lawn rises gradually from the water, until it reaches the portico of the house, near the brow of the mountain, beyond which, the western valley is again seen.

‘To the east and north, the eye wanders over the great valley of Connecticut river, to an almost boundless distance, until the scene fades away, among the blue and indistinct mountains of Massachusetts.

‘The carriage road, leaving the two foot-paths, (just described,) at the gate, passes the cottage and its appendages, inclining at first down towards the water, and then following the undulations of the ground, where the ascent is the easiest, winds gently up to the flat on which the house stands. Along this road the house, the tower, the lake, &c. occasionally appear and disappear, through the openings in the trees; in some parts of it, all these objects are shut from your view, and in no part is the distant view seen, until passing through the last group of shrubbery near the house, you suddenly find yourself within a few yards of the brow of the mountain, and the valley with all its distinct minuteness, immediately below, where every object is as perfectly visible, as if placed upon a map. Through the whole of this lovely scene, which appears a perfect garden, the Farmington river pursues its course, sometimes sparkling through imbowering trees, then stretching in a direct line, bordered with shrubbery, blue, and still, like a clear canal, or bending in graceful sweeps, round white farm houses, or through meadows of the deepest green.

‘The view from the house towards the east, presents nothing but the lake at the foot of the lawn, bounded on the north and south by lofty cliffs, and on the opposite shore, by a lower barrier of rocks, intermixed with forest trees, from amongst which, a road is seen to issue, passing to the south along the brink of the water, and although perfectly safe, ap-

pears to form, from that quarter, a dangerous entrance to this retired spot.

‘ Every thing in this view, is calculated to make an impression of the most entire seclusion; for, beyond the water, and the open ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the house, rocks and forests alone meet the eye, and appear to separate you from all the rest of the world. But at the same moment that you are contemplating this picture of the deepest solitude, you may without leaving your place, merely by changing your position, see through one of the long Gothic windows of the same room, which reach to a level with the turf, the glowing western valley, one vast sheet of cultivation, filled with inhabitants, and so near, that with the aid only of a common spy-glass, you distinguish the motions of every individual who is abroad in the neighbouring village, even to the frolics of the children, and the active industry of the domestic fowls, seeking their food, or watching over, and providing for their young. And from the same window, when the morning mist, shrouding the world below and frequently hiding it completely from view, still leaves the summit of the mountain in clear sunshine, you may hear through the dense medium, the mingled sounds, occasioned by preparation for the rural occupations of the day.

‘ From the boat or summer house, several paths diverge; one of which, leading to the northeast, after passing through a narrow defile, is divided into two branches; the first passes round the lake, and generally out of sight of it, for a quarter of a mile, until descending a very steep bank, through a grove of evergreens, so dark as to be almost impervious to the rays of the sun, even at noon day, it brings you suddenly and unexpectedly, out, upon the eastern margin of the water, into the same road which was seen from the opposite side, and from thence along it, to the cottage, beyond the foot of the south rock. The other branch of the path, after leaving the defile, passes to the east side of the northern

ridge, and thence you ascend through the woods, to its summit, where it terminates at the tower, standing within a few rods of the edge of the precipice. The tower is a hexagon, of sixteen feet, diameter, and fifty-five feet high; the ascent, of about eighty steps, on the inside, is easy, and from the top which is nine hundred and sixty feet above the level of Connecticut river, you have at one view, all those objects which have been seen separately from the different stations below. The diameter of the view in two directions, is more than ninety miles, extending into the neighbouring states of Massachusetts and New York, and comprising the spires of more than thirty of the nearest towns and villages. The little spot of cultivation surrounding the house, and the lake at your feet, with its picturesque appendages of boat, winding paths, and Gothic buildings, shut in by rocks and forests, compose the fore ground of this grand panorama.

‘On the western side, the Farmington valley appears, in still greater beauty than even from the lower brow, and is seen to a greater extent, presenting many objects which were not visible from any other quarter. On the east, is spread before you, the great plain through which the Connecticut river winds its course, and upon the borders of which the towns and villages are traced for more than forty miles. The most considerable place within sight, is Hartford, where, although at the distance of eight miles in a direct line, you see, with the aid of a glass, the carriages passing at the intersection of the streets, and distinctly trace the motion and position of the vessels, as they appear, and vanish, upon the river, whose broad sweeps are seen like a succession of lakes, extending through the valley. The whole of this magnificent picture, including in its vast extent, cultivated plains and rugged mountains, rivers, towns, and villages, is encircled by a distant outline of blue mountains, rising in shapes of endless variety.’

Massacre of Miss M'Crea.—‘The story of this unfortunate young lady is well known, nor should I mention it now, but for the fact, that the place of her murder was pointed out to us, near Fort Edward.

‘We saw, and conversed with a person, who was acquainted with her, and with her family; they resided in the village of Fort Edward.

‘It seems, she was betrothed to a Mr. Jones, an American refugee, who was with Burgoyne’s army, and being anxious to obtain possession of his expected bride, he despatched a party of Indians to escort her to the British army. Where were his affection and his gallantry, that he did not go himself, or at least that he did not accompany his savage emissaries!

‘Sorely against the wishes and remonstrances of her friends, she committed herself to the care of these fiends;—strange infatuation in her lover, to solicit such a confidence—stranger presumption in her, to yield to his wishes; what treatment had she not a right to expect from such guardians!

‘The party set forward, and she on horseback; they had proceeded, not more than half a mile from Fort Edward, when they arrived at a spring, and halted to drink. The impatient lover had, in the mean time, despatched a second party of Indians, on the same errand; they came, at the unfortunate moment, to the same spring, and a collision immediately ensued, as to the promised reward.*

‘Both parties were now attacked, by the whites, and at the end of the conflict, the unhappy young woman was found tomahawked, scalped and (as is said,) tied fast to a pine tree just by the spring. Tradition reports, that the Indians divided the scalp, and that each party carried half of it to the agonized lover.

* Which is said to have been a barrel of rum.

‘This beautiful spring, which still flows limpid and cool, from a bank near the road side, and this fatal tree we saw. The tree which is a large and ancient pine, “fit for the mast of some tall ammiral,” is wounded, in many places, by the balls of the whites, fired at the Indians; they have been dug out as far as they could be reached, but others still remain in this ancient tree, which seems a striking emblem, of wounded innocence, and the trunk, twisted off at a considerable elevation, by some violent wind, that has left only a few mutilated branches, is a happy, although painful memorial of the fate of Jenne M’Crea.

‘Her name is inscribed on the tree, with the date 1777, and no traveller passes this spot, without spending a plaintive moment in contemplating the untimely fate of youth and loveliness.

‘The murder of Miss M’Crea, (a deed of such atrocity and cruelty as scarcely to admit of aggravation,) occurring as it did, at the moment when general Burgoyne, whose army was then at Fort Anne, was bringing with him to the invasion of the American states, hordes of savages, “those hell-hounds of war,” whose known and established mode of warfare, were those of promiscuous massacre, electrified the whole continent, and indeed, the civilized world, producing an universal burst of horror and indignation. General Gates did not fail to profit by the circumstance, and in a severe, but, *too personal* remonstrance, which he addressed to general Burgoyne, charged him with the guilt of the murder, and with that of many other similar atrocities. His *real* guilt, or that of his government, was, *in employing the savages at all* in the war; in other respects he appears to have had no concern with the transaction; in his reply to general Gates, he thus vindicates himself: “In regard to Miss M’Crea, her fall wanted not the tragic display you have laboured to give it, to make it as sincerely lamented and abhorred by me, as it can be by the tenderest of her friends. The fact was no

premeditated barbarity. On the contrary, two chiefs who had brought her off, for the purpose of security, not of violence to her person, disputed which should be her guard, and in a fit of savage passion, in one, from whose hands she was snatched, the unhappy woman became the victim. Upon the first intelligence of this event, I obliged the Indians to deliver the murderer into my hands, and though, to have punished him by our laws, or principles of justice, would have been perhaps unprecedented, he certainly should have suffered an ignominious death, had I not been convinced by my circumstances and observation, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that a pardon under the terms which I presented, and they accepted, would be more efficacious than an execution, to prevent similar mischief.'

Montreal.—At the village of Longueil, or a little before arriving there, we caught the first view of Montreal. The first impression of this city is very pleasing. In its turrets and steeples, glittering with tin; in its thickly built streets, stretching between one and two miles along the river, and rising gently from it; in its environs, ornamented with country houses and green fields; in the noble expanse of the St. Lawrence, sprinkled with islands; in its foaming and noisy rapids; and in the bold ridge of the mountain, which forms the back ground of the city, we recognize all the features necessary to a rich and magnificent landscape, and perceive among these indications, decisive proof of a flourishing inland emporium.

'If we experienced some elevation of feeling at the first view of the St. Lawrence, we were not likely to have our pride cherished by the means which conveyed us over this mighty river. Two Canadian boatmen ferried us over in a canoe, hollowed out of a single log. Our baggage being duly placed, we were desired to sit, face to face, on some clean straw placed on boards which lay across the bottom of the boat; we were situated thus low, that our weight might not

disturb the balance of the canoe, and we were requested to sit perfectly still. Our passage was to be nearly three miles obliquely up stream, and a part of the way against some powerful rapids.

‘Between us and Montreal, considerably up the stream, lay the brilliant island of St. Helena. It is elevated, commands a fine view of the city, is strongly marked by entrenchments, is fertile, and covered in part with fine timber. It is a domain, and we were much struck with the beautiful situation of the house on the south side of the island, belonging to the baroness Lonquell. With the island and river, it would form a fine subject for a picture.

‘Our boatmen conveyed us, without much difficulty, to the southern point of this island, between which, and the city, owing to the compression of the river by the island, a powerful rapid rushes along, with much agitation, and a current, which it is very difficult to stem. At the point of the island, particularly, a branch of the river, confined by rocks, dashes along, almost with the rapidity of water, bursting from a flood gate. Through this strait, it was necessary to pass, and, for some time, the boat went back, and even after landing us on the island, the canoe was coming around, broadside to the current, when we were apprehensive that our baggage must be thrown into the river; but, by main strength, they pushed the boat through this torrent, and along the shore of the island, till the rapid became so moderate, that they ventured again to take us in, and push for the city. It took these poor fellows a toilsome hour to convey us over, and they demanded but a pittance for their services.

‘We mounted a steep slippery bank, from the river, and found ourselves in one of the principal streets of the city. It required no powerful effort of the imagination, to conceive that we were arrived in Europe. A town, compactly built of stone, without wood or brick, indicating permanency, and

even a degree of antiquity, presenting some handsome public and private buildings, an active and numerous population, saluting the ear with two languages, but principally with the French—every thing seems foreign, and we easily feel that we are a great way from home.

‘ The mighty outlet of the most magnificent collection of inland waters in the world, the North American lakes—individually, like seas—collectively, covering the area of an empire; already enlivened by the sales of commerce, and recently awed by the thunder of contending navies; bordered by thriving villages and settlements, and hereafter to be surrounded by populous towns and cities, and countries; associated as this river is with such realities, and with such anticipations, it is impossible to approach the St. Lawrence, with ordinary feelings, or to view it as merely a river of primary magnitude.

‘ Already, the two great cities of Canada are erected on its borders; Europe sends her fleets to Quebec, and even to Montreal; nearly two hundred miles of intervening water, are now daily passed between the cities, by steam boats, some of which are as large in tonnage as Indiamen, or sloops of war. It is now, no very difficult task, to be wafted on the St. Lawrence from lake Ontario to the Ocean, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles, or from Niagara, which differs little from one thousand, and the entire range from lake Superior, is two thousand.

‘ In that part of the St. Lawrence, which, within a week, we have now twice passed, there are fewer observations to be made than on many routes much less extensive, and on many rivers of much inferior magnitude. This arises from the great sameness, which prevails along the banks. They appear to be very generally alluvial; extensively they are so low that they seem, in many places, hardly to form an adequate barrier against the occasional swelling and overflow of the great river, which they limit; indeed, it is difficult always

to convince ones self, that they are not, here and there, actually lower than the river; of rocks, till we come within a few miles of Quebec, there are hardly any to be seen, and yet it is obvious that there are rocks in the vicinity, because the houses are often constructed of stone; for many miles from Montreal, on the way to Quebec, the banks are little else than damp meadows, resembling Holland extremely; sometimes the shores recede in natural terraces, and retiring platforms, placed, one above another, till the last visible one forms a high ridge; at other times, precipitous banks, cut down as it were by art, exhibit strata of gravel and clay and sand—forming distinct and often variously coloured layers; the forests are usually removed from the immediate margin of the river, and the verdure is in most places rich and lively.

‘The average width of the river, between Montreal and Quebec, appears to be about two miles; but it is extremely irregular; sometimes it does not exceed half a mile, or three fourths of a mile, but this is true only near Quebec and at a few other places; at other times, it becomes two, three, or more miles wide. I have already mentioned, that in the lake of St. Peter, as it is called, a few miles above the town of Three Rivers, an expansion of the river takes place, so that for more than twenty miles, its breadth is nine or ten miles.

‘The current is considerable—probably three miles an hour, generally, but in some places it has apparently, double that force, and the river, instead of flowing, as it commonly does, with an unruffled surface, becomes perturbed, and hurries along with murmurs and eddies, and in a few places, with foam and breakers.

‘This is particularly the case at the Richelieu rapids, fifty miles above Quebec, where the river is compressed within half a mile, and the navigable part within much less; numerous rocks, which appear to be principally large rolled masses, form, when the water is low, as it was when we passed,

a terrific reef, and when the river is up, a dangerous concealed enemy. Through these rapids, (as was mentioned on the passage down,) the steam boats dare not go in the night, and the instance in which it is said to have been done, was to carry to Quebec, the news of the duke of Richmond's death. The speed of the steam boat had, however, been surpassed by that of the land messenger, who had already arrived with the gloomy news. At the lower end of the town of Montreal, the stream, compressed by the island of St. Helena, is so impetuous, that the steam boats, which every where else can stem the current, are here obliged to anchor, and procure the aid of oxen; four yoke were employed, with a drag rope, to draw the Malsham—the boat in which we came up to Montreal, through this pass; it is however, not half a mile, that the river is so rapid; for after passing this place, steam carries the boats on again to their moorings, at the upper end of the town. It requires a very strong wind to carry vessels with sails against this current. I saw some vessels here which enjoyed this advantage, and for one hour, I could not perceive that they made any head way.

‘The population on the river is very considerable, nearly all the way between the two cities, so that on both sides, houses or villages are almost constantly in view. There are, however, but two towns of any magnitude, both of which have been mentioned—Sorel, at the mouth of the river of the same name, and which connects lake Champlain with the St. Lawrence, forty-five miles below Montreal, and the Trois Rivieres or Three Rivers, half way between Quebec and Montreal. This large town derives its whimsical name, from the fact that the river St. Maurice, which empties here, is divided at its mouth, by little islands, into three parts, so that there seem to be three rivers instead of one.

‘Most of the houses on both banks of the St. Lawrence, as well as in the vicinity of Quebec, are white, roof and all; the roofs of houses in Canada, being, frequently protected

from fire, as well as beautified, by a white wash of salt and lime or of lime only, which is renewed every year.

‘There are many villages on the river, some are large and populous, and most of them are furnished with pretty, and a few with grand churches; they have from one spire to three, and having generally a brilliant covering of tin, both on the roofs and spires, they blaze in the sun, and even at the distance of miles, dazzle the eyes of the beholder. Some other public buildings, and the best private houses on the banks, are occasionally covered in the same manner. Most of the cottages are only one story high, and are small; but, large and good houses, appearing like the residences of the seigneurs and other country gentlemen, are hardly ever out of sight. The banks of the St. Lawrence, thus verdant and beautiful from cultivation, and decked every where with brilliant white houses, and pretty villages, impress a traveller very pleasantly, although he finds but little variety in the views. I have omitted to mention, that from the rapids of Richelieu, going down the river, the banks almost immediately become considerably more elevated.’

‘On leaving the city, this morning, we passed again to Longueuil, but not in so frail a bark, as before. We were conveyed in a horse boat, worked by ten horses, and which, when we entered, had just discharged sixteen carts and calashes, besides people and cattle, other than those belonging to these vehicles. We crossed lower down, and in deeper water, than we had passed in the canoe.

‘The view of the town, when we were receding, as well as when we were advancing, was very fine. It stretches about two miles along the St. Lawrence, and it scarcely equals half a mile in breadth. The bank of the river is considerably elevated, and the ground, although not very uneven, rises gradually from the water, into a moderate ridge—then sinks into a hollow, and then rises again, with more rapidity, till it finishes, less than a mile and a half from the

town, in one of the finest hills that can be imagined. This hill is called the mountain of Montreal, and indeed, from it the town derives its name; the words originally signified, as is said, the Royal Mountain. This mountain rises five hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river.

‘ It forms a steep and verdant barrier, covered with shrubbery, and crowned with trees, and is a most beautiful back ground for the city.

‘ Its form, as it appears from the river, is nearly that of a bow. We rode up, across the southern end of it, behind the beautiful seat of the Hon. Mr. M’Gillivray. I afterwards ascended it on foot, in company with an English gentleman, and walked the length of its ridge. The view is one of the finest that can be seen in any country. Immediately at our feet, the city of Montreal is in full view, with its dazzling tin covered roofs, and spires, and its crowded streets; the noble St. Lawrence, stretching away to the right and left, is visible, probably for fifty miles, and on both sides of it, and for a very great width, particularly on the south, one of the most luxuriant champaign countries in the world, is spread before the observer. The mountains of Belœil, Chambly, and a few others, occur upon this vast plain, but, in general, it is not interrupted, till it reaches the territories of the United States, in which we discern the mountains of Vermont and New York.

‘ In our rear, we saw the Ottawa or Grand River, and its branches, which, uniting, and becoming blended with the St. Lawrence, divide the island of Montreal from the main.

‘ Nothing is wanting, to render the mountain of Montreal a charming place for pedestrian excursions, and for rural parties, but a little effort, and expense in cutting and clearing winding walks, and in removing a few trees from the principal points of view, (as they now form a very great obstruction;) a lodge, or resting place, on the mountain, construct-

ed so as to be ornamental, would also be a desirable addition.

‘On the front declivity of the mountain, is a beautiful cylinder of lime stone, or gray marble, erected on a pedestal; the entire height of both appeared to be about thirty-five feet. It rises from among the trees, by which it is surrounded, and is a monument to the memory of Simon M^{re} Tavish, Esq. who died about fourteen years since, and was, in a sense, the founder of the North Western Company. Just below, is a handsome mausoleum, of the same materials, containing his remains; and, still lower down the mountain, an unfinished edifice of stone, erected by the same gentleman, which, had he lived to complete it, would have been one of the finest in the vicinity of Montreal. It is now fast becoming a ruin, although it is enclosed and roofed in, and the windows are built up with masonry. It would have been a superb house, if finished according to the original plan.’

Quebec.—This seat of ancient dominion—now hoary with the lapse of more than two centuries—formerly the seat of a French empire in the west—lost and won by the blood of gallant armies, and of illustrious commanders—throned on a rock, and defended by all the proud defiance of war—who could approach such a city without emotion?—Who in America has not longed to cast his eyes on the water-girt rocks and towers of Quebec!

‘On approaching this city, about the middle of the day, we enjoyed the most propitious circumstances of light and weather.

‘From Cape Rouge, on our left, (seven miles above Quebec,) there is an uninterrupted range of high ground, rising even into hills and precipices. Cape Rouge is so called, from its red colour—the precipitous bank being stained, probably by oxid of iron, so as to give it, for miles, a reddish hue.

‘The land grew higher and higher; we passed the mouth of the Chaudiere river, six miles from Quebec, on our right

where a number of ships were waiting to take in timber, and we watched every moment, for the appearance of the great fortress of the north, while one of our military acquaintances pointed out to us the various interesting objects, as we came up with them in succession. At length we descried the towers of Quebec, standing on a rock of three hundred and forty feet in height, measured from the river.

‘I have already remarked that the banks (especially the north one) are for miles above the city, very precipitous, and they grow more so the nearer we approach. About two miles from Quebec we were shown Sillery river and cove, and within one mile, or a mile and a half of the city, Wolfe’s cove, now filled with lumber and ships. This name has been derived, from the fact, that here general Wolfe, under cover of night, landed his army, unperceived by the French, and clambering up the precipice, gained the heights of Abraham.

‘Three round towers of stone, mounted with canon and standing on these heights, in advance of the other works of Quebec, are the first objects that strike the eye; then the high walls of stone, covered with heavy artillery, and which, as we come nearer to the city, we perceive to extend all along, upon the verge of the precipice, of naked rock, of more than three hundred feet in height, which divides the lower from the upper town. On our right, was the ground on the south eastern side of the river, called point Levi. This also is a precipice of rock, but rather less elevated than Cape Diamond, on which the citadel of Quebec is built. Point Levi is now covered with brilliant white houses. In the year 1759, general Monckton, by order of general Wolfe, erected his batteries there, to bombard Quebec.’

‘Arrived in the bay of Quebec, we found it swarming with ships, and presenting every appearance of a great seat of commerce. The bay is a beautiful piece of water, looking like a perfect lake, with most nobly formed swelling shores.

—It is bounded by the ground just mentioned—by the Isle of Orleans, four miles down the river, and by a delightful country, on the north and north east, intersected by the Montmorenci and St. Charles' rivers, which fall into the bay; the ground slopes with charming declivity to the water, around which it sweeps gracefully like a bow, and presents in a long circuit, so many snow white cottages—handsome country houses, and fine populous villages, that it seems for leagues, almost one continued street. The land is finely cultivated, and even now, is covered with the deepest verdure and sprinkled with dandelions in full bloom. Back of this fine amphitheatre of rural beauty, ranges of mountains, stretch their shaggy summits and limit the view. The harbour is one of the grandest imaginable, and the whole scene resembles extremely the pictures of the bay of Naples, to which it is said by competent judges, to bear a strong resemblance. We had scarcely time to admire this fine scene, before we were moored at the dock in the lower town, in the midst of all the din of a crowded port.—While we were waiting for the necessary arrangements to land, we had a few moments to contemplate the new scene before us. Contiguous, was the lower town, skirting the upper, and embracing the feet of its rocky precipices. It makes a circuit of, I should imagine, almost two miles, and is crowded in the most compact manner possible, on a narrow strip of land, between the precipices and the St. Lawrence. The houses are so far below the walls of the upper town, that a stone could be dropped into the chimnies of the nearest, and it would in most places fall two or three hundred feet in the air before it reached its object.

‘One of the most striking object before our eyes was the castle of St. Louis—the residence of the governor. It is a hundred and sixty-two feet long, forty-five broad, and three stories high. It stands (almost impending over the lower town) upon the very verge of the giddy precipice of two

hundred feet in height, and lofty pillars are built up from the rock below to support its gallery, which runs the whole length of the building. It is a plain yellow structure of stone, and now exhibits no appearance of a castle although it was a fortress under the French government.

‘ From the castle an observer may look down perpendicularly upon the houses of the lower town and see all the confusion, even to the motion of a dog; all the offensive as well as agreeable objects of a crowded port—the grotesque assemblage of buildings, peculiar (as is said) to an old French town; he may hear the rumbling of carts and drays and the jargon of different languages, and he will inhale the smoke and gases from a crowd of chimnies, rising to the foot of the building on which he stands.

‘ On the right of the castle, the massy walls appear again, and the black artillery, pointing over the parapet, look like beasts of prey, crouching and ready to leap upon their victims.’

‘ The first street of the lower town, along which we passed, came to an abrupt termination, the last house standing at the foot of the precipice, when, turning suddenly to the right, into a street, one of whose sides was overhung by the frowning rock, we soon came to a foot passage of stairs, made of plank, very steep and high, and furnished with iron railings; this passage terminated in Mountain street, as it is called, from the steepness of the ascent. It is the only passage from this side into the upper town, and it was by no means an easy task to ascend it, even on a good foot pavement.

‘ In the mean time, we admired the strength and agility of the little Canadian horses, which, with heavily loaded carts at their heels, perseveringly scramble up this arduous ascent, and with still greater care and firmness, sustain their ponderous vehicles when descending, and prevent them from

hurrying themselves and their burdens, headlong, down the steep.

‘The castle of St. Louis, (literally a castle in the air,) was now seen immediately above our heads, on the left, at the distance of two hundred and fifty feet. It is completely on the edge of the precipice, which overhangs the lower town, and from its dangerous pre-eminence, appears ready to participate in the destruction which it seems threatening to all below.

‘We now passed the grand Prescott Gate, under ponderous arches of stone, of great thickness and weight, and entered the upper town.

‘The impression of every thing was completely foreign from any thing that we see in the United States. Buildings of wood, and even of brick, are almost entirely unknown. Stone, either rough from the quarry, or covered with white cement, or hewn according to the taste and condition of the proprietor, is almost the only material for building; roofs, in many instances, and *generally* on the better sort of buildings, glittering with tin plates, with which they are neatly covered; and turrets and steeples, pouring a flood of light from the same substance: these are among the first things that strike the eyes of a stranger entering the city of Quebec.”

‘If from the United States, he sees a new population, and, to a great extent, a completely foreign people, with French faces and French costume; the French language salutes his ear, as the common tongue of the streets and shops: in short, he perceives that even in the very capital, there is only a sprinkling of English population; it is still a French city, and the Cathedral, the extensive College of the Jesuits, now used for barracks, and most of the public buildings and private houses, are French. He sees troops mingled, here and there, with the citizens; he perceives the British uniform, and the German in the British service, which remind him that the country has masters different from the mass of its popula-

tion, and although the military are, obviously, not subject of terror to the citizens, the first impression borders on melancholy, when we see these memorials of an empire fallen, and of an empire risen in its stead. Sixty years have done little towards obliterating the Gallic features of the country, and with a pleasure very rarely experienced, in similar cases, we involuntarily revolve in our minds, *here is a country conquered, although not oppressed.*

Trumpets, and bugles, and French horns now startle us with a sudden burst of martial music, and we can hardly believe that we are not arrived in a fortified town of Europe.

* * * * *

‘It was a fine morning, (October 7th,) and, as we were about to avail ourselves of this favourable weather, to visit some parts of the environs of Quebec, I will first describe our carriage, which was “*the Canadian calash.*”

‘This is not unlike an American chaise or gig, but is built much stouter, and with or without a top, the horse is much farther from the body of the carriage, and this allows room for a driver, whose seat rests on the front or foot board, of that part of the vehicle in which we ride; this foot board, after sloping, in the usual manner, then rises perpendicularly, to such a height as to sustain the seat; high sides are also furnished to the part where the feet rest in a common chaise, and thus children and baggage are secured from falling out. The calash carries two grown persons on the seat within, besides the driver, who is often a man; his seat, and the board which supports it fall, by means of hinges, when the passengers are to get in, and the board and seat are then hooked up again to their place, when the driver mounts. In such a machine, which is the most common vehicle of the country, and is sometimes, as in the present instance, made *clumsily* handsome, we made our first excursion from Quebec.’

Duke of Richmond.—‘The person who showed us the castle, and who, as we were informed, belonged to the duke’s household, gave us the following account. It seems that the duke had a little dog, to which he was immoderately attached; the dog’s name was Blucher, and Blucher, we were told, was caressed with such fondness, that he slept with his master, and was affectionately addressed, by the appellation of “my dear Blucher.”’

‘This idolized animal was bitten in the neck by another dog, afterwards ascertained to be mad—the rencounter took place in the court-yard of the palace, and the duke, in whose presence it occurred, full of compassion for his poor dog, caught him up in his arms, and applied his own lips to the part bitten; others, as well as this man, have informed us, that it was thus the duke imbibed the poison, some say through a cut in his lip, made by his razor, or through an accidental crack. The duke continued to sleep with the dog, which had not then, however, exhibited signs of madness.

‘There are other persons, and, among them, some highly respectable men, attached to the army, who deny the above, and say that the duke was bitten by a rabid fox, on board the steam-boat; the fox and dog, it is said, were quarrelling, and the duke interfered, to part them. Others assert, that the duke put his hand into the cage, where the fox was confined; and all who impute the event to the fox, declare that the hurt, which was on a finger, was so extremely slight, as not to be noticed at the time, nor thought of afterwards, till the hydrophobia came on.

‘At the mansion house in Montreal, where the duke always lodged, when in that city, we were assured by a respectable person in the house, that the duke certainly got his poison from his own dog; that this story was told him by the servants of the duke, when they returned with the dead body; and, what is more, that he saw the letter which the duke wrote to his own daughter, the lady Mary, after his

symptoms had manifested themselves, and when he was in immediate expectation of death. In this letter, the duke reminded his daughter of the incident which was related to us at the palace. Which ever story is true, it would appear that the duke came by his death in consequence of his attachment to his dog, and, surely never was a valuable life more unhappily sacrificed.

‘The duke was up the country, near the Ottawa river, when the fatal symptoms appeared, but he persevered in his expedition—travelled thirty miles on foot, the day before he died—concealed his complaint, and opposed it as long as possible—wrote his final farewell to the lady Mary, and the other children, in a long letter, which contained particular directions as to the disposition of the family—and met death, we must say, at least, like a soldier, for a soldier he *had been* the greater part of his life.

‘His complaint manifested itself, in the first instance, by an uneasiness at being upon the water, in the tour which he was taking into the interior, and they were obliged to land him. A glass of wine, presented to him, produced his spasms, although it is said, that, by covering his eyes with one hand, and holding the glass with the other, he succeeded in swallowing the wine; but afterwards, he could bear no liquids, and even the lather used in shaving, distressed him.

‘In the intervals of his spasms, he was wonderfully cool and collected—gave every necessary order to his servants, and to the officers of his suite—opposed the sending for a physician, from Montreal, because, he said, the distance from it to Richmond, where he died, being eighty miles, he should be a dead man, before the physician could arrive, and seemed to contemplate the dreadful fate before him, with the *heroism*, at least, of a martyr.

‘In his turns of delirium, instead of barking and raving, as such patients are said usually to do, he employed himself in arranging his imaginary troops, forming a line of battle,

(for he had been present at many battles, and, last of all, at Waterloo itself,) and gave particular commands to a captain in the navy, who was not present, but whom he called by name, *to fire*—and the command was often, and vehemently repeated. In a soliloquy, overheard but a few minutes before his death, he said, “Charles Lenox, duke of Richmond!—die like a man!—Shall it be said, that Richmond was afraid to meet death—no, never!”

‘I know not what were his grace’s views on topics, more important at such a crisis, than what our fellow men will think of us; but, there was a degree of grandeur, of the heroic kind, in finding a military nobleman, cool and forecasting, in contemplation of one of the most awful of all deaths, and, even in his moments of delirium, like King Lear, raving in a style of sublimity.

‘We were informed, that, even in death, he did not forget Blucher, but ordered that he should be caged, and the event awaited. The dog was carried away with the family, when they sailed for England, although he had previously began to snap and fly at people.

‘The duke appears to be remembered with affection; he was regarded as a very warm friend to Canada, and all here, believe that he had its interests much at heart, and was actively engaged in promoting them.

‘His family, consisting principally of daughters, young and unmarried, with very slender resources, and in a foreign land, received the appalling news at the castle of St. Louis, and soon the sad tidings were followed by the breathless body.

‘One daughter is married to sir Peregrine Maitland, governor of Upper Canada, and the lady Mary, the eldest of the remaining daughters, is spoken of (although without any intended disparagement to the other children,) in the highest terms. We saw fire screens, prettily inscribed with verses, and ornamented by her hand; and the person who attended

us, gave each of us a walking stick, cut by the duke's own hand, in his last excursion. There was a large bundle of them done up by strings, and it seems it was the duke's custom, when he saw a stick that pleased him, to stop and cut it.

'Sir Peregrine Maitland, and his lady and family, lodged in the same house with us, at Montreal, and appeared plain, unassuming people. While there, they received the calls of the principal military and civil officers, and of the most distinguished private individuals; among the rest, came the veteran soldier of Wolfe, dressed in his scarlet uniform, and in the fashion of other days.'

ART. IV.—*On Pyroligneous Acid.*

THE *National Recorder*, Vol. 6, No. 16, published in this city, mentions professor Goerg (Foerg) of Leipsig, as having proved very satisfactorily, that the vinegar of wood, or pyrolygneous acid, possesses all the antiseptic powers that have been ascribed to it. The importance of this acid to anatomy, domestic economy and medicine, deserves to be more carefully examined, than it has been done in the above mentioned periodical paper, and a designation of the man to be given, to whom we are indebted for this valuable discovery.

Professor Meinicke of Halle, first mentioned the pyroligneous acid, as an antiseptic agent, in the preservation of meat. In his *economic chemical pocket-book*, published in Germany in the year 1815, he says, page 102: 'smoked and tender meat may be obtained of a peculiar and pleasant taste, in a very short time, in diluting it for a few days in wood-vinegar, by which agency it becomes throughout of a red colour, and being afterwards exposed to the air, is soon desiccated.' Meinicke, in consequence of this quotation, has the first claim to the discovery of the use of pyroligneous acid, with regard to its antiseptic powers, and all the incalculable ad-

vantages, which may arise from it for navigation, armies, economical and scientific subjects, are founded on his observation.

But, the state of incompetency, under which both the English and French nations labour, concerning a better knowledge of foreign languages, has sometimes led them into very serious errors, such as to ascribe to themselves a discovery, which had been previously found out by another nation. This was again the case with the use of pyroligneous acid. For, in the year 1819, Mangé, in France, was considered as the happy discoverer of the properties of this acid, against the putrefaction of organic bodies, whilst it was known in Germany three or four years ago, although its extensive qualities were then only employed in domestic economy. Thus, Mangé has the only merit of having enlarged the stock of our knowledge on this subject, of which Dr. Sedillot has given a very favourable account to the French Academy of sciences.

According to this account, the pyroligneous acid has the property of preventing the putrefaction of animal bodies. Meat, which is diluted for a few moments only in the acid, may be preserved to any desirable length of time. Ribs,—cotelettes, liver, kidneys, rabbits, &c. had been preserved in the best state during eleven months, and were as fresh as if they had just been brought from market. Corpses, which had been bathed in this acid, did not show the least trace of dissolution after three weeks time. Commenced putrefaction was immediately suppressed, by its antiseptic virtues.

Encouraged by these results, professor Foerg of Leipsig, began his experiments on the same subject. Several anatomical preparations, which he moistened with wood-vinegar, were immediately prevented from further dissolution, of which remarkable symptoms were perceptible. Pieces of meat, in a sensible state of putrefaction, and dipped in this

acid, were in a short time so much desiccated, as if they had been smoked. *Foerg* likewise observed, that the putrefaction of organic bodies disappears as by a stroke, when this acid is brought in contact with them. Besides, he began to make preparations of mummies with animals, and he entertained no doubt, but he would succeed in his experiments. The results of his observations he intended to publish, at some future period, in a particular dissertation on the subject.

Thus, we have finally discovered the secret of preparing the Egyptian mummies, which have withstood the ruinous influence of thirty centuries. But, in vindicating this discovery as the production of German genius, we must not forget the claim, which the ancients have to its knowledge. I shall therefore quote a passage from *Pliny the elder*, which gives a thorough account how this pyroligneous acid was known amongst them.

‘*Pix liquida in Europa e teda coquitur, navalibus muniendis, multosque, alios ad usus. Lignum ejus concisum, furnis undique igni extra circumdato, fervet. Primus sudor aquae modo fluit canali: hoc in Syria cedrium vocatur: cui tanta vis est, ut in Ægypto corpora hominum defunctorum eo perfusa serventur.* C. *Plinii secundi natur. histor. Lib. xvi. C. xxi.*

It is impossible to state beforehand, how many advantages will be derived from the properties of this acid; but still we may assert with confidence that they will be of great value to mankind. Besides the various occasions, on which I have presented it as very useful, there are favourable results to be expected from it in medicine, in which it has already been successfully employed in the curing of ulcers of a gangrenous nature.

But another point of view upon which I wish to dwell with some particular interest, consists in the experiments which might be made with this acid, in some of the cities of

the United States along the sea-coasts, to prevent infection or to arrest its progress. If for instance, the infection proceed from a cellar, in which a great mass of vegetable or animal matter in putrefaction has produced the infecting atmosphere, let pyroligneous acid be poured in, by which agency the putrefaction will be immediately repressed and the air purified. In all the houses, caves, cellars, and along the wharves, fumigations of this acid, might be used either to prevent infection during the summer months, or to destroy its doleful effects upon the remainder of the city. Vessels, arriving from such foreign places, as are subject to epidemic diseases, might be likewise fumigated with this acid, and it is very probable, that this powerful antiseptic agent, would be of uncommon benefit to the inhabitants on this side of the Atlantic. It would besides create another branch of industry to this country, which might become very profitable.

F. SCHMIDT.

ART. V.—Extract from the *Diary of an Invalid, being the Journal of a tour in pursuit of Health in Portugal, Italy, Switzerland and France, &c.* Just published by John Murray, London.

DESCRIPTION OF NAPLES, POMPEII, &c.

February 11th. First view of the bay of Naples;—of which the windows of our lodging command a fine prospect.

The weather is beautiful, and as warm as a June day in England. We sit at breakfast, without a fire, on a marble floor,—with the casements open,—enjoying the mild fresh breeze from the sea. The first view of Vesuvius disappoints expectation. You would not know that it was a burning mountain if you were not told so; the smoke has only the appearance of that light passing cloud, which is so often seen hanging on the brow of a hill. Drove after breakfast

to the *Campo di Marte*; where, to my great surprise, I found myself transported ten years backwards, into the middle of old school-fellows.

There was a regular double-wicket cricket match going on;—Eton against the world;—and the world was beaten in one innings! This disposition to carry the amusements of their own country along with them is a striking characteristic of the English. One of them imports a pack of hounds from England to Rome, and hunts regularly during the season, to the great astonishment of the natives.—At Florence, they establish races on the Cascine, after the English manner, and ride their own horses, with the caps and jackets of English jockeys;—and, every where, they make themselves independent of the natives, and rather provide entertainment for themselves, than seek it from the same sources with the people amongst whom they may happen to be. What should we say in London, if the Turks, or the Persians, or the Russians, or the French, were to make Hyde Park the scene of their national pastimes? It is this exclusively national spirit, and the undisguised contempt for all other people, that the English are so accustomed to express in their manner and conduct, which have made us so generally unpopular on the continent. Our hauteur is the subject of universal complaint,—and the complaint seems but too well founded.

The view of Naples, from the hill immediately above it, forms a magnificent *coup d'œil*. It combines all the features of the grand and the splendid;—the town,—the bay,—Vesuvius.—It would be complete, if the sea part of it were more enlivened with shipping.

February 12th. Oh this land of zephyrs! Yesterday was as warm as July;—to-day we are shivering, with a bleak easterly wind, and an English black frost. I find we are come to Naples too soon. It would have been quite time enough three months hence. Naples is one of the worst climates in Europe for complaints of the chest; and the win-

ter is much colder here, than at Rome, notwithstanding the latitude. Whatever we may think of sea air in England, the effect is very different here. The sea-breeze in Devonshire is mild and soft,—here, it is keen and piercing; and, as it sets in regularly at noon, I doubt whether Naples can ever be oppressively hot, even in summer.

We are lodged in the house of a bishop;—by which term must not be understood, a personage bearing the slightest resemblance to the dignified character we mean by it in England, but a little dirty looking chocolate-coloured creature, with no single pretension to the appearance of a gentleman. We occupy the whole of his house, except one bed-room, in which *Monsignore* lives like a snail in his shell. He will chatter for two hours, to extract a few carlinii from our pockets; and his great occupation and pleasure consist in scolding his servants;—but some excuse may be made for this, as it is a duty which may seem to devolve upon him, from the law of celibacy.

13th, 14th, and 15th. Confined to the house;—the little bishop endeavours to amuse the hours of my confinement, by exhibiting all his episcopal trappings, which he has done with the same sort of fiddle-faddle vanity, that an old maid of three-score would display the court-dresses of her youth. Nothing would please him but I must try on his mitres, while he stood by giggling and skipping, as if it had been the best joke in the world. He tells me, that he was in attendance upon the pope during his captivity in France; and was a witness of the scene between Napoleon and his holiness, at which it had been erroneously stated, that Napoleon, in the heat of anger, was brutal enough to strike him.

The bishop describes it as an altercation; in which Napoleon exhausted all his efforts, in endeavouring to overcome the pope's objections to signing the treaty, which he, Napoleon, had dictated. The Pope remained firm, declaring that he could sign no treaty but in his own palace at Rome. Irritated by this inflexible opposition, Napoleon burst out

with a *sacre Dieu!* at being thwarted *par un petit Prêtre*; and with ruffian violence, forgetting what was due to the age and character of the venerable Pius, he did, according to the bishop's account, lay hold of the pope's garments—but without striking him.

The little bishop, it seems, had a great curiosity to see England, and begged hard of Napoleon, for permission to make a visit to London for a few weeks; Napoleon, however, would never consent; but used to pull him playfully by the ear, and tell him, that he would be corrupted, and converted, in our island of heretics.

16th. Spring again.—Delightful lounging day. The noise of Naples is enough to drive a nervous man mad. It would be difficult to imagine the eternal bustle and worry of the streets;—the people bawling and roaring at each other in all directions;—beggars soliciting your charity with one hand, while they pick your pocket of your handkerchief with the other;—and the carriages cutting their way through the crowd, with which the streets are thronged, with a fearful rapidity. It requires the patience of Job to carry on any dealings with the people, who are a most unconscionable set; every bargain is a battle, and it seems to be an established rule, to ask, on all occasions, three times as much as is just. An Englishman cannot show himself without being immediately surrounded by a troop of clamorous applicants, as ravenous as birds of prey about a carcase;—all anxious to have their share of the carrion.

The Toledo is the principal street in Naples; and a very splendid and showy street it is. The shops are gay and gaudy, and 'the tide of human existence' flows with almost as much volume, and a great deal more noise than at Charing-Cross; but I think it cannot be compared with the solid and substantial magnificence of the Corso at Rome. This street is the very paradise of pick-pockets; I detected a ragged urchin this morning in the act of extracting my handker-

chief, but he looked up into my face, with such an arch though piteous expression, that my resentment was disarmed, and he made his retreat, under a volley of *eccellenzas*, which he showered upon me with a grateful profusion.

Upon arriving at Naples, after a residence in Rome, one is immediately struck with the inferiority of taste, displayed in the architectural ornaments of the town.

After Rome, every thing at Naples looks poor and paltry;—show and glitter seem to be the great objects of admiration;—and every thing, as Forsyth says, is gilded, from the cupolas of the churches, to the pill of the apothecary.

17th. The rate of living is much the same at Naples as at Rome. The ordinary price of lodgings, sufficient for the accommodation of two persons, is forty dollars a month,—about eight pounds English. Our dinner is supplied from the kitchen of a neighbouring archbishop, by his lordship's cooky at eight *carlini* per head;—the *carlino* being about four-pence English.

The wines of Naples are remarkably good, if care be taken to get them genuine, which is easily done where so many people make their own wine;—but beware of the adulterations of the wine trade! The *lacryma Christi* is not the rare precious *liqueur*, which it has been sometimes described, but a strong-bodied generous wine, which is made in great quantities. The vineyards, that supply this liquor, are situated at the foot of Vesuvius. It appears to be very well calculated for the English taste, and it is said to bear the voyage without injury. The cost of a pipe, with all the expense of importing it to England, duty and freight included, would not amount to more than 80*l.*; and Mr. Grandorgue, the host of the *Albergo del Sole*, and the proprietor of a magazine of all sorts of English goods, tells me, that he has already sent many pipes to London.

All sorts of English manufactures are to be found at the above-mentioned magazine, which can only be accounted

for by the partiality of the English to the productions of their own country; for the importation duty to the Neapolitan government is no less than 60 per cent.

The Neapolitans seem to like us as little as the Portuguese, and the temper of the government is constantly breaking out in little spiteful exertions of power, directed against English subjects.

February 18th. Excursion to Pompeii. The remains of this town afford a truly interesting spectacle. It is like a resurrection from the dead;—the progress of time and decay is arrested, and you are admitted to the temples, the theatres, and the domestic privacy of a people who have ceased to exist for seventeen centuries. Nothing is wanting but the inhabitants. Still, a morning's walk through the solemn silent streets of Pompeii, will give you a livelier idea of their modes of life, than all the books in the world. They seem, like the French of the present day, to have existed only *in public*.

Their theatres, temples, basilicas, forums, are on the most splendid scale, but in their private dwellings, we discover little or no attention to *comfort*. The houses in general have a small court, round which the rooms are built, which are rather cells than rooms;—the greater part are without windows, receiving light only from the door.

There are no chimneys;—the smoke of the kitchen which is usually low and dark, must have found its way through a hole in the ceiling. The doors are so low, that you are obliged to stoop to pass through them. There are some traces of Mosaic flooring, and the stucco paintings, with which all the walls are covered, are but little injured; and upon being wetted, they appear as fresh as ever. Brown, red, yellow, and blue, are the prevailing colours. It is a pity that the contents of the houses could not have been allowed to remain in the state in which they were found;—but this would have been impossible. Travellers are the greatest thieves in the world. As it is, they will tear down, without

scruple, the whole side of a room, to cut out a favourable specimen of the stucco-painting. If it were not for this pilfering propensity, we might have seen every thing as it really was left at the time of this great calamity; even to the skeleton, which was found with a purse of gold in its hand, trying to run away from the impending destruction, and exhibiting 'the ruling passion strong in death,' in the last object of its anxiety. In the stocks of the guard-room, which were used as a military punishment, the skeletons of four soldiers were found sitting; but these poor fellows have now been released from their ignominious situation, and the stocks, with every thing else that was moveable, have been placed in the museum: the bones being consigned to their parent clay....

Pompeii therefore exhibits nothing but bare walls, and the walls are without roofs; for these have been broken in, by the weight of the shower of ashes and pumice stones, that caused the destruction of the town.

The amphitheatre is very perfect, as indeed are the other two theatres, intended for dramatic representations, though it is evident that they had sustained some injury from the earthquake, which, as we learn from Tacitus, had already much damaged this devoted town, before its final destruction by the eruption of Vesuvius:

'Et motu terræ celebre Campania oppidum Pompeii, magna ex parte prouit.' Tacitus, Ann. xv. c. 22.

The paintings, on the walls of the amphitheatre, represent the combats of gladiators and wild beasts, the dens of which remain just as they were seventeen hundred years ago.

The two theatres for dramatic entertainments are as close together as our own Drury Lane, and Covent Garden. The larger one, which might have contained five thousand persons, like the amphitheatres, had no roof, but was open to the light of day. The stage is very much circumscribed—there is no depth; and there are consequently no side scenes:

the form and appearance are like that of our own theatres; when the drop-scene is down, and forms the extent of the stage. In this back scene of the Roman stage, which, instead of canvass, is composed of unchangeable brick and marble, are three doors; and there are two others on the sides, answering to our own stage doors. It seems that it was the theatrical etiquette, that the *premieres roles* should have their exits, and entrances, through the doors of the back scene, and the inferior ones through those on the sides.

The little theatre is covered, and in better preservation than the other; and, it is supposed, that this was intended for musical entertainments.

The temple of Isis has suffered little injury. The statues alone have been taken away.—You see the very altar, on which the victims were offered;—and you may now ascend without ceremony the private stairs, which led to the *sanc-tum sanctorum* of the goddess; where those mysterious rites were celebrated, the nature of which may be shrewdly guessed from the curiosities discovered there, which are now to be seen in the *Museo Borbonico*. In a niche, on the outside of the temple, was a statue of *Harpocrates*—the god of silence—who was most appropriately placed here; but

‘Foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o’erwhelm them, to men’s eyes.’

The streets are very narrow; the marks of wheels on the pavement show that carriages were in use; but, there must have been some regulation to prevent their meeting each other; for, one carriage would have occupied the whole of the street, except the narrow *trottoir*, raised on each side for foot passengers, for whose accommodation there are also raised stepping-stones, in order to cross from one side to the other. The distance between the wheel-tracks is four feet three inches.

There is often an emblem over the door of a house, that determines the profession of its former owner.—The word,

† *Salve* on one, seems to denote that it was an inn, as we have, in our own days, the sign of '*The Salutation*.'—In the outer brick-work of another, is carved an emblem, which shocks the refinement of modern taste; but which has been an object even of religious adoration, in many countries, probably as a symbol of creative power. The same device is found on the stucco of the inner court of another house, with this intimation—*Hic habitat Felicitas*—a sufficient explanation of the character of its inhabitants.

Many of the paintings on the walls are very elegant in the taste and design, and they often assist us in ascertaining the uses for which the different rooms were intended. For example;—in the baths,* we find Tritons, and Naiads; in the bed-chambers, Morpheus scatters his poppies, and in the eating-room, a sacrifice to *Æsculapius* teaches us, that we should eat, to live;—and not live, to eat.—In one of these rooms are the remains of a *triclinium*.

A baker's shop is as plainly indicated, as if the loaves were now at his window. There is a mill for grinding the corn, and the oven for baking; and the surgeon, and the druggist have also been traced, by the quality of the articles found in their respective dwellings.

But the most complete specimen that we have of an ancient residence, is the villa, which has been discovered, at a small distance without the gate. It is on a more splendid scale, than any of the houses in the town itself, and it has been preserved with scarcely any injury.

Some have imagined that this was the *Pompeianum*—the Pompeian Villa of Cicero. Be this as it may,—it must have belonged to a man of taste. Situated on a sloping bank, the front entrance opens, as it were, into the first floor; below which, on the garden side, into which the house looks—for the door is the only aperture on the road side—is a ground

* In one of the baths, which probably belonged to a female, is a pretty and well-preserved fresco of the story of *Actæon*.

floor, with spacious arcades, and open rooms, all facing the garden;—and above, are the sleeping rooms. The walls and ceilings of this villa are ornamented with paintings of very elegant design, all which have a relation to the uses of the apartments in which they are placed. In the middle of the garden there is a reservoir of water, surrounded by columns, and the ancient well still remains. Though we have many specimens of Roman glass, in their drinking vessels, it has been doubted whether they were acquainted with the use of it for windows. Swinburne, however, in describing Pompeii, says ‘in the window of a bed-chamber some panes of glass are still remaining.’ This would seem to decide the question;—but they remain no longer. The host was fond of conviviality, if we may judge from the dimensions of his cellar, which extends under the whole of the house and the arcades also; and many of the *amphore* remain, in which the wine was stowed. It was here that the skeletons of seven and twenty poor wretches were found, who took refuge in this place from the fiery shower that would have killed them at once, to suffer the lingering torments of being starved to death.

It was in one of the porticos, leading to the outward entrance, that the skeleton, supposed to be that of the master of the house, was found; with a key in one hand, and a purse of gold in the other.

So much for Pompeii:—I lingered amongst its ruins, till the close of evening: and have seldom passed a day with feelings of interest so strongly excited, or with impressions of the transient nature of all human possessions so strongly enforced, as by the solemn solitudes of this resuscitated town.*

February 19th. Passed the morning in the *Museo Borbonico*;—a magnificent establishment, containing rich collec-

* Romanelli's hint is worth attention, who recommends travellers to enter Pompeii, by the way of the tombs, that so the interest may be kept alive, by reserving the more important objects until the last.

mons of statues, pictures, and books.—Here too, are deposited the greater part of the curiosities found at Herculaneum and Pompeii, which were formerly at Portici. When the king was obliged to fly from Naples to Sicily, he took with him, from Portici, every thing that could be easily packed up; these articles have now been brought back, and are arranged in the *Museo Borbonico*.

Here you see—‘the ancient most domestic ornaments,’—the furniture,—the kitchen utensils,—the surgical instruments,—the trinkets, &c., &c., of the old Romans.

This collection illustrates Solomon’s apophthegm, that there is nothing new under the sun.—There is much that, with a little scouring, would scarcely appear old fashioned at the present day. This is not surprising in many of the articles, considering that our makers of pottery, and tea urns, have been long busied in copying from these ancient models. But it is the same with other things; the bits of the bridles, the steel-yard and scales for weighing, the lamps, the dice, the surgeon’s probe, are all very much like our own. We seem to have improved principally upon the Romans, in hardware and cutlery. Their locks and keys, scissors and needles, are very clumsy articles; and their seals, rings, and necklaces, look as if they had been made at the blacksmith’s forge. The toilets of the ladies, too, were not so elegantly furnished with knick-knacks in those days;—we have specimens of the whole arrangement of their dressing tables, even to their little crystal boxes of essences and cosmetics. Their combs would scarcely compare with those which we use in our stables; and there is nothing that would be fit for a modern lady’s dressing case. We find nothing like knives and forks.

The weight of the steel-yard is generally the head of an emperor. There is a sun-dial—the gnomon of which is the hinder part of a pig, with the tail sticking up, to cast the shadow. The *tesserae*, or tickets of admission to the thea-

tres, are of ivory; and I remarked one, with the name of the poet Æschylus, written on it in Greek characters. The apparatus of the kitchen may be studied in all its details, through every variety of urn, kettle, and saucepan. The armory presents to us the very helmets, and breast-plates, and swords, with which the Romans gained the empire of the world; in a word, every thing here excites the liveliest interest, even to the tops, and play-things, which prove the antiquity of our own school-boy amusements; but in these, as in other matters, the poverty of human invention is strikingly displayed;—for, whether we ride upon sticks, or play at odd and even, we find that we are only copying the pastimes of children, who were wont two thousand years ago

‘Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longa.’

In another quarter of the museum are collected those curiosities, which, interesting as they are, as throwing light upon the manners of ancient times, are justly offensive to modern delicacy. The most extraordinary of these are, the ornaments and decorations of the temple of Isis, which will scarcely bear a detailed description.*

* The *phallic* ornament, worn round the necks of the ladies, as a charm against sterility, appears in every variety of material,—gold, silver, and coral; and invention seems to have been racked, to represent it under every variety of shape.

Sometimes it is a snail peeping out of its shell;—sometimes a Cupid astride, is crowning it with a chaplet;—and sometimes it terminates in some frightful reptile, that turns round with an expression of rage;—illustrating perhaps the passage of Horace;—‘*mea cum conferbuit ira.*’ What can demonstrate more clearly, the coarseness and corruption of ancient taste; unless it be the monstrous conjunctions, consecrated by their abominable superstition, which are still more shocking evidences of the depravity of their imaginations. There is an example of these, in a piece of sculpture, dug up at Herculaneum, now in this museum, which exhibits great powers of expression and execution; but, it had better have remained buried under the ruins of Herculaneum.

February 20th. The weather is beyond measure severe and trying;—with a hot sun, there is a winter wind of the most piercing bitterness. A pulmonary invalid had better avoid Naples at any time, but certainly during the winter, unless he wish to illustrate the proverb, '*Vedi Napoli e 'po mori.*' It is not easy for such an invalid, if his case is notorious, to get lodgings, or at least he will on that account be asked a *much higher price* for them; for consumption is here considered to be contagious, and in case of death, the whole of the furniture in the occupation of the deceased is burnt, and his rooms are fumigated and white washed.

Drove to *Capa di Monte*, a palace of the king, in the environs of the town,—Palaces, however, are the most tiresome things in the world, for one is just like another;—all glitter and tinsel. Here are some of the best works of *Cammuccini*.—There was one that pleased me much, representing Pericles, Socrates, and Alcibiades, brought by Aspasia to admire the works of Phidias. This has all the fidelity of an historical picture, for the faces have been closely copied from the antique marbles.

21st. Again to the *Museo*.—The library is said to contain 150,000 volumes, and it seems to be well furnished with the literature of all nations. Permission is easily obtained here, as at the British museum, to enjoy the privilege of reading. Amongst the curious manuscripts, I was shown the *Aminta* of Tasso, in his own hand writing, which by the way was a vile scrawl.

In another quarter, is a large collection of Etruscan vases, in which the elegance of the form shames the badness of the painting. It is strange that a people, who seem to have had an intuitive tact for the elegant and the beautiful, in the form and shape of their vessels, should have had so little taste in the art of design.

In the collection of pictures there is much that is curious, and much that is beautiful. In the former class, are the

specimens of the first essays of the first founders of the art of painting in Italy. It is curious to trace its progress through the different stages of improvement, till it was at last brought to perfection, in the age of Raphael.

In the same class, is an original picture of *Columbus*, by Parmeggianino; and a portrait of *Philip the second* of Spain, which looks the narrow-minded, cold-blooded tyrant, that he was in reality.

And, lastly, here is the original sketch of the *last judgment*, by Michael Angelo, from which he afterwards painted his great picture. It has been coloured by a later hand.—It ought to be hung up in the Sistine chapel, as a key to make the fresco intelligible; for, much is here seen distinctly, that is quite faded in the large picture. For instance, time has done for Cardinal Biagio, what he in vain asked of the Pope; and it is only in this sketch, that the bitter resentment of the painter is recorded, which placed him amongst the damned, in the gripe of a malignant dæmon,—who is dragging him down to the bottomless pit, in a manner at once the most ferocious and degrading.

In the latter class, there are many that deserve enumeration. Two *holy families* by Raphael, are full of the almost heavenly graces with which he, above all other painters, has embellished this subject.

There are two landscapes;—and a wild witch, on a wilder heath, in the very wildest style of Salvator Rosa.

Titian's *Danae* is all that is lovely and luscious; and there are some charming pictures of Corregio;—but, I believe this collection altogether detained me less than it deserved; for after feasting the imagination, in the galleries of Florence, and Rome, in the contemplation of the very finest efforts of the pencil, it requires equal excellence to stimulate the languid attention, and satisfy the increasing fastidiousness of the taste. This is a cruel deduction from the pleasure which is expected to be derived from familiarity

with excellence, and improvement in knowledge; so that, after all, it may be doubted, whether we grow happier, as we grow wiser; and, perhaps, those who are the most pains—to see the best that is to be seen—to read the best that is to be read—and to hear the best that is to be heard—are only labouring to exhaust the sources of innocent gratification, and incapacitating themselves from future enjoyment, by approaching nearer to that state which has been so truly described as a state of

‘Painful pre-eminence ourselves to view,
Above life’s pleasures, and its comforts too!’

February 22d. Yesterday we had December’s wind; to-day we have November’s rain; and such is the climate of Naples.

Dined with an Italian family, to whom I brought letters of recommendation from Rome. This was the first occasion that I have had of seeing an Italian dress dinner;—but there was scarcely any thing strange to excite remark. The luxury of the rich is nearly the same throughout Europe. Some trifling particularities struck me, though I think the deviations from our own customs were all improvements. There was no formal top and bottom to the table, which was round, and the host could not be determined from his place. All the dishes were removed from the table as they were wanted, carved by a servant at the side-board, and handed round. Each person was provided with a bottle of wine, and a bottle of water, as with a plate, and knife and fork. There was no asking to drink wine, nor drinking of healths; no inviting people to eat, nor carving for them. All these duties devolved on the domestics; and the conversation, which, in England, as long as dinner lasts, is often confined to the business of eating, with all its important auxiliaries of sauces and seasonings, took its free course, unchecked by any interruptions arising out of the business in hand. This

is surely the perfection of comfort—to be able to eat and drink what you please without exciting attention or remark;—and I cannot but think, it would be a great improvement upon our troublesome fashion of *passing the bottle*, to substitute the Italian mode of placing a separate decanter to each person.

Economy, in a country where wine is so dear as in England, can be the only objection; for, though I have heard some persons argue, that the pleasure of drinking is increased by a common participation in the very same bottle; such a notion can scarcely be founded in reason, unless it is allowed that this pleasure is still more exquisitely enjoyed in the tap-room, where each man partakes of the same mug, without even the intervention of glasses. For my part, I am for extending the privilege of Idomeneus's cup to every guest:

πλῆτον δίπας αἰεὶ

ἔσυχ', ὥσπερ ἱμοῖ, πίειν, ὅτε Θόμος ἀνάγοι.

ILIAD, 4. 262.

But, an invitation to dinner is a rare occurrence in Italy; for dinner is not here, generally speaking, the social feast of elaborate enjoyment, which we are accustomed to make it in England,—occupying a considerable portion of the day, and constituting the principal object of meeting,—but a slovenly meal, despatched in haste, and in dishabille;—and it is for this reason that an Englishman is rarely invited, except on extraordinary occasions, to partake of it.

In the evening, to a conversazione, at the archbishop of Tarento's;—one of the finest and most respectable-looking old men I ever saw. The intercourse of society is perhaps managed better abroad than in England. The system of being at home in the evening, to those persons with whom you are desirous of associating, without the formality of sending a special invitation, facilitates that pleasant and easy so-

ciety, which enlivens, without at all destroying, the retirement of domestic life;—and it is carried on with no greater expense than a few additional cups of coffee, or glasses of lemonade. How much more rational is such a friendly intercourse, than the formal morning visits, or the heartless evening routs, of our own country.

February 23d. Again to the *Museo*.—Examined the ingenious machinery employed to unroll the manuscripts found at Herculaneum. These are reduced to a state of tinder, but the writing is still legible. From the specimen that I saw, it seemed necessary, however, to supply at least a fifth, by conjecture. Curiosity is kept alive till the last, for the name of the author is inscribed on the beginning of the manuscript, and this of course cannot appear till the whole roll is unravelled. The collection of statues is very extensive, but I must repeat, of the statues, what I have said of the pictures. After the Tribune,—the Capitol,—and the Vatican,—what remains to be seen in sculpture?—and yet the *Venus callipyge* is a most beautiful creature;—but how shall we excuse her attitude?

The famous *Farnese Hercules* may be calculated to please an anatomist, but certainly no one else. This is the work of Glycon, and is perhaps the allusion of Horace, in his first epistle, where he mentions the '*invicti membra Glyconis*;'—a passage that does not seem to be satisfactorily explained.

The Flora is generally admired; but a colossal statue is seldom a pleasing object, and never when it represents a woman. Gigantic proportions are absolutely inconsistent with female loveliness.

February 24th to 28th. Confined to the house with a cough;—the effect of the bitter wind that has been blowing upon us from the mountains.—The Lord deliver me from another winter at Naples!—Our episcopal landlord turns out a very caitiff. The last occupier of our lodgings—a young Englishman, who was confined to his bed

by illness—had occasion to send a bill to his banker's to be cashed; on which errand he employed the servant of Monsignore. As it has been imputed to Italian bankers, that they sometimes mis-count dollars, he took the precaution to examine immediately the contents of his bag. Finding that there was a deficiency of twenty dollars, he summoned the servant and being unable to get any explanation, he was preparing a note to the banker to institute an inquiry, when the man confessed that his master had stopped him, upon his return, and taken twenty dollars out of the bag;—trusting, as it seems, to the proverbial carelessness of our countrymen. If a bishop will do this, what might we not expect from the poorer classes of society? and yet I must confess, I have never met with any such dishonesty in the lower orders, except amongst the pick-pockets in the *Strada di Toledo*.

In an arbitrary government, like that of Naples, a stranger is surprised by the freedom of speech, which prevails on political subjects. The people seem full of discontent. In the coffee-houses, restaurateurs, nay even in the streets, you hear the most bitter invectives against the government, and tirades against the royal family.

One would imagine, from such general complainings, that the government was in danger,—but all seems to evaporate in talk; and indeed Gen. Church (an Englishman) at the head of a body of 5,000 foreign troops, is engaged in stopping the mouths of the more determined reformers; which may probably explain the secret of the stability of the present system.

It must be owned that the people have some grounds for complaint, for, the king has not only retained all the imposts, which Murat, under the pressure of war, found it necessary to levy, but he has also revived many of the ways and means of the old regime. The property tax alone amounts to twenty-five per cent.; and there is a sort of excise, by which

every roll that is eaten by the beggar in the streets, is made to contribute a portion to the government purse.

The military, both horse and foot, make a very respectable appearance. To the eye, they are as fine soldiers as any in Europe; and the grenadiers of the king's guard, dressed in the uniform of our own guards, might be admired even in Hyde Park. But, it appears that they do not like fighting. The Austrian general Nugent married a Neapolitan princess, and is now commander in chief of that very army, which under Murat, ran away from him like a flock of sheep.

It is the fashion to consider soldiers as mere machines, and to maintain, that discipline will make soldiers of any men whatever. This may be true as a general rule;—but may not a slavish submission to a despotic government for a long period of years, and confirmed habits of effeminate indolence, on the part of any people, produce an hereditary taint in their blood,—gradually making what was *habit* in the parent, *constitution* in the offspring,—and so deteriorate the breed, that no immediate management or discipline shall be able to endue such a race with the qualities necessary to constitute a soldier? If this maxim need illustration, I would appeal to the conduct of the Neapolitan army in Murat's last campaign.

ART. VI.—*Blackwood's Magazine on Washington Irving.*

[A late No. of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, contains a review of 'Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York,' from which we take the following, for the purpose of showing the favour that our countryman, Washington Irving, has gained at the hands of the Scotch critics.]

'We are delighted to observe, that "the Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent." has at last fallen into the hands of Mr. Murray, and been republished in one of the most beautiful octavos that ever issued from the fertile press of Albemarle street. The work, indeed, is still going on at New

York; but we trust some arrangement has been entered into, by virtue of which, the succeeding numbers of this exquisite miscellany may be early given to the English public; who, we are sure, are, at least, as much inclined to receive them well as the American. Mr. Washington Irving is one of our first favourites among the English writers of this age—and he is not a bit the less for having been born in America. He is not one of those Americans who practise, what may be called, a treason of the heart, in perpetual scoffs and sneers against the land of their forefathers. He well knows that his “*thews and sinews*” are not all, for which he is indebted to his English ancestry. All the noblest food of his heart and soul have been derived to him, he well knows, from the same fountain—and he is as grateful for his obligations as he is conscious of their magnitude. His writings all breathe the sentiment so beautifully expressed in one of Mr. Coleridge’s *Sybilline Leaves*.*

Though ages long have past
 Since our fathers left their home,
 Their pilot in the blast,
 O’er untravell’d seas to roam.
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins;
 And shall we not proclaim
 That blood of honest fame,
 Which no tyranny can tame
 By its chains?
 While the language free and bold
 Which the bard of Avon sung,
 In which our Milton told
 How the vault of heaven rung
 When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;
 While these with reverence meet,
 Ten thousand echoes greet,
 And from rock to rock repeat
 Round our coast.

* These fine verses were not written by Mr. Coleridge, but by an American gentleman, whose name he has concealed, though he calls him ‘a dear and valued friend.’ His name should not have been concealed. C. N.

While the manners, while the arts
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;—
Yet still from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
'WE ARE ONE.'

'The great superiority, over too many of his countrymen, evinced by Mr. Irving on every occasion, when he speaks of the manners, the spirit, the faith of England, has, without doubt, done much to gain for him our affection. But had he never expressed one sentiment favourable to us or to our country, we should still have been compelled to confess that we regard him as by far the greatest genius that has arisen on the literary horizon of the new world. The Sketch Book has already proved, to our readers, that he possesses exquisite powers of pathos and description; but we recur, with pleasure, to this much earlier publication, of which, we suspect, but a few copies have ever crossed the Atlantic, to show that we did right when we ascribed to him, in a former paper, the possession of a true old English vein of humour and satire—of keen and lively wit—and of great knowledge and discrimination of human nature.

'The whole book is a *jeu-d'esprit*, and, perhaps, its only fault is, that no *jeu-d'esprit* ought to be quite so long as to fill two closely printed volumes. Under the mask of an historian of his native city, he has embodied, very successfully, the results of his own early observation in regard to the formation and constitution of several regular divisions of American society; and in this point of view his work will preserve its character of value, long after the lapse of time shall have blunted the edge of these personal allusions which, no doubt, contributed most powerfully to its popularity over the water. New York, our readers know, or

ought to know, was originally a Dutch new settlement, by the style and title of New Amsterdam, and it was not till after it had witnessed the successive reigns of seven generations of brig-breeched deputies of their high mightinesses that the infant city was transferred to the dominion of England, in consequence of a pretty liberal grant by Charles II. to his brother the duke of York, and the visit of a few English vessels sent to give some efficacy to this grant, *in partibus infidelium*. Diedrich Knickerbocker, the imaginary Dutch Herodotus of this city, of course, considers its occupation by the English forces as the termination of its political existence, and disdains to employ the same pen that had celebrated the achievements of Peter the Headstrong, William the Testy, and the other governors of the legitimate Batavian breed, in recording any of the acts of their usurping successors, holding authority under the sign manual of Great Britain. To atone, however, for the hasty conclusion of his history, he makes its commencement as long and minute as could be desired—not beginning, as might be expected, with the first landing of a burgo-master on the shores of the Hudson, but plunging back into the utmost night of ages, and favouring us with a regular deducement of the Batavian line through all the varieties of place and fortune that are recorded between the creation of Adam, and the sailing of the good ship Goode Vrouw for the shore of Communipaw. The description of the imaginary historian himself has always appeared to us to be one of the best things in the whole book, so we shall begin with quoting it. We are not sure that it yields to the far-famed introduction of Chrysal. Our readers are to know that Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker composed his immortal work in the Independent Columbian Hotel, New York—and that having mysteriously disappeared from his lodgings, without saying any thing to the landlord, Mr. Seth Handyside, the publican, thought of publishing his MSS. by way of having his score cleared. The

program of Mr. Handyside contains such a fine sketch of a veritable Dutch portrait, that we cannot help wishing it had been twice as full as it is.'

After copious citations the editor proceeds:

'We cannot, at present, venture upon any more extracts—and yet we have done nothing to give our readers a due notion of what Knickerbocker's book contains. We shall return to the volumes again, for we suppose we may consider them as in regard to almost all that read this Magazine, "as good as manuscript." Enough, however, has been quoted to show of what sort of stuff Mr. Irving's comic pencil is composed—and enough to make all our readers go along with us in a request which we have long meditated, viz. that this author would favour us with a series of novels, on the plan of those of Miss Edgeworth, or, if he likes that better, of the author of Waverley, illustrative of the present state of manners in the United States of America. When we think, for a moment, on the variety of elements whereof that society is every where composed—the picturesque mixtures of manners derived from German, Dutch, English, Scottish, Swedish, Gothic, and Celtic settlers, which must be observable in almost every town of the republican territories—the immense interfusion of different ranks of society from all these quarters, and their endless varieties of action upon each other—the fermentation that must every where prevail among these yet unsettled and unarranged atoms—above all, on the singularities inseparable from the condition of the only half-young, half-old people in the world—simply as such—we cannot doubt that could a Smollet, a Fielding, or a Le Sage have seen America as she is, he would at once have abandoned every other field, and blessed himself on having obtained access to the true *terra fortunata* of the novelist. Happily for Mr. Irving that *terra fortunata* is also to this hour a *terra incognita*; for in spite of the shoals of bad books of travels that have inundated us from time to

time, no European reader has ever had the smallest opportunity of being introduced to any thing like one vivid portraiture of American life. Mr. Irving has, as every good man must have, a strong affection for his country; and he is, therefore, fitted to draw her character *con amore* as well as *con gentilezza*. The largeness of his views, in regard to politics, will secure him from staining his pages with any repulsive air of bigotry—and the humane and liberal nature of his opinions in regard to subjects of a still higher order, will equally secure him from still more offensive errors.

‘To frame the plots of twenty novels can be no very heavy task to the person who wrote the passages we have quoted above—and to fill them up with characteristic details of incidents and manners, would be nothing but an amusement to him. He has sufficiently tried and shown his strength in sketches—it is time that we should look for full and glowing pictures at his hands. Let him not be discouraged by the common-place cant about the impossibility of good novels being written by young men. Smollet wrote Roderick Random before he was five-and-twenty, and assuredly he had not seen half so much of the world as Mr. Irving has done. We hope we are mistaken in this point—but it strikes us that he writes, of late, in a less merry mood than in the days of Knickerbocker and the Salmagundi. If the possession of intellectual power and resources ought to make any man happy, that man is Washington Irving; and people may talk as they please about the “inspiration of melancholy,” but it is our firm belief that no man ever wrote any thing greatly worth the writing, unless under the influence of buoyant spirits. “A cheerful mind is what the muses love,” says the author of *Ruth* and *Michael*, and *the Brothers*; and in the teeth of all asseverations to the contrary, we take leave to believe that my Lord Byron was never in higher glee than when composing the darkest soliloquies of his Childe Harold. The capacity of achieving immortality, when called into

vivid consciousness by the very act of composition and passion of inspiration, must be enough, we should think, to make any man happy. Under such influences he may, for a time, we doubt not, be deaf even to the voice of self-reproach, and hardened against the memory of guilt. The amiable and accomplished Mr. Irving has no evil thoughts or stinging recollections to fly from—but it is very possible that he may have been indulging in a cast of melancholy, capable of damping the wing even of *his* genius. *That*, like every other demon, must be wrestled with, in order to its being overcome. And if he will set boldly about *An American Tale, in three volumes duodecimo*, we think there is no rashness in promising him an easy, a speedy, and a glorious victory. Perhaps all this may look very like impertinence, but Mr. Irving will excuse us, for it is, at least, well meant.

ART. VII.—*King of England's Palace at Brighton.*

THIS journal has already contained views of several of the most elegant among the public edifices of the United States, the capital and the President's house at Washington, the bank of the United States at Philadelphia, and the new state capital at Harrisburgh. An outline of the celebrated Parthenon was also lately given. It may afford some entertainment to compare the architectural taste of our country, as it is displayed in those American buildings, with that of England, as evinced by the style of the king's new palace; and it will be curious to compare *each* with the specimen of Grecian taste, seen in the Parthenon.

The following description is taken from a late English publication.—‘ Since the year 1801, the king has been gradually developing his plans for the erection of a splendid marine palace at Brighton. The building called the Pavilion, in which he had previously resided during his visits to the sea side, might have been considered rather as a cottage *ornée*, than as a mansion capable of sustaining the splendour

of a court, and entertaining the numerous retinue of a sovereign prince. It has therefore undergone gradual extensions: but, as it stood among buildings in the very heart of Brighton, where ground is more valuable than at any other place in the empire, vast sums were necessary to be paid for the various interests which pre-occupied the scite, and much time was lost in negotiations for various premises which it became necessary to incorporate.

‘ At length his majesty, having prevailed on the inhabitants of Brighton to surrender the main entrance of the town to his purposes, was enabled to convert that street into pleasure grounds on the back or western front; and to unite the whole with some tea gardens which stood on the opposite side of it, and also with some adjoining pleasure grounds which belonged to a marine mansion of the duke of Marlborough. The entire domain was thus extended to about seven acres, much of which is well planted with trees.

‘ About 1805 he commenced the erection of his spacious and splendid stables, on the northern side of the grounds. Mr. Porden was the architect, and he seems to have exhausted all the elegancies of appropriate design in his arrangements of this building. There are superb stalls for sixty-eight horses, within a circular area of nearly 100 feet diameter, surmounted with a magnificent dome, which is but twenty feet in span less than that of St. Paul’s, forming a conspicuous object in the perspective of Brighton. It is rumoured that these stables and appurtenances cost little less than *two hundred thousand pounds*; and that, at the time of their completion, the Pavilion, its various alterations, additions, and extensions, had cost its royal owner little short of double that sum.

‘ Since that time, the duke of Marlborough’s mansion at the northern extremity, a line of capital houses called Marlborough-row, in the rear, and the extensive premises of the Castle Inn, esteemed one of the first public establishments

of its kind in England, have been successively purchased. His royal highness has also rebuilt all the domestic offices in the rear of the Pavilion, in a style of commensurate extent; and, about two years since, he began to improve and embellish the state apartments in the centre of the building; and, within the past month, the removal of the scaffolding has exhibited it in the splendid and unique forms which we have correctly portrayed in the accompanying engraving. (*See the Copper-plate.*)

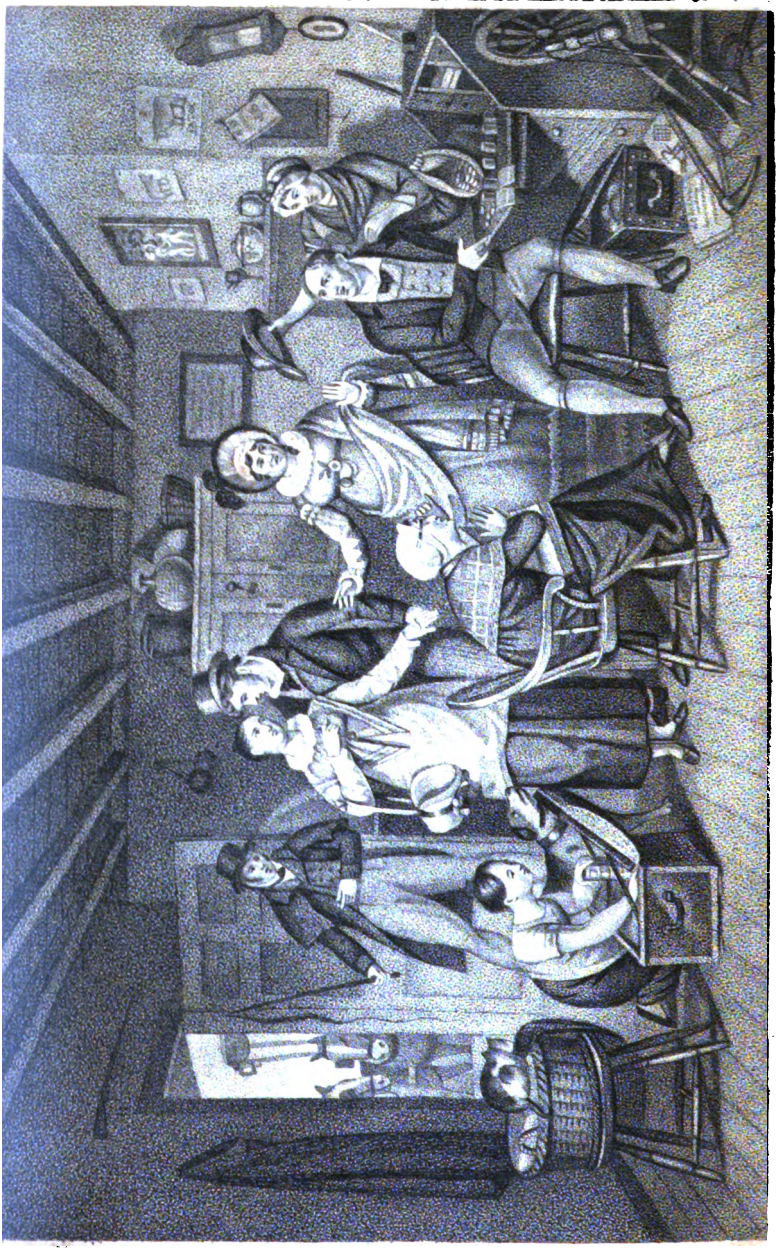
‘ It will be perceived that the style of architecture is oriental; and the first glance of the building will remind the observer of the fairy palaces of the sovereigns of Hindoostan, and of the mausoleums of certain of their princes, in the erection of which the incalculable treasures of the eastern world have been expended. Some persons have assimilated the building to the Moorish structures in Spain, and particularly to the palace of the Alhambra at Granada; while others have considered it as Tartaric, and have treated it as a copy of the Kremlin at Moscow. These, however, are mistakes; and it may be presumed that the King, who must be led to consider himself as virtual sovereign of the east, deemed it respectful to his eastern dependencies to exhibit a palace in conformity with their notions of architectural perfection.

‘ Be this as it may, his majesty has unquestionably placed on British ground the most original and unique structure in Europe,—which affords pleasure or pain to the beholders, according to their taste or their political feelings. Few would withhold their admiration, if it stood on an uninterrupted lawn descending to the sea, or if it had been placed on a better elevation of ground: but others shrug their shoulders on learning, that perhaps a *million* is thus to be taken from the earnings of one part of the community to be paid to another, in return for hard labour in producing erections, which their frigid economy considers as fantastical. Among a free

people such topics will, however, be discussed; and, in seasons of great domestic distress, will excite irritations which the specious argument of giving employment, or taking labour for the money collected from others, does not allay. Our opinion is not called for; but we confess that we are no enemies to splendid architecture, provided those who indulge in such expensive gratifications, are at the same time equally anxious about the humble comforts of cottages; and do not forget their brotherhood with their species, and all those obligations to the sources of wealth which are created by its possession.

‘The limited size of this elegant structure precludes, however, serious alarm in regard to the expenses of its completion. We know nothing of the estimates; but it is generally rumoured, in the circles of Brighton, that the completion of the known plans may cost nearly a million. The principal front, as represented in the engraving, is but 100 yards, and the wings will probably add 50 yards each to the north and south. The pinnacles of the highest domes are from 90 to 100 feet high. The dining-room, at the south or left side, is 72 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 40 high. The centre constitutes a series of three drawing-rooms, behind which is a superb gallery of communication; and at the north end, on the right hand, is the music saloon. For descriptions of the ornamental finishings, and decorated furniture, of these apartments, we must refer to the *Arabian Tales*, to the drawings of Daniel, and to the *Travels of Forbes*, when they describe the *Taje Mahl* of Shah Jehan at Agra, or the *Jumma Musjed* at Delhi. They are, or they are to be, every thing which wealth and power, aided by the arts of gilding, painting, carving, and sculpture, can render them.

‘The walls are of brick, and covered and ornamented with the patent mastic, which dries of the most delicate stone-colour, and acquires the hardness and apparent durability of granite. The cupolas and minarets are framed and covered



with iron, and finished with a coating of mastic. The quantities of massive timber and iron-work from Woolwich, which have long employed trains of artillery-waggons in their transport, prove that durability is not neglected for splendour.

ART. VIII.—*Going to Boarding School.*

THE annexed plate is taken from a spirited sketch by Krimmel, and is a good specimen of that artist's manner. In this and its companion picture he has intended to portray the change affected by fashionable boarding schools, upon the tastes and manners of country lasses. The view now presented, shows the successful farmer counting over the *golden* returns of his harvest; the implements of husbandry close at hand, and the rustic decorations of the room are all indicative of his occupation. The old grandmother withdraws her attention from her bible, and raises her spectacles to gaze on the splendid heaps of money. The wife reproves the farmer's incivility, and removes his hat in compliment to the presence of the mistress of the boarding school, who having called to take her intended pupil to the city, looks with great scorn upon the vulgar rustics among whom she is obliged to pass a few moments. The girl appears to be taking leave of her lover, and is seen in all the simplicity of mien characteristic of a farmer's daughter. The stage coach is seen through the open door, and the driver is urging the departure of his passengers. The little girl packing up her young mistresses trunk, which seems to be providently furnished with a large bible, forms also a consistent part of the scene.

The return from boarding school, to be published next month, will show a very natural and striking alteration produced by the refinement of a city education. L.

ART. IX.—*Miscellaneous Articles.*

Extract from Parry's Lectures on the Teeth.—THE advantages of cleanliness to the well being of animal life, are too obvious to require illustration; and the influence it exerts on contagious and various other diseases, is more than a sufficient groundwork for this position.

Since it applies no less as an axiom to local than to general circumstances, those important instruments of the animal machine, the teeth, demand its fullest exertion; for these, when disordered, produce the seeds of constitutional disease.

By a chymical agency on those relics of the food, which accidentally lodge between them, a deleterious change takes place, constituting an active poison, which corrodes their structure.

The importance of the teeth to the functions of the System, and the perfect enjoyment of health, is apparent from the moment of their development, a process which constitutes the most critical period of infancy, and which shows at once their extensive influence on the constitution at large.

The effects of those aches and pains that then distress the child excite a general derangement of the whole machine; fever accedes, the functions in every part are disturbed, and the brain not unfrequently suffers by an attack of convulsion.

The teeth are alone the cause of this dangerous attack on health and existence; and they display an influence no less serious at an after period of life when they become diseased.

Hence, we should bear in mind the care that ought to be taken of this important part of our frame.

Nature, to guard the teeth against disease, has placed them as extraneous bodies; and it is only from neglect in allowing their structure to be acted upon by what ought to be removed, that disease occurs. But

although nature has guarded them thus far against the attacks of incidental disease, she has deprived them of that power of freeing themselves by their own efforts, which other organs possess, by a dense and compact structure to fit them for their mechanical use.

But the healthy condition of the teeth is necessary even to the perfect exercise of our senses, in consequence of their connexion with the nervous system.

The secretions of the mouth furnish a stimulus to the nerves, which excite the sensation of taste, and these form an intimate communication with those of the organs of hearing, of smell, and of vision.

This view alone should establish the importance of preserving the mouth and its apparatus in a healthy condition, the better to derive, through the use of our senses, the full and perfect enjoyment of life from every surrounding object presented to them.

In a vitiated state of the mouth, where the secretions are loaded with disease, and impregnated with noxious matter, the offspring of *uncleanliness*, the general feelings are annoyed to such a degree, that the individual is often in a manner deranged. In that state, can the palate convey the proper sensation of taste? Can the olfactory nerves receive the free impression of pleasing odours, or the ear be duly acted on by sound?

Thus, a want of cleanliness counteracts the harmony of the system, by which the growth of a child is unprosperous, and the senses do not receive that full evolution which they would have made, if not thus restrained.

Since in childhood the first sufferings begin, in childhood also the foundation of a good or bad constitution is laid. Hence, as these sufferings are in part unavoidable, it is at this stage of life, in particular,

that art, as the assistant of nature, (when too slow in her operations) should interfere as far as possible to alleviate them. It is also at this critical time that the greatest attention should be paid to the state of the gums, to mark the protrusion of the teeth, as well as the after change; for it is only by knowing the steps and order of their progress that proper aid can be given to the efforts of nature during the years of childhood.

So important is the interference of art at this time, that to judge properly of its effect, let us compare two children from the time of dentition, or immediately after the protrusion of the front teeth; in one of whom a proper attention has been paid to their cleanliness, and the other where it is neglected. The first evidently enjoys the greatest advantage for securing comfort and health, his organs will receive the supplies of nourishment, duly prepared; his system will not only be thriving, but the development of natural attributes and bodily strength, will gradually proceed to maturity. He will possess sound health and an active frame, his mind unfolding with equal rapidity and perfection as his body.

No disorder of the mouth will communicate its distress to the other parts, and excite sympathetic anguish.

His mind, vigorous and active, will apply with ardour to every study and pursuit suitable to his years. His disposition will be pleasant and cheerful, for he has had no malady to contort his temper, or distress his frame.

Contrast this happy picture with that of a child where the teeth and gums are diseased from a want of cleanliness.

The causes of pain and irritation are ever present, and are increased by the influence of the tartar, which gradually accumulates on the teeth, producing inflammation of the gums,

and even an absorption and destruction of the alveolar processes, which all provident nature intended for the security of those instruments.

The consequences of this are, occasional severe fits of tooth-ach, swelled face, and other marks of indisposition, which by the least cold lay him aside for weeks and months, putting a stop to every study and pursuit.

The body, instead of being gradually increased and duly nourished, as in the other instance, is here puny and diminutive; nay, even rickety, deformed, and unsightly, upon too many occasions. The mind, instead of being active and vigorous, is fretful, peevish, and not alive to external impressions, owing to continual irritation and pain.

The most critical years of life, which are intended to form the mind, are lost in a struggle to get the better of indisposition, brought on by neglect, and nourished and rendered permanent by the same cause; for it is an incontrovertible fact, that no child, with bad teeth is ever healthy; and as this fact has been abundantly verified, in my experience, the same cause will prove a certain excitement of whatever constitutional disease the system may be naturally predisposed to. Thus, diseases, which might have been dormant without this baneful cause, are always ready to appear in children whose teeth are bad, and to the disgrace of their nurses, neglected; for little in a habit predisposed will excite the action of inbred disease.

‘In concluding this letter (on the treatment of children, says Dr. Ewell) I feel some pain at the apprehension that I have not said enough to induce a strict adherence to the practices recommended. I knew them to be so judicious, that I felt as if argument were useless. The subject is those, of whom our Christ declared, “of such is the kingdom of heaven!” Ladies, if you feel as mothers, if you have souls to partake of

the heaven of doing good to innocence in pain, you will not require long arguments to adopt practices promoting the health of children. I ask, I pray you, if I have not urged sufficiently to induce you to do it; then, as a favour, as a kind compliance, in return for the wish I have to serve, immediately prescribe."

Thus the proper treatment of the teeth, when properly considered, forms the foundation of happiness; *First*, as the prime strengthener of the constitution; *Secondly*, as the grand means of extending the growth; and, *Thirdly*, as the sure foundation of health and harmony in the system. By care of the teeth, and thereby avoiding frequent illnesses, directly or indirectly arising from the neglect of them, we are enabled to undertake those pursuits fitted to our age and genius. We may thus economise time, and apply life to every beneficial purpose.

The possession of carious teeth, besides its effects on the temper and growth of childhood, is liable to produce very serious evils at a more advanced period of life, by giving to the air inhaled a putrid taint or impregnation, which being conveyed into the lungs, diminishes the benefits of its otherwise healthful office.

Indeed, it may be regarded as an established fact, that it is only by the influence of the living principle that the human frame is prevented from yielding to the powers of a chymical agency constantly acting on it, as on inanimate substances. But there are certain parts to which this living principle does not so strongly extend, and here the laws of chymistry take full effect; the part being subjected to all these changes which heat and stagnation produce, and thus exciting a fermentation in the matter subjected to their operation, as is strongly marked in the teeth, which are, as we have seen, beyond the reach of the circulation, since they are exposed to accumulations from what we eat and

drink; and the particles of the matter so accumulated are highly disposed to morbid changes, deleterious to the healthful state of these organs.

The same matter introduced into the stomach, which thus acts on the teeth, would be harmless to that organ:—the constant motion of its contents, their admixture with a variety of fluids, changing their relations and powers, and the strong influence of the living principle on this viscus, are counteracting circumstances which prevent all injury and accumulation here. Thus we see it is not by any failure of the natural qualities of the teeth that their premature decay is occasioned. This malady is alone to be attributed to the situation in which they are placed, whereby they are exposed to the common fate of all matter under the influence of chymical powers, and which even their compact structure cannot resist, unless those accumulations be prevented, which finally constitute a corroding power they cannot of themselves oppose.

From these facts we may venture to assert, that soundness of constitution and duration of life, greatly depend upon the healthy condition of the mouth.

All these facts are important reasons then, for an early attention to the teeth, and the natural organs connected with them, for it is principally in childhood that the means of preserving them perfect can fully succeed before the evil commences.

The preservation of the teeth and gums, therefore, is one of the first objects to be studied for insuring health and strength.

As they form by nature, a complete arch, the removal of a tooth destroys the evenness of the gum and the alveoli, diminishing the strength of the jaw, and proportionally reducing the perfection of voice and articulation.

If the great distinctive attribute of man be the faculty of speech, that

speech can never be complete or perfect, without two arches of teeth to modulate the sound, and give proper utterance to the words. Indeed, it is obvious to every one, that when the teeth are lost, the speech becomes imperfect, and often scarcely intelligible.

This circumstance makes them valuable beyond measure, to a public speaker, and their preservation ought to meet due attention from those who wish to shine either in the senate, at the bar, or in the pulpit.

Without these instruments of utterance, the graces of eloquence are lost, and the power of impressing the mind, and convincing the understanding, if not taken away, is considerably diminished.

It is the premature loss of this part of the human structure, that produces the leading mark of age, and occasions the contracted countenance, the wrinkles of the face, and those unseemly changes which youth and beauty ever wish to see placed at a distance.

This may be done in a certain degree, and the countenance exhibit the great lines of character that belong to it, by a proper attention to the cleanliness and regularity of the teeth. No face, however pleasing and prepossessing, can ever be complete in its attraction where the mouth is disfigured.

However worthy of admiration by natural symmetry, or intelligence of character, a still and silent countenance may be, we at once lose the grateful impression, when a disclosure of bad teeth is made by the influence of any excitement.

The circumstance either attaches disgrace to the individual for present want of cleanliness, or to its parents, or nurse, for past neglect. Even the laugh, the test of good humour and openness which invites to cordiality and confidence, fails to produce a reciprocal effect, where we are disgusted by a foul mouth.

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Nay, from the very form, position, and cleanliness of the teeth, so far as depends on the individual himself, may be justly inferred his taste in other matters. Hence, in order to win that admiration which is the natural wish of every one, the care of the teeth becomes an essential qualification, and ought to form an early branch of education, which cannot be too forcibly impressed on the minds of children.

Independent of their soundness, as a necessary appendage of external symmetry, the teeth are no less important, as has been stated, to the preservation of the general health. From their structure being highly sensible, and every where surrounded with parts of equal sensibility, they communicate every impression of their disease to the system at large. Thus, the first pains that undermine the constitution, and sow the seeds of irreparable mischief, may often be traced to the diseased state of the teeth when unable to perform their natural functions.

So conspicuous is this with all animals in a domesticated state, that the failure of their teeth may be considered as the very breaking up of their constitution. Unless fed on soft food, where the use of the teeth is less required, their lives cannot be protracted. In proof of the same fact, we may adduce the long lives of fowls, and other animals, having no teeth are consequently not subject to any disease of the mouth; a strong corroboration of which, is also afforded by the long lives of some kinds of fish.

Thus the lives of animals as well as man, seem by nature to be in a considerable degree regulated by the health and permanence of the mouth. In the teeth of all animals in a state of nature, we discover no diseased structure or deformity, and therefore we must ascribe it in the human subject to fortuitous, not constitutional or hereditary causes; for that they are less destructible,

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than any other part of the frame is evident, since, in places where bodies have lain for centuries, teeth are found entire and sound, while the other bones crumble to dust; a sufficient proof that disease is not naturally entailed upon their structure. but is the effect of the constant accumulation and action of offensive matter upon them, which operates by a putrid fermentation on those parts unnoticed, before the agonizing pain of a single tooth calls our attention to those adjoining; when we are astonished, as much as we are grieved, to find many in a state of rapid decay.

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Further Extracts from the (Diary of an Invalid.

State of Society in Italy.—*May 16th.* After six days of continued travelling, a short season of repose succeeds as an agreeable vicissitude. Let me employ a portion of it, in recording my impressions of the moral and political state of the country, in which I have been sojourning.

The discontent of the people, particularly in the Papal and Neapolitan states, is loud and open;—for, though the liberty of the press is unknown, they indulge in the fullest freedom of speech, in canvassing the conduct of their rulers. There is indeed ample cause for discontent;—the people seem every day more impatient of the civil and ecclesiastical oppressions, to which they are subjected;—and a revolution is the common topic of conversation. If there were any rational hope of revolution bringing improvement, it would be difficult not to wish for a revolution in Italy.

A revolution, however, to be productive of benefit, ought to be effected by the quiet operation of public opinion; that is, of the virtuous and well informed part of the public;—and this would be, not revolution, but reform—the best way of preventing a revolution, in the mo-

dern sense of that term. But, where shall we look, in Italy, for the elements of such a reform? There can be little hope of its political amelioration, till some improvement has taken place in its moral condition. How can any thing great or good be expected from a people, where the state of society is so depraved, as to tolerate the *cavaliere servente* system?—a system, which sanctions the public display of apparent, if not real, infidelity to the most important and religious engagement of domestic life. And yet, constituted as society is in Italy, this system ought perhaps to excite little surprise. For, marriage is here, for the most part, a mere arrangement of convenience; and the parties often meet, for the first time, at the foot of the altar. An Italian does not expect from such an union, the happiness of home, with the whole train of domestic charities which an Englishman associates with the marriage state; the *spes animi credula mutui* is certainly not the hope of an Italian husband,—and the *Cavaliere* robs him of nothing, which he is not quite content to spare.

It is indeed, nine times in ten, to the fault of the husband, that the infidelity of the wife is to be ascribed. This is a reflection I have often made to Italian men, who have always seemed disposed to admit the truth of it, but the truth is better attested by the exemplary conduct of those women, whose husbands take upon themselves to perform the offices of affection, that are ordinarily left to the *Cavaliere*. An Italian said to me one day, ‘*Una donna ha sempre bisogno d'appoggiarsi ad un uomo.*’—If she cannot repose her cares and her confidence in the bosom of her husband, is it very surprising that she should seek some other support? Consider the character of the Italian woman. Ardent and impassioned,—jealous of admiration,—enthusiastic alike in love or in resentment,—she is trembling alive to the pro-

vocations which she has so often to endure from the open neglect and infidelity of the man, who has sworn to love and protect her.

The *spretæ injuria formæ* is an insult which has provoked colder constitutions than the Italian, to retaliate. What indeed is there to restrain her?—a sense of duty?—there is no such sense. An Italian woman is accustomed to consider the conjugal duties as strictly reciprocal, and would laugh to scorn, as tame and slavish submission, the meek and gentle spirit which prompted the reply of the ‘divine Desdemona’—

‘Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.’

And while there is so little to restrain, the effect of example is to encourage her to follow the bent of her inclinations; and she is attended by a licensed seducer, privileged to approach her at all hours, and at full liberty to avail himself of all the aid that importunity and opportunity can lend him, for the accomplishment of his purpose.

These observations can only be meant to apply to the higher classes of society, to which the Cavaliere system is confined; and it must not be supposed, even amongst these, that there are not many examples of domestic virtue and domestic happiness;—or that husbands and wives may not be found in Italy, as in other places, fondly and faithfully attached to each other. Nor is it always a criminal connexion that subsists between a lady and her Cavaliere, though it is generally supposed to be so; but, many instances might be cited, where it is well known that it is not.

There is indeed a sort of mysticism in the tender passion, as it seems always to have existed in this country, which it is difficult to understand or explain. Platonic love,

in the verses of Petrarch, if indeed Petrarch’s love were Platonic, glows with a rapturous warmth, which often speaks the very language of a grosser feeling; while the most depraved of all passions has been clothed with a tenderness and delicacy of sentiment and expression, which would seem to belong only to our purest affections. Witness Horace’s address to Ligurinus:—

Sed cur heu Ligurine, cur,
Manat rara meas lacryma per
genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro,
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?

What can be more tender, unless it be Pope’s beautiful imitation—

But why ah! tell me ah! too dear!
Steals down my cheek th’ involuntary
tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so
free,
Stop or turn nonsense at one glance
of thee?

But to return;—the Cavaliere system must ever remain the great moral blot in the Italian character;—and yet, this system, founded as it is in the violation of all laws and feelings, has its own peculiar regulations, which it would be an unpardonable breach of etiquette to transgress. The lady must not have children by her Paramour;—at least, the notoriety of such a fact would be attended with the loss of reputation. What can be said of a state of society that can tolerate such things, but,—‘Reform it altogether.’

I am afraid the morals of England will not derive much benefit from familiarizing our countrywomen to hear these connexions talked of, as they constantly are, without censure or surprise. It would be impossible, however, to introduce the system into England, as it exists here.

Few Englishmen would be found to bear the yoke that is here imposed on a Cavaliere. An Italian, without pursuit or profession, may find in this philandering drudgery a pleasant mode of employing his time; but in England, politics and field-sports, would, if no better feelings or principles should oppose its introduction, be in themselves sufficient to interfere with such a system of female supremacy. But, though much may be feared from familiarity with vice, I would rather hope, that a nearer contemplation of its evil consequences will induce them to cling with closer affection to the moral habits and institutions of their own country, where the value of virtue and fidelity is still felt, and appreciated as it ought to be;—and to cultivate with increasing vigilance all those observances, which have been wisely set up as bulwarks to defend and secure the purity of the domestic sanctuary.

I remember, Fuller says—‘Travel not beyond the Alps. Mr. Ascham did thank God, that he was but nine days in Italy: wherein he saw in one city more liberty to sin, than in London he had ever heard of in nine years. That some of our gentry have gone thither and returned thence, without infection, I more praise God, than their adventure.’ If he entertained apprehensions for the ‘travel-tainted’ gentry of his time, we may well feel anxiety for the ladies of our own; feeling as we must, that it is to the female virtues of England we should look, not only for the happiness of our homes, but also for the support of that national character, which has led to all our national greatness;—for the character of a nation is ever mainly determined by the institutions of domestic life;—and it is to the influence of maternal precept and maternal example upon the mind of childhood, that all the best virtues of manhood may ultimately be traced.

May 17th. The Venus pleases

me more than ever. There is nothing in Rome, or elsewhere, that can be compared with her. There is that mysterious something about her, *quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum*, impressed by the master-touch, which is as inexplicable as the breath of life. It is this incommunicable something, which no copy or cast, however accurate, is able to catch. I doubt whether the same thing can be observed of the Apollo; whence I am inclined to believe the notion, which, it is said, was first started by Flaxman—that the Apollo itself is but a copy. The style of the finishing has certainly not the air of an original work;—it possesses little of that indefinable spirit and freedom, which are the characteristics of those productions, in which the author follows only the conceptions of his own mind. The form and disposition of the drapery are said to afford technical evidence of the strongest kind, that the statue must have been originally executed in bronze; and the materials of which the Apollo is composed, which, it seems, are at last determined to be Italian marble, favour the same opinion.

May 18th. The Tuscan dialect sounds harshly, and almost unintelligibly, after the soft and sonorous cadence of the Roman pronunciation. However pure the *lingua Toscana* may be, the *bocca Romana* seems necessary to give it smoothness. It is delightful to listen to the musical flow of the words, even independently of their sense. Then how pretty are their diminutives! What answer could be invented more soothing to impatient irritability than—‘*momentino Signora?*’ The Romans however are too apt to fall into a sort of sing-song recitative, while the Tuscans—that is, the lower orders—offend you with a guttural rattle, not unlike the Welsh. There is perhaps no country where the dialects vary more, than in the different provinces of Italy.

The language of Naples and the Milanese is a sort of Babylonish jargon, little better than gibberish. The origin of the Italian language has long been a subject of discussion. The literati of Florence are fond of tracing it up to Etruscan antiquity. We know that Etruria had a language of its own, distinct from the Latin. This was the language in which the Sibyl was supposed to have delivered her oracles, and in which the augurs interpreted the mysteries of their profession. Livy says, '*Habeo auctores, vulgo tum Romanos pueros, sicut nunc Græcis, ita Etruscis literis erudiri solitos.*' This language is by some supposed so have continued to exist during the whole time of the Romans, as the *sermo vulgaris*—the *patois*—which was in common use amongst the peasantry of the country: while the Latin was confined to the higher classes, and the capital;—to the senate, the forum, the stage, and to literature.

This opinion does not seem entirely destitute of probability. We have living evidence in our own island of the difficulty of changing the language of a people. In France too, till within the last half century, the southern provinces were almost utterly ignorant of French; and, even at present, the lower classes of the peasantry never speak French, but continue to make use of a *patois* of the old Provencal language.

In like manner it is supposed by many, that pure Latin was confined to the capital and to high life; while the ancient Etruscan, which had an additional support in being consecrated to the service of religion, always maintained its ground as the colloquial *patois* of the greatest part of Italy. Thus, when Rome fell, the polished language of the capital fell with it; but the *patois* of the common people remained, and still remains, in an improved edition, in the language of modern Italy. For, if this be not so, we must suppose, first,

that the Etruscan was rooted out by the Latin, and that the Latin has again yielded in its turn to a new tongue. But innovations in language, are the slowest of all in working their way; and if the pure Latin of the classics had ever been the colloquial language of the common people, some living evidence of it would surely have been discovered, as we now find the ancient language of the Brittons lingering in the fastnesses of Wales and Cornwall;—but no information is handed down to us by which we can ascertain when Latin was the common spoken language of Italy, or at what period it ceased to exist.

Still however, on the other hand, it is perhaps equally extraordinary, that we should meet with no traces of this colloquial *patois*, in the writings of the ancients. Some allusion indeed is made, by Quintilian, to the *sermo militaris*—a dialect in use among the soldiery;—but if the language of the common people was so distinct, as it is supposed, it is strange that we do not find more direct mention of it, especially in the plays of Plautus, who with his love of broad humour, might naturally have been expected after the example of Aristophanes, to have availed himself of such a source of the ridiculous. And when one reads in modern Italian, such lines as the following, the parent language seems to stand confessed in the identity of the resemblance;

In mare irato, in subita procella
Invoco te nostra benigna stella.

Or, again,

Vivo in acerba pena, in mesto or-
rore,
Quando te non imploro, in te non
spero:
Purissima Maria, et in sincero
Te non adoro, et in divino ardore.

These lines however were probably

studiously composed in this indiscriminate character:—and they might be counterbalanced by examples of early Roman inscriptions, which certainly bear more affinity to the modern Italian, than to the Latin;—and this would seem to show that the two languages might have existed and gone on progressively together. After considering therefore all that is urged by opposite writers on this subject, one is reduced to the conclusion of sir Roger de Coverly, of happy memory;—that much may be said on both sides. Thus much is certain; that at least the guttural accent of Tuscany is as old as Catullus; who has ridiculed it in one of his epigrams:—

*Commoda dicebat, si quando com-
moda vellet
Dicere, et hinsidias, Arrius insidias.*

May 19th. An evening at *Fiesole*,—which is situated on a commanding eminence, about three miles distant from Florence. The country is now in the highest beauty. Spring is the season for Italy. We have little Spring or Summer in England,—except in Thomson's Seasons. Climate, if it do not constitute the happiness, is a very important ingredient in the comfort of life. An evening or night, in an

Italian villa: at this season of nightingales, and moonlight, is a most delicious treat. How could Shakspeare write as he has done, without having been in Italy? Some of his garden scenes breathe the very life of reality. And yet if he had been here, I think he would not have omitted all allusion to the fire fly, a little fitting insect, that adds much to the charm of the scene. The whole garden is illuminated by myriads of these sparkling lights, sprinkled about with as much profusion as spangles on a lady's gown.

There is something delightfully pleasant in the voluptuous languor, which the soft air of an Italian evening occasions;—and then the splendour of an Italian sun-set! I shall never forget the impression made upon me by a particular evening. The sun had just gone down, leaving the whole sky dyed with the richest tints of crimson,—while the virgin snows of the distant mountains were suffused with blushes of 'celestial rosy red;' when, from an opposite quarter of the heavens, there seemed to rise another sun, as large, as bright, and as glowing as that which had just departed. It was the moon at the full;—and the illusion was so complete, that it required some few moments to convince me that I was not in Fairy Land.

To Readers and Correspondents.

THE two last numbers of the *Analectic Magazine*, were issued without the usual and promised engravings. An apology is due for the omission; and we have none better to offer than the simple fact, that the artists, of whom several were at work, occasioned a disappointment by being themselves unwillingly and accidentally unpunctual.

The difficulties which oppose the plan of giving a regular series of elegant and interesting engravings, as embellishments to a periodical journal published in Philadelphia, are

much greater than could easily be believed by any one that has not learned them from experience.

There are skilful artists in this city, and unhappily not very constantly employed; and hopes were entertained at the commencement of the present year, that we should be enabled, by their aid, to exhibit in every number, engravings at once elegant in execution and interesting in the subject, but those expectations have not been fully realized. There is unfortunately no disposition generally prevalent among the possessors of pictures, to aid in such a design, by even permitting the desired use to be made of them. And in many instances, we have had reason to wonder at the illiberal or fastidious answers given to our requests of a simple loan, for a very short period.

As to portraits, the choice is not easy at the present period. During the time of the late war, each month, almost each day, brought a new *hero*, naval or military, before the public eye, and curiosity stood on tip-toe to behold his features. Painters of the most distinguished skill were emulous to transfer his lineaments to their canvass, and engravers and publishers found their account in multiplying copies upon paper. The case is different now, few men are so prominent in the view of the nation as to excite that kind of curiosity, except those whose portraits have long since been a drug in every print shop. Still there are a few, and we should gladly have availed ourselves of any opportunity of presenting their likenesses to our readers. But all our applications, which were many, and directed to various owners of the pictures wished for, met with repulse or delay; and always with disappointment, except in two instances. It was owing to those two exceptions to the general rule, that we were enabled to procure the engravings to be made of the portraits of Mr. Clay, and the late Mr. Lewis; the first of which was executed from an indifferent painting which was loaned to the engraver, under such strict limitation as to

time, that the plate was necessarily very imperfect; the other was furnished with promptness and liberality, and the engraving does great credit to the talents of the artists, Messrs. Goodman and Piggott.

Such have been the discouragements attending the design of decorating this Magazine with portraits; the attempt to procure valuable landscapes was not much more fortunate.

An endeavour was made to introduce coloured engravings from views of remarkable American scenery, in imitation of those which so charmingly embellish 'Ackerman's (London) Repository.' The first experiment was made with a sketch of the Natural Bridge, obligingly furnished by a gentleman of this city. An *aquatint* was prepared and colours put on, but the result was a total failure, as all will recollect who saw the January number. A second trial was ventured and the 'View near Bordenton,' published in February, evinced a small improvement, but was far from elegant. A third endeavour was delayed awhile, in the hope of finding a suitable subject, but original drawings from American scenery are very scarce, and the use of some were refused by the owners; a foreign scene was therefore chosen, and the plate representing 'Konigstein,' was the first experiment that resulted in any thing like success. A fourth was attempted, and a picture painted for the purpose, was placed in the hands of the artists; this was the view of 'Pedler creek Falls,' and was so well executed that more of the same sort would have followed, but for the absolute impracticability of obtaining proper subjects.

These being the actual impediments in the way of giving tasteful embellishments, we have come to the determination to discontinue them entirely, after the next number. In consideration of this change, the subscription price of the Magazine will be reduced; and some other alterations will be made, to be more fully explained in the December number.

THE
ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

(NEW SERIES.)

COMPRISING ORIGINAL REVIEWS, BIOGRAPHY, ANALYTICAL AB-
STRACTS OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, TRANSLATIONS FROM FRENCH
JOURNALS, AND SELECTIONS FROM THE MOST ESTEEMED BRITISH
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THE
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DECEMBER, 1820.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution; including a Narrative of the Expedition of general Xavier Mina, &c.*
&c. By W. S. Robinson. Philadelphia, 1820.

THE principal part of this work, that which relates to the operations of the unfortunate *Mina*, is compiled from the narrative of Mr. Brush, who accompanied that officer in his expedition. We have entire confidence in the truth of the relation. Mr. Robinson certainly expresses himself with great bitterness against the officers of the royal government of Spain, and therefore cannot be considered a perfectly impartial historian, but the treatment received by him from the Spanish authorities, may well account for and excuse a strong feeling of indignation and abhorrence, and his dislike seems to be accompanied with no unfairness, but to arise from the honest consciousness of having been most undeservedly and barbarously injured.

We shall at present, confine our attention to the story of the romantic *Mina*, who devoted himself to the cause of liberty with a generous zeal similar in many particulars to that of *La Fayette*, but with so different a fate. He perished a martyr to freedom, after performing exploits that might have illustrated a long life, at the early age of twenty-seven.

We abstract from Mr. Robinson's book, the following account of his adventurous and ill-starred career.

' Don Xavier Mina, was born in the month of December, 1789. He was the eldest son of a well-born and respected proprietary, whose domains lay near the town of Monreal, in the kingdom of Navarre.

' His early studies were pursued at Pampeluna and at Saragossa. In 1808, at the commencement of the resistance of the Spanish to the French invasion, he was a student in the university of Saragossa. At that period, between eighteen and nineteen years of age, he felt the strong enthusiasm of the times. He abandoned his studies, joined the army of the north of Spain, as a volunteer, and was present at the battles of Alcornes, Maria, and Belchite.

' The Spanish armies, were unable to cope with the numerous and veteran troops with which Napoleon overspread the country, and, being defeated in every regular encounter, they retreated before the French.

' It was in this gloomy situation of affairs, that Xavier Mina formed a determination, which had the most important effects, not only upon his own fortune in life, but upon the whole war in Spain. He resolved to pass through the line of the French position, and, gaining his native province of Navarre, to make its mountains and fastnesses the theatre of his hostile operations; to hang on the rear of the invaders, to intercept their convoys and couriers, and to cut off their straggling detachments.

' In an evening walk he first communicated, to a friend and kinsman, his plans and schemes; and unfolded, with enthusiasm, his hopes, and fears, and visions of glory. His kinsman heard him to the end in silence, and then pointing to a gibbet which stood near, "If you succeed, it will be great; if you fail, there is your portion," was his reply. In answer to his solicitation to be permitted to put his plans in execution, the Spanish general told him it would only be throwing away

his life, as he would be cut off from the army; "*I do not,*" said Mina, "*think I am cut off, so long as I can find a path for my horse.*" Finally, he left Tortosa with *twelve men*, and, passing with skill through the line occupied by the French army, arrived in Navarre. Of those twelve, one is at present a lieutenant; another has retired with nine wounds; and the rest fell in battle.

' The first attempt of Mina was upon a small guard of a dozen French. He attacked them with about twenty men, and captured them without much resistance. The next, was on a party of thirty men. The Spaniards, who had nearly the same number, lay concealed behind a stone wall; upon the approach of the enemy, they rose and fired. In the contest which ensued, a tall grenadier fired at Mina with deliberate aim, and, taking shelter behind a tree, encouraged his party. But the Spaniards, leaping the wall, rushed on, and settled the combat with their sabres. This successful beginning produced the most important results. The spirits of the peasantry were roused; many successful adventures took place; the French foraging parties were cut to pieces; their convoys attacked and plundered; and their couriers intercepted. The Spanish government had scarcely finished their rejoicing for the first successes of Mina, when they were again surprised by his sending them a large body of prisoners, among whom was a lieutenant colonel; and, at another time, *seven hundred* prisoners, with a quantity of military equipments, stores, and money.

' The French were not passive spectators of these chivalrous exploits. Upwards of thirty individuals, nearly or remotely connected with Mina's family, were suddenly arrested, and sent into France. War, with all the meliorations introduced by modern civilization, is sufficiently terrible to a reflecting mind; but it is in those political struggles, where the relations and kindred of an individual, are made answerable for his opinions and acts, that it comes armed with its

severest afflictions. Among the relatives of Mina, thus torn from their country, was an accomplished young lady, the object of his early attachment. Separated from each other, time, and the waves of an adverse fortune, bore them still farther asunder, and the tender affections, the sport of events, sunk, and were lost for ever.

‘Repeated expeditions were undertaken to destroy Mina, but the affections of every peasant being with him, and having correct intelligence of every movement, he was enabled, not only to baffle and elude his enemy, but frequently coming on them by surprise, to defeat and destroy his pursuers. When he found their forces too numerous to be openly resisted, he appointed a place of rendezvous, dispersed his band, and, separating from each other, they eluded pursuit. The armed mountaineers retired to their homes, or to secret recesses, and there waited till their leader gave the signal; when, suddenly re-appearing, they seemed to spring from the earth, like the men of Cadmus, a legion of soldiers. Mina, with a select band, the nucleus of his army, retired to the mountains. A hill, near his father’s mansion, was his principal retreat. He was familiar with its fastnesses, and solitary recesses, and the neglected flocks of his own family, furnished him and his brave companions with food. When he determined on striking a blow, he gathered his forces like a tempest on the mountain top, and, descending in terror, swept the province to the very gates of Pampeluna.

‘In this manner was begun the insurrection in the province of Navarre. From this period, bands of guerillas were organized throughout the country. Thus commenced that system, which was the great means of keeping up the spirit of desperate animosity, and which became, eventually, the principal means of delivering Spain from her invaders. The accounts of Mina’s successes ran through the country, and produced a powerful excitement in the minds of the people. He was thence soon enabled to raise a respectable division of

troops, whose numbers were increased by the peasantry, whenever it was contemplated to strike a blow.

‘The central junta of Seville conferred on him the rank of colonel, and, soon after, the dignity of commandant general of Navarre. The junta of Arragon also appointed him commanding general of upper Arragon. He won these honours most gallantly by his sword, in a gloomy and desperate hour; they were confirmed to him by his country; and he continued his brilliant career, lighting up an hostility and daring resistance, which has made the French invasion of Spain one of the most remarkable events in the history of modern Europe.

‘In the winter of 1810—11, Mina was directed by the Spanish government to destroy, if possible, an iron foundry near Pampeluna, from which the French were supplied with a number of articles for the service of the war. Whether it was from one of those accidents which no prudence can foresee, or that the enemy had obtained information of his movements, this unfortunate enterprise was fatal to Mina. Two strong bodies of French troops, on their march in contrary directions, arrived at the same time at the two entrances of a narrow valley. Mina and his corps, who were then in the defile, were completely enclosed. The fight that ensued was obstinate and bloody. The gallant Mina, defending himself with his sword, fell, pierced with wounds, a prisoner, into the hands of the enemy.

‘Mina was taken to Paris, after his capture, and shut up in the castle of Vincennes. The afflictions, which press upon the unfortunate state prisoner, were aggravated to him, by the care with which all intelligence of the fate of his relations, or struggling country, was concealed from him. His hair came out, and his person was completely changed. In time, however, the rigours of his imprisonment were softened, and books were given him. He applied himself, with great industry, to the study of the military art, in which he derived

great assistance from some of the veteran officers, who were his fellow-prisoners. He remained in Vincennes till the allied armies entered France, nor was he set at liberty until the general peace, which took place upon the abdication of the emperor Napoleon.

Being conspicuous members of the party of *Liberals*, or *Constitutionalists*, the two Minas soon experienced the displeasure of the court, and the frowns of the king. Xavier, however, was offered the command of the military forces in Mexico, a situation next to that of the viceroy of New Spain. He declined it; and, being apprehensive of the consequences, retired into Navarre. Espoz y Mina, who still remained at the head of his mountain warriors in Navarre, immediately received an order, depriving him of his command. Matters being thus brought to a crisis, it was determined by the two Minas to raise the standard of the Cortes and the constitution. They had no time to form any extensive plan. It was agreed to strike immediately, before the order depriving Espoz of his command should be publicly known. The details of this bold attempt are interesting, and present some features of romance; but we can only glance slightly at them. While Espoz was to put his troops in motion, that he might arrive, at a concerted hour, under the walls of Pampeluna, Xavier Mina entered the fortress. There, he soon communicated with a few officers, who were known to him, and whose sentiments were favourable to the Cortes. Popular in the whole Spanish army, and his name endeared to those soldiers of freedom, he selected a few of them to be his guests at a convivial banquet. After supper, as the time drew nigh, Mina rose up suddenly amidst them; addressed them in a nervous and enthusiastic harangue; unfolded the ingratitude and injustice of the court; and, finally, exhorted them to give the blessings of freedom to the country they had saved. The effect was electric and complete. They arose, and crossing their swords, as they stood around the banqueting table,

swore to be faithful. The sentinels on the appointed bastion were withdrawn; the ladders were fixed; and, from the dead of night, almost till the dawn, they waited, with breathless anxiety, the approach of the troops under Espoz y Mina. Had they then arrived, a new era, pregnant with important events, would have opened on Spain.

‘The causes which led to the failure of the enterprise were partly accidental, and implicate the policy, not the bravery, of Espoz. It is now understood, that the troops, instead of being excited and stimulated for such an occasion, by his orders were rigidly kept from liquor and refreshment. They were altogether ignorant of the reason and nature of an expedition, so strange to them, in time of peace; and, after marching till a late hour in the night, they began to murmur; some confusion arose in a corps whose commander was unpopular; the march was delayed; a nocturnal tumult ensued; and the soldiers lay down in scattered parties in the fields, or wandered in search of refreshments. Espoz, who had rode on ahead, found, on his return, in the darkness of the night, a scene of confusion, to remedy which, all his exertions were baffled. It was irremediable, and the opportunity was lost. The confederates in Pampluna speedily received the fatal intelligence, and immediately quitted the fortress.

‘Although the Spaniards are accustomed to obedience, and “the king’s name is a tower of strength,” yet, on this occasion, they scorned to do any injury to their generals. Xavier Mina traversed the whole province in safety, collected all those friends whom he thought might be compromitted by his attempt, and entered France in full uniform, with thirty officers. He was arrested by the orders of the French government, and imprisoned near Bayonne, but was afterwards liberated, and passed over to England. From the British government he received a liberal pension; we believe, two thousand pounds sterling per annum.

‘ During his sojourn in England, he was treated by several eminent personages with flattering attentions; but particularly by an English nobleman, alike distinguished for his attachment to the cause of freedom throughout the world, and his urbanity to strangers. By this nobleman, Mina was made acquainted with general Scott, of the army of the United States, then on a visit to England. He was also furnished with a ship, arms, and military stores, by some English gentlemen attached to the cause of freedom, to enable him to prosecute an enterprise he had been some time meditating, against the kingdom of Mexico, as the quarter whence the most severe blow could be struck against the tyranny of Ferdinand.

‘ General Mina had originally intended, and made his arrangements to proceed direct to the Mexican coast, conceiving that the inhabitants generally would rise in his favour; but, altering his plan a short time prior to his departure, in consequence of a part of his plans in Europe being frustrated, and some information that he received from a respectable source, he sailed from England, for the Chesapeake, in the month of May, 1816, accompanied by thirteen Spanish and Italian, and two English officers.

‘ After a passage of forty-six days, the ship arrived in Hampton Roads. The general disembarked at Norfolk, whence he proceeded by land to Baltimore, at which city the ship arrived on the 3d of July. Mina here made an arrangement for a fast sailing brig, pierced for guns; and purchased a quantity of field and battering artillery, mortars, ammunition, clothing, and military stores of every description. While these preparations were making, the ship was put in a state for the accommodation of passengers; and the general visited Philadelphia and New York, where several Americans and Europeans volunteered their services, as officers, to accompany him. He was not desirous of augmenting his force, except as to officers, being under the impression, as before

remarked, that he would be joined by the natives, on landing in Mexico. He obtained every possible information of the state of things in that country; and ascertained that a small place on the Mexican coast, to the northward of Vera Cruz, called *Requilda de Piedras*, was fortified, and still held by the patriot general *Don Guadalupe Victoria*. He also learned, that, although the patriots had met with recent disasters, yet they still maintained several strong guerilla parties in the different provinces.

A quantity of military stores were put on board the ship, as cargo; and the passengers, destined to embark in her, being in readiness, she took from the custom house a clearance for St. Thomas, and proceeded outside of fort M'Henry, where she anchored: but it was not without some difficulty that the British consul was induced, even then, to relinquish his hold on the papers.

On the evening of the 28th of August, the passengers, in number about two hundred, embarked, under the direction of colonel the count de Ruuth. Mina remained to go out in the brig, whose cargo was not quite ready. The ship was ordered to proceed to Port au Prince, there to await the arrival of the general.

The ship left the capes of Virginia, on the 1st of September, in company with a Spanish schooner, which had been hired by Mina, and on board of which was lieutenant colonel Myers, of the artillery, with his company; but, a night or two after sailing, this vessel separated from the ship, and proceeded to the rendezvous.

After a passage of seventeen days, the ship arrived at Port au Prince, where she found her consort the schooner. The following night, the island was visited by one of those destructive hurricanes common to the West Indies. Amid the scene of general havoc, the ship sustained her portion of damage. She parted one of her cables, drove with another ahead, and got foul of a Haytian frigate, of thirty-two guns;

in consequence of which, the foremast, mainmast, and several spars, were carried away, besides considerable injury sustained in the hull; and the frigate lost her three masts by the board. The ship, however, hooking the frigate's runnings, held on; and, about three o'clock, the gale abated. Daylight offered to view the melancholy scene of the ship dismasted, and the schooner, her consort, upset and grounded on a shoal.

'The storm having abated, the passengers were landed in the course of the forenoon, and the ship was then hauled into the inner harbour. The misfortune which had befallen her bore a serious aspect; it being feared, that it would be impracticable to repair her; however, these apprehensions were soon relieved, by the generous conduct of the late presidents of the republic, by whom spars were furnished, the use of the arsenal was granted, and every facility afforded.

'The brig being ready for sea, the general and staff embarked, and sailed from Baltimore, on the 27th of September. During his stay in that city, the simplicity and modesty of his demeanour, the honesty of his transactions, and his gentlemanly deportment, had gained him the esteem of a considerable portion of its society. He was applied to, while in the United States, to lend his assistance to the equipping of South American privateers; and, though the offer was highly advantageous, he refused it with indignation: "What reason," said he, "have you to suppose that Xavier Mina would plunder his unoffending countrymen? I war against Ferdinand and tyranny, not against Spaniards."

'While the ship was refitting, general Mina arrived at Port au Prince. Although he was much chagrined by the late disaster, and the delay and expense resulting therefrom, yet, by his activity and perseverance, he soon surmounted this first obstacle to his expedition. He was received with particular attention by general Petion, who afforded him every assistance in his power.

In this ~~opportunity~~, several individuals, both Americans and Europeans, abandoned the expedition. In some few instances, they ~~were~~ prevented from accompanying it by sickness; but the majority of the assigned reasons, in extenuation of their conduct, which should have been seriously considered before they volunteered. Mina viewed their defection with merited disregard; observing, that he wished none to follow his fortunes, but such as would voluntarily and cheerfully devote themselves to the cause of liberty. This loss was, however, in some measure counterbalanced by the acquisition of some seamen, who had deserted from a French frigate, then laying in the roads.

The general had understood, that commodore Aury, a patriot naval commander, was cruising in the Bay of Mexico, and that he had formed an establishment on the island of San Luis, at the mouth of the river La Trinidad. Thither he determined to repair, under the expectation that his views would be promoted by that officer. Having engaged a small schooner, in lieu of the Spanish vessel which had upset during the late hurricane, and the ship being refitted in the best possible manner, the expedition, consisting of the brig, ship, and schooner, on the 24th of October, made sail for the island of San Luis, on the Mexican coast.

Misfortune seems to have accompanied the expedition, from the date of the ship's arrival at Hayti. After leaving Port au Prince, an almost continual calm was experienced, so that the expedition was thirty days in performing a voyage, which, with the usual sea breeze in those latitudes, could have been made in ten or twelve. The tediousness of the voyage was, however, a light evil, compared with others which the expedition was doomed to suffer. That dreadful contagion, the yellow fever, broke out on board the ship. It had been brought from the shore by one of the passengers, who died a few days after sailing. The infection spread to the other vessels. The brig, not being crowded, suffered

little, losing only one man. The ship's sick list was soon swelled to fifty and sixty daily: however, not more than seven or eight died. But on board the schooner, where the air was confined, a melancholy scene ensued; of the few on board, eight died, among whom was lieutenant colonel Dary. At last, the brig was obliged to take her in tow, as there was not an individual on board free from the fever, except a black woman. Indeed, had it not been for the exertions of an excellent physician, it is probable the expedition would have been destroyed. This worthy man, Dr. John Hennessy, formerly of Kingston, Jamaica, did not merely give evidence of his professional skill, but his indefatigable activity, and sympathizing attentions, were unremitting, and endeared him to every individual of the expedition. The vessels arrived at the Grand Cayman island, where a plentiful supply of turtle was procured; which, together with cool northerly breezes, soon rendered the passengers convalescent. At this island, they who were on board the schooner represented to the general, that it was impossible for them to proceed any farther in that ill-fated vessel. Orders were therefore given, that those, who were reported to be free from fever, should be passed on board the ship; while the schooner, with her sick, went into the Grand Cayman. The ship and brig proceeded on their course, and arrived off the encampment at San Luis, on the 24th of November, after a distressing passage of thirty days.

The general here met with commodore Aury, and, as the north winds, which render the Mexican coast very dangerous, then prevailed, an order was given for the landing of the expedition. As there was not sufficient water on the bar to admit the vessels, measures were taken to unload them; and an old hulk, lying in the harbour, was appropriated, by the commodore, for the reception of the stores.

The settlement, called Galvezton, was established on the east end of the Island. The entrance into the harbour is de-

fenced by a bar, capable of admitting vessels of easy draft, there being twelve feet of water on it; but the swell often renders the channel dangerous. Inside the bar, there is a good depth of water, up to the settlement, but the bay, into which the river La Trinidad disembogues, is in many parts very shoal. The island is low; and the water, which is obtained by digging in the sand, is brackish. A plenty of good water may, however, be obtained in the cane brakes, at some distance from Galvezton, where the shipping usually fill their casks. The island is intersected by large bayous. It is covered with long prairie grass; and abounds with deer and wild fowls; while the bay yields fine fish, and the bayous excellent oysters.

As soon as the troops were landed, an encampment was laid out, and the tents were pitched. On the west side of Galvezton, commodore Aury had commenced throwing up a mud fort; and, to the westward of this, was Mina's encampment. The requisite arms were served out, two field-pieces and two howitzers were landed, and the engineer department was diligently employed in preparing fixed ammunition; the mechanics were set to work, clothing was served out to the men, and the officers were furnished with their respective uniforms. The commodore supplied the division with rations of excellent fresh bread, salt beef, pork, fish, oil, and brandy; which, with the game, and the supplies brought by the coasters, enabled the division to fare well.

In the meantime, the ship and brig, as it was unsafe to keep them at anchorage on the coast, had been ordered to proceed to New Orleans.

The immediate attention of the general was directed to the organization of his regiments. Officers were appointed to the different corps, which it was expected would be filled up soon after the descent should be made. The American officers, who did not understand the Spanish language, were formed into a company, styled, "the Guard of Honour of

the Mexican Congress," of which the general was captain, a colonel the lieutenant, and so on. Colonel Young, an officer who had distinguished himself in the service of the United States, and whose gallantry and activity we shall have occasion hereafter to notice, was subsequently placed in command of this company. The numbers of the expedition being few, this arrangement was made, both with the view to self-defence, and to keep the officers united; the general intending to transfer them to other corps, as they acquired a knowledge of the Spanish language, in which the chaplain of the division commenced instructing them. In fact, all the measures of the general clearly proved that he perfectly knew how to order his little force to the best advantage.

After the expedition had been delayed for some time at Galvezton, during which time Mina had made a visit to New Orleans, they reembarked and made sail on the 27th of March.

'The force of the division, on board the fleet, including all those in any manner attached to it, the sailors, mechanics, and servants, was three hundred.

'Soon after sailing, it came on to blow heavy from the westward, which threatened a long run; and it was also discovered that the *Cleopatra* had not the necessary provisions on board. The general had confided in the reports made by the then commissary, Bianchi, and the captain of the ship, and presumed, that, agreeably thereto, stores were shipped. Supplies were, however, obtained from the cargo of the prize brig: but, on the arrival of the fleet off the Rio Grande del Norte, the water was nearly expended. As the weather had moderated, the general resolved to endeavour to procure supplies there, and the fleet ran in and anchored off the mouth of the river. A sergeant's guard had been stationed there by the royalists, for the purpose, as was understood, of preventing privateers from watering. Major Sarda and some other officers, who volunteered, were sent on shore to ascer-

and supplies could be procured. As the fleet had hoisted Spanish colours, and as major Sarda, the commander of the party was a Spaniard, the guard supposed the fleet to be Spanish, bound to Vera Cruz. The boats had free access to the river to obtain water, and the soldiers of the guard drove up some cattle, which were wild, and in great abundance. The bar of the Rio Grande is very shoal, and it was with great difficulty that a small supply of water could be got off, owing to the danger of the bar. A boat belonging to commodore Aury's schooner was upset among the breakers, and a Spanish officer, lieutenant Dallares, was unfortunately lost. This young Spaniard, to whom Mina had been a benefactor, and who had left England with him, was one of the few of his countrymen, that had adhered to the general to the last. Mina was much attached to him, and deeply regretted the accident which had deprived him of a warm friend. Four men also, belonging to the fleet, deserted and hid themselves in the woods; they afterwards presented themselves to the enemy, to whom they gave every information.

As soon as the vessels had obtained a sufficient supply of fresh beef and water, to carry the expedition to the intended point, the fleet made sail, with the wind at south east, but it soon afterwards shifted to the westward, and blew a gale, in which the vessels were dispersed. The troops on board the *Cleopatra*, whose stores were less ample than those of the other vessels, were thereby placed in a disagreeable situation. The fresh beef would not last more than twenty-four hours, and the prize brig, which had hitherto supplied their wants, was not in sight. The stores were soon reduced to a small quantity of bread, and a keg of almonds, and as the weather continued bad, it became absolutely necessary to put every one on short allowance. Accordingly, half a biscuit, and a few almonds, with a pint of water, were daily served out to each man, the general receiving the same; but this privation continued only five or six days. The *Cleopatra* arrived at

the rendezvous the 11th of April; and the next and following day the rest of the fleet got in also.

Arrangements were then made to disembark the troops, and, early on the 15th, it was effected without accident.

Two men, dressed and mounted as peasantry (*peasanos*) joined the general in the course of the day. They afforded him some local information, and he understood from them that Don *Felipe La Garza*, the commandant of the district, was in the adjacent town of *Soto la Marina*, with a small force. These men appeared frank and well disposed, and offered their services as guides, and accompanied a party to drive up some horses. They, however, watched an opportunity and slipped off. It afterwards appeared, that these men were Creoles, of that part of the country, and royalist soldiers, who had been sent down by La Garza to ascertain the strength of the invading force, which having done, to the best of their abilities, they decamped. The general had brought with him from New Orleans a native of *Soto la Marina*, so that he suffered no great inconvenience for the want of a guide, by the desertion of his new friends.

During the passage from Galvezton, Mina published an address to his companions in arms, in which he reminded them of the sacred enterprize in which they had engaged, to constantly bear in mind that they were not going to conquer the country, but to aid in its emancipation from a tyrannical government; he particularly recommended to them, to be careful in conciliating the good will of the inhabitants, to respect their customs, to show the most scrupulous regard to the ministers of religion, and on no occasion, or under any pretence, to violate the sanctity of the temples dedicated to divine worship.

The mouth of the river Santander is very narrow, with a bar across it, over which vessels drawing more than six feet of water cannot be carried. Near the beach the country is intersected by large bayous, and shallow ponds, extending a

long way to the southward. After passing the bar, the river suddenly widens, but afterwards gradually contracts itself towards the town of Soto la Marina. It is navigable, for such vessels as can pass the bar, to within a very short distance of the town, beyond which it is too shallow even for boats. The village (pueblo) of Soto la Marina stands upon an elevated situation, on the left or north bank of the river, and is distant from its mouth eighteen leagues.

On the morning of the 15th, the boats of the fleet were despatched up the river, and a field piece, some stores, and a detachment of artillery, to meet the division at the old settlement of Soto la Marina, which is but a short distance up the river, on the road to the present village; for which place the division, at the same time, took up its march. The boats, not finding the division at the old settlement, as was expected, proceeded on to the town, where they found the troops had just arrived before them. The division had been three days on the march from the beach, owing to the ignorance of the guide, who had conducted it by a very circuitous route; and it had suffered much, from extreme heat and want of water.

The advanced guard, composed of volunteers from the Guard of Honour, and the cavalry, with a detachment of the first regiment of the line, under major Sarda, entered Soto la Marina, without any opposition; La Garza, with the garrison and some families, evacuating the town on its approach. The division was met, at the entrance of the village, by the curate, who welcomed the general with open arms. When La Garza announced to the inhabitants the landing of Mina, he represented him as accompanied by a band of heretics, who had come into the country to deal out destruction on every side, and indiscriminately to put all to the sword. By these misrepresentations, and by coercive measures, he had compelled the most respectable part of the community to abandon the town; and it was with much astonishment and satis-

faction, that the remaining inhabitants found themselves treated with respect.

‘On taking possession, the necessary proclamations were issued, offering protection to the persons and property of those who remained peaceably at their homes, recalling the inhabitants who had deserted the place, and threatening the confiscation of the property of those who did not return within a given time. Civil officers also were selected from among the inhabitants, and clothed with authority by the general. Colonel the count De Ruuth, at this period, resigned his command, and returned on board of the commodore’s vessel. The colonel was highly esteemed by the whole division; and his loss was much regretted. Captain Maylefer was promoted to the rank of major, and appointed to the command of the cavalry.

‘A printing press was immediately established, under the direction of doctor Infante, a native of Havana; and the general’s manifesto was published. It took a retrospect of his exertions in the cause of liberty, and set forth the motives which had induced him to espouse that of the suffering colonies. This document soon reached the military commandants, many of whom, with their troops, would have joined the standard of Mina; but, as they had ascertained the strength of his division, they held back, conceiving his force too inconsiderable to effect any important object. Nevertheless, many of the inhabitants were not overawed by the royalists; and, in the first instance, countrymen, to the number of upwards of one hundred, united under his banners: they were well-formed, hardy fellows, and subsequently proved themselves faithful and brave. The division, at different periods, was joined by other recruits, the whole number amounting to above two hundred. Among those who joined it were two royalist officers, lieutenant colonel Don Valentine Rubio, and his brother, lieutenant Rubio.

The attention of the general was constantly directed towards the equipment and regulation of his little band. By Colonel Rubio, as well as from other sources, he was furnished with horses, and a hundred of the recruits were attached to the cavalry, the others to the first regiment. They who afterwards joined the division, were enrolled either with the hussars, the dragoons, or the first regiment. The different corps were equipped as follows:—

- Guard of Honour*, (infantry) officers, uniformed as such, armed with musket and bayonet.
- Artillery*, Brown coats, faced with red; four field pieces, two six inch howitzers, and two eleven and a half inch mortars.
- Cavalry, Hussars*, Scarlet hussar jackets, chacot and plume, armed with swords, light dragoon carbines, and pistols.
- Dragoons*, United States dragoon uniform, armed with sword, pistol, and lance.
- Regiment of the Union*, Uniform of the British 104th regiment of infantry.
- First regiment of the line*, United States rifle uniforms.

Mina, in furtherance of his plans, scoured the country in every direction; but, although these incursions were made by small parties, sometimes not exceeding twenty, yet La Garza, who was hovering in the vicinity of Soto La Marina, with upwards of three hundred men, never attacked them. The general visited some of the towns and haciendas, (plantations) and a detachment penetrated even to *Santander*, the capital of the province: but La Garza's threats obliged the respectable inhabitants to retire from their settlements, on the approach of Mina's parties, and, however ill inclined they might be to such removal, they were forced to comply with seeming alacrity.

Colonel Perry had for some time given strong evidences of discontent. He had frequently avowed his opinion, that

the division was too weak to be of any service to the patriots, and that he anticipated its annihilation. It was afterwards supposed, that he had long meditated the scheme which he now put into execution. Taking advantage of the absence of the general and colonel Young from the camp, he harangued his soldiers, and informed them of his intention of separating from Mina, and returning to the United States; he represented to them the very great perils into which they were about to be drawn, and urged them to retreat while an opportunity presented itself. By these means he prevailed on fifty-one of his troops, including major Gordon, and the rest of his officers, with one of the Guard of Honour, to accompany him. They marched in the direction of *Matagorda*, at which place he expected to meet with a sufficient number of boats to convey his party within the line of demarcation, between the United States and the Spanish possessions.

'The colonel's conduct caused both surprise and regret, for although he had occasionally manifested some caprice and discontent, yet no one supposed it possible that he could abandon the cause in the hour of danger; and indeed his conduct on this occasion is still very mysterious. Besides, to march with such a handful of men along the sea coast, where he knew that water, particularly at that season of the year, was very scarce, and when the enemy, it was presumable, would oppose his progress, was an act of palpable rashness.

'It was subsequently ascertained from the best Mexican authorities, that the colonel did actually penetrate to within a short distance of his destined point; after several skirmishes with the royal troops, in which success attended him. Flushed with these victories, he determined on attacking a fortified position near *Matagorda*, which might have been left in his rear, as the garrison did not evince the least disposition to annoy him. He had summoned the commandant to surrender, who was deliberating on the propriety of do-

ing us, at the moment when a party of two hundred cavalry made its appearance. A refusal to the summons was the consequence. The garrison sallied out, and a severe action commenced, in which Perry and his men displayed the most determined valour. They continued combating against this superiority of force till every man was killed, except Perry. Finding himself the only survivor, and determined not to be made a prisoner, he presented a pistol to his head, and terminated his existence. Thus perished a brave but rash man; and with him fell some valuable officers and men.

Colonel Perry had been in the United States' service, and was at the memorable battle of New Orleans. He embarked in the cause of Mexico, and was attached to the division that invaded Texas, under Don Jose Bernardo Gutierrez. He was under the command of Toledo, in the attack made on the Spanish troops commanded by Arredondo, in advance of San Antonio de Bejar, on the 18th of August, 1813. In that disastrous affair, the colonel behaved with his usual courage, but narrowly escaped with his life. His sufferings from fatigue and privations were extreme, before he again reached the United States.

The desertion of colonel Perry, with so great a number of valuable men, was a most severe blow to Mina; but it did not daunt his resolute mind. Major Stirling, who had been in the service of the United States, was appointed to the command of the regiment of the union, and other officers were nominated in lieu of those who had deserted.

A junction was at length effected with the patriot forces, not however until the little army had been thirty days on the march, and had traversed a distance of two hundred and twenty leagues.

It was harassed a considerable distance by the enemy, from which cause, and from the nature of the marches, no regular supplies of provisions could be procured. Frequent-

by two, sometimes three, and even four days had elapsed, without rations: and in no instance did the division, except in El Valle de Mais, procure more than one meal a day, and that of meat only; fighting, during these scenes of privation and fatigue, two severe battles, and taking one town. The troops bore up against hardships, with cheerfulness, by observing that their leader fared like themselves; and in the hour of danger was invariably at their head, cheering them on.

‘The privations which the division suffered, did not arise from the want of means in that part of Mexico, to support an army, but from the circumstances of the general being obliged to seek the most unfrequented paths, and the constant and rapid marches which his situation obliged him to make, frequently not allowing him time to refresh his troops, except by a few hours sleep, which the troops generally preferred to, employing the time in cooking. If Mina’s force had been strong enough to have allowed him to advance by the high road, the division would have fared differently, for few countries can afford more provisions for an army than Mexico, particularly in meat. A few leagues from the sea coast, where there is scarcely any population, bread is difficult to be obtained, but soon afterwards, an army reaches a delightful country, tolerably well settled, enjoying a fine climate, and where in the towns, wheat bread can always be procured.

‘By looking over M. le Baron de Humboldt’s chart, the only correct one extant, it will be seen that the distance by the king’s high way (*camino real*), from Soto la Marina to Sombrero, is not more than half the distance before mentioned, but Mina’s peculiar situation obliged him to take circuitous routes, which can be seen by tracing the march on the maps.

‘The following is the return made by colonel Noboa, of the strength of the division, on its arrival at Sombrero:—

The general and staff, - - -	10
Guard of Honour, - - -	33
Cavalry, - - - - -	100
Regiment of the Union, - - -	46
First regiment of the line, - -	50
Artillerists, - - - - -	5
Armed servants, - - - - -	12
Ordinanzas, - - - - -	5
<hr/>	
Total, - - - - -	269
<hr/>	

Of these twenty-five were wounded; and the loss, in killed, and those who were taken prisoners on the road, amounted to thirty-nine. When it is considered that the division marched through so great an extent of enemy's country, enduring severe privations and sufferings, for thirty days, it will appear almost incredible, that under such circumstances, besides fighting two battles and carrying by storm one town, the loss sustained should have been so trifling. It affords a criterion, which will enable the reader to judge of the skill and enterprise of Mina; and of the good conduct of his officers and men.'

We have not room to follow the author through his very minute detail of the proceedings of Mina; the narrative is curious, and doubtless authentic, but contains little variety of incidents: great fatigues were borne, many severe battles gallantly won against superior numbers, but the jealousy of *Padre Torres*, the patriot chief, appears to have caused the disastrous issue of the expedition. We pass on to the description of the last operation of the ill-fated chief, his defeat and death.

At the hacienda of La Caxa, Mina assembled about eleven hundred troops, with which he advanced to the hacienda of Burras. In the night of the 23d, avoiding the high roads,

and having made a circuit through the cultivated grounds, he passed along the heights immediately over the city of Guanaxuato, and gained, by day-light, an unfrequented spot, called La Mina de la Luz, in the mountains, about four leagues therefrom. He halted there during the day, awaiting the arrival of some reinforcements of infantry and cavalry, despatched by Don Encarnacion Ortiz. They joined him in the afternoon, and his force, thus augmented, amounted to nearly fourteen hundred men, of whom ninety only were infantry.

‘ Before relating the disastrous attack on the city of Guanaxuato, it will be proper to present the reader with a brief view of this celebrated town, because, in point of wealth and natural advantages, it holds the next rank in importance to the capital of New Spain; and indeed, as respects its physical resources, is equal, if not superior, to any city in Spanish America. These circumstances alone were such as to render its capture an enterprise worthy of the gallant Mina, and of the greatest importance to the revolutionary cause. ’

‘ Guanaxuato, the capital of the intendancy of that name, is situated amidst the rich metalliferous mountains, which border upon the plains of Silao, Salamanca, &c. on the east. Those plains, (usually called by the inhabitants the Baxio,) are the most beautiful and fertile to be found in all New Spain. The glowing description given by the baron de Humboldt, of the beauty and agricultural richness of this region, is not, in any respect, exaggerated; indeed it is impossible for the traveller to pass through that highly favoured country, without experiencing emotions of admiration and delight. The softness and purity of the atmosphere are soothing and invigorating; and the effect on the vision is such, that in no place have we ever beheld a verdure so vivid, as that of the vegetable productions of those plains. ’

‘ The mountains in its vicinity are abrupt, lofty, and rugged, like all those which abound in minerals. They are intersected with deep barrancas, many of them from two to

three hundred yards wide, and the awful precipices with which these barrancas abound, strike the stranger with surprise. The highly cultivated plains, and the chains of mountains, present the most sublime scenery, mingling the extremes of light and shade in the most striking and exquisite contrasts, equalling the most celebrated of European scenery in grandeur and magnitude, and rivalling the softest landscapes of Lausanne or Italy.

Along the windings of one of these barrancas is situated the city of Guanaxuato. It is so completely bosomed by surrounding mountains, that it can only be seen after ascending the heights around it, when the novelty of its location strikes the stranger with astonishment. In some places, the city spreads out like a broad amphitheatre; at others, it stretches along a narrow ridge: while the ranges of the habitations, accommodated to the sinuosities of the ground, present the most fantastic, but perhaps to most varied and elegant, groups of dwellings. Prior to the revolution, its population was estimated at seventy thousand souls; but at present that number has experienced a great diminution.

During the rainy season, it is exposed to injury from the violent torrents that rush from the mountains down the barranca in which the city stands, in their passage to the plain of Sihao. Large sums have been expended on works to restrain these torrents within a channel; but, nevertheless, accidents happen to the city from them almost every year.

The finest silver mines of all America are in its immediate vicinity, particularly the famous one of Valenciana. Previous to the revolution, this mine yielded to its proprietor the clear annual revenue of half a million of dollars.

The mines of the Mexican kingdom, and particularly those of Guanaxuato, form an important and interesting exception to the remark, that death reigns in the mines of America. The mines of Peru, as well as those of New Granada, are in general situated in uncongenial regions, or those of

perpetual snow. Vegetation is not seen for many leagues around them. Provisions are brought to them from a great distance. The miner has to undergo the transition from extreme heat to that of cold; to abandon delightful valleys, blessed with a fine temperature, to inhabit a frigid region, where everlasting sterility prevails. He is forced by the law of the *Mita* to abandon his family, or, if they accompany him, it is only to partake of his hardships and his sorrows. Widely different is the lot of the Mexican miner. At an elevation of from six to seven thousand feet above the ocean, he enjoys all the blessings of the temperate zone. In Mexico, we see the highest cultivation in the vicinity of mining stations. The intendancy of Guanajuato is the smallest, and contains the most dense population of any other in Mexico. According to M. de Humboldt, it is fifty-two leagues in length, and thirty-one in breadth; covering a surface equal to nine hundred and eleven square leagues, which, in 1803, contained a population of five hundred and seventeen thousand three hundred souls, or five hundred and sixty-eight to each square league. The beautiful plains of Guanajuato, extending in length thirty leagues, from Celaya to the Villa de Leon, and immediately around the mines, are in the highest state of cultivation, studded with three cities, four towns, thirty-seven pueblos, and four hundred and forty-eight haciendas. The mountains abound with fine forests, and provisions and luxuries are abundant in all directions around these mines.

Hundreds of miners of Guanajuato came under our observation, and a more robust race of people we beheld not in Mexico. Thus, from personal observation, we were led to adopt the opinion, that the labour incident to their course of life, was not so deleterious as we should otherwise have thought.

In the mine of Valenciana, for example, previous to the revolution, (for since that period, it has, in a great measure,

become filled with water,) the business of a large portion of the labourers was the continually carrying upon their backs burthens of minerals, averaging three hundred pounds, from the bottom to the mouth of the mine, by an ascent of eighteen hundred steps, passing too through a temperature varying from forty-five to ninety-three degrees. Nevertheless, the miner enjoys perfect health; and the proportion of births to deaths, as given by M. de Humboldt, at once demonstrates, although a large proportion of the inhabitants are Indians, the salubrity of the mining station. In the city of Guanaxuato, the average number of births for five years exceeds that of the deaths two hundred for one hundred; and in the adjoining mines of Santa Ana and Marfil a hundred and ninety-five to a hundred.

That the labour in the mines may have been pernicious in former years, when it was compulsory, and when the barbarous law of the *Mita* was in force, when the pits and galleries were charged with impure air, and less attention was bestowed on the accommodation of the miner, we cannot deny; but the improvements which have been made within the last twenty-five years by the school of mines established in the city of Mexico, have lessened these evils, and introduced a system by which the mines are ventilated, and the air purified. The wages of the miner are more liberal, and his labour being voluntary, consequently, when he feels dissatisfied, he retires, and his place is supplied from the superabundant population of the adjacent fertile country. No doubt can be entertained, that when foreign arts and sciences are introduced into Mexico, where so spacious and favourable a field for their culture is at present fenced round by Spanish policy, human labour in the mines will be greatly diminished; and instead of the tedious and laborious occupations, now resorted to from necessity, machinery will, in a great measure, effect these objects, diminish human suffering, and diffuse happiness over those delightful regions. It is there that the power of steam remains yet to be successfully applied.

Historians and travellers have been so much accustomed to copy each other in depicting the horrors of the unfortunate miner, that the galley slaves of Europe have been considered happy when compared with the individual who descends into the mines of Spanish America; and, although some of these poetical descriptions of Raynal, Pauw, and the Scottish historian Robertson, may have been in past times applicable to the mines of Potosi, and others among the Andes of Peru, we feel satisfied that such descriptions will not apply to the condition of the miner in Mexico. It has likewise been a vulgar opinion throughout the civilized world, that an immense proportion of the Indian population were employed in the mines. Leaving the consideration of what occurs in South America to the future observer, we confine ourselves to Mexico, when we state, that in the year 1807, according to the returns transmitted to the school of mines, the whole number of persons employed in all the mines of New Spain were thirty-two thousand three hundred and forty. So that, when we reflect that the population of New Spain is between six and seven millions, we at once perceive how small, to the general population of the country, is the proportion of persons engaged in this species of labour. But since the present revolution commenced, some of the mines have been abandoned, others have become choked up with water, and therefore, the above number must necessarily be considerably reduced. Should our hopes that a liberal government may, at no distant day be established in New Spain be realized, it is plain that the introduction of machinery will not only lessen the number of men hitherto employed in those works, but will augment the produce of these mines far beyond what they have yet yielded, so as to keep pace with the necessary demands of an augmenting population, and the additional calls of the world in its career of improvement.

It is not, however, the mines of Guanaxuato which constitute the real wealth of that important intendency of New Spain. Its riches are founded on a more durable basis. The benignity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, and the happy race of men susceptible of every polish and refinement, and with genius calculated to pursue every intellectual enterprise with ardour and success, are blessings which will exist, even should the silver of its piled-up mountains be exhausted.

‘All the nutritious grains necessary for human enjoyment and support, find a congenial soil and climate in the intendency of Guanaxuato. Those adjoining it are equally blessed. No part of the earth yields a more abundant product to the labours of the agriculturist, nor do we believe there is any climate so favourable to longevity, or a territory which would sustain a more dense population on each square mile, than the climate and territory of the intendency of Guanaxuato. Not only its fertile plains, but its loftiest summits appear destined for the abodes of rural felicity.

‘The future race of Mexicans which is to flourish in this favoured part of New Spain, is not destined to depend on the caprices of artificial policy, nor the casualties of foreign commerce, for the supply of either necessities or luxuries. The inhabitants of this intendency, as well as of Mexico generally, are sure of the jealousy of selfish or less favoured nations; and it is, perhaps, fortunate for them, because they will the more readily apply the energy of their genius, and their industry, to supply from their own resources those commodities, by supplying the wants of which, other nations might be enabled to interfere in their prosperity, and subject them to the deleterious system which has already made South America suffer three centuries of wretchedness, and has not spared any part of the world from its vexation. As we have before observed, whatever foreign productions of the temperate zone may hereafter be introduced into this intendency, will

there flourish; while its indigenous productions, and the few of foreign origin at present introduced, are alone amply sufficient for human comfort and subsistence. Although the agriculture of Mexico is a century behind that of Europe or the United States, still its products are astonishingly great. As wheat is sown in the dry season, it is raised by irrigation. M. de Humboldt makes the average produce of Mexico from twenty-two to twenty-five for one. But it varies in different situations from eighteen and twenty to seventy and eighty for one fanega sown;—its average thus exceeding four or five times the mean produce of France. Indian corn grows variously; in some parts of the Baxio it yields the astonishing increase of eight hundred for one fanega sown; in some parts, the harvest is considered bad at one hundred and fifty for one. The mean produce of the equinoctial region of Mexico is taken by M. de Humboldt at one hundred and fifty for one.

‘ The fruits, whether indigenous or exotic, grow to great perfection in Guanaxuato; and in any of the markets are exhibited in the same baskets, as well the products of the temperate as those of the torrid zone. There, in the highest state of perfection, are offered for sale, pineapples, grapes, oranges, bananas, peaches, apples, pears, &c., gathered within a few leagues of each other. The animals of Guanaxuato are of a superior kind. The sheep which browse on the mountains afford a delicious meat, and yield a remarkably fine wool. The horses, in point of beauty, form, muscle, bone and high mettle, are no where surpassed.

‘ In no part of New Spain is there a finer race of men than in Guanaxuato, and the character is common to Indians and Creoles. Robust in their limbs, comely and athletic, with an eye denoting extraordinary acuteness, these men create emotions in a stranger rarely excited at first sight; and whenever the blessings of a liberal government shall be obtained by them, and the advantages of an extended and liberal educa-

tion be diffused among them, we predict that the province of Guanaxuato will occupy a distinguished place among the Mexican provinces. But let us resume the operations against the city.

‘It is evident from the description we have given of Guanaxuato, that artillery, placed on the heights which encompass it, would soon cause it to succumb. However, as the enemy entertained no apprehensions of formidable attacks from the patriots, they had neglected to fortify the passes of the mountains leading to the city, and relied for their defence on a castle or strong barracks which stood in a central position.

‘Mina was not provided with the necessary artillery to occupy the heights; and as Orrantia was following him, he resolved to carry the city by a coup de main. His intention was communicated to the troops, who manifested an anxiety to be led on. Pleased with their enthusiasm, and flattering himself that he was about to strike a blow which would give a decisive turn to the revolution, he made his arrangements accordingly. Filled with these presages, he appeared more than usually animated, and at dark advanced upon the city. At eleven o'clock the advanced guard arrived in the suburbs. A considerable halt was there made, to enable the division to close up, as the defiles through which the place had been approached were very narrow; in some places not affording a passage for more than a single file of men. The troops at length reunited, and although the sentinels were proclaiming within a short distance their “all’s well,” yet such had been the silence and good order on the part of Mina’s troops, that the enemy were not apprized of his approach until after midnight; they received the first intimation of it, by the surprise and capture of one of their outposts. The alarm of the enemy became general, and a firing commenced from the castle. But habits of discipline were again found wanting, and scenes even more disgraceful than those we have formerly described

as having occurred at San Luis de la Paz, were here reacted at the critical moment when order and obedience were most required. Mina found himself surrounded by a military mob. In vain did he employ persuasion or threats; his mildness won them not; his orders were not obeyed; and although the enemy's fire had slackened for some time, thereby offering an opportunity for the assault, all his attempts were fruitless—he could not induce them to move forward. Until near the dawn did the general fruitlessly exert himself to restore some order, and prevail on the troops to advance; but finding it impossible, and knowing that Orrantia was approaching, he was compelled to abandon the assault, and to commence a retreat. With such troops as these, after the failure of an enterprise, a retreat must be synonymous with flight. Insensible that they could pass with more celerity and safety by preserving a regular order of march, they crowded to the defile by which they had entered, each one endeavouring to precede the other; they soon choked up the pass, and a tumult ensued. A few of the enemy perceiving the retreat, ventured from their position, and fired some random shots. The confusion augmented with the alarm of the fugitives, lest they should be overtaken by the enemy, as they were thus huddled together. At length the general, with infinite difficulty, succeeded in allaying their apprehensions, and restored some little order among them. During this disastrous scene, Don Francisco Ortiz, one of the patriot officers, had with part of his troops gained the height on which stand the works of the Valenciana mine; and most wantonly set fire to them. This act highly incensed Mina, as he had uniformly given the most positive orders against the destruction of private property.

‘The troops were at length extricated from the defile, and a little after sunrise reached La Mina de La Luz, where a halt was made. The general could no longer conceal his deep mortification, nor restrain his exasperated feelings. To

a body of patriot officers who were assembled around him, he observed, that they were unworthy that any man of character should espouse their cause. "Had you done your duty," said he, "your men would have done theirs, and Guanaxuato would have been ours." The order of the day passed a censure on those who deserved it, and commended a few who had merited his applause by their good conduct.

' Having thus failed in his favourite enterprise against Guanaxuato, and having now no immediate object in view to employ the troops; in order to deceive the royalists as to his own movements, he dismissed them to their respective comandancias, where he believed they might be useful in harassing the enemy, until he again required their services; thereby, at the same time, preserving his men and horses from the marches and countermarches to which they would have been subject from the pursuit of Orrantia, and recruiting them for his next attempt. He strictly enjoined those commandants whose stations were around Guanaxuato not to allow supplies of any kind to enter the city; still fondly persuading himself that he would be able to renew the attack upon it with more effect. Retaining with him forty infantry and thirty cavalry, the general determined to proceed to the residence of his friend Don Mariano Herrera, at a neighbouring rancho called El Venadito. Accordingly, on the same evening, after having dismissed the troops, he took up his march for that place, but passed the night at a short distance from La Mina de la Luz.

' The Rancho del Venadito was composed of a few houses on the lands of the Tlachiquera, about one league distant from the hacienda, and eight from the town of Silao. Its owner, Don Mariano Herrera, was a native of Guanaxuato. A man of high respectability, and of a mind well cultivated. He had suffered severely from the royalists. Orrantia had laid waste the hacienda, burned the buildings, and pillaged the church, converting it into a stable. The unfortunate Don

Mariano had fallen a prisoner into his hands, and had been carried off by him, together with all the property that could be collected. After being thus despoiled, and his fine estate destroyed, he was compelled to ransom his life by paying twenty thousand dollars. Upon being set at liberty, he returned to his estate, and there employed himself in the pursuits of agriculture: His mansion and buildings being burned, his crops destroyed, his cattle and moveables taken away, and his funds exhausted, he was unable to restore his estate to its pristine condition; and it became a place for his personal subsistence and rest. Indeed, had he possessed the means of recalling its former comforts and beauties, it would only have exposed him anew to the depredations of an insatiable rapacity. He therefore constructed only a small house, and as his dependants were devoted to him, he hoped from the peculiar situation of the Venadito to enjoy a secure retreat.

‘The Venadito was placed in a small circular barranca, in front of which was a small plain. The barranca was more or less covered with a copse, among which were interspersed large masses of rocks. Through these wound the only path to the high grounds surrounding,—a spacious table land, bounded at its extremity by barrancas. The road from Guanaxuato and Silao running through a long, narrow, and intricate barranca, in which dwelt a numerous peasantry warmly attached to the cause of liberty, and devoted to Don Mariano, was supposed to afford complete protection from a surprise by the enemy in that direction, as their approach could be communicated to Don Mariano in sufficient time to enable him and his attendants to take refuge among the barrancas in the rear of the Venadito. On the other side, there were no royalist posts for a considerable distance, and as the patriot troops under Ortiz ranged unmolested in that direction, no danger was thence apprehended.

'The Venadito was therefore deemed perfectly secure from a surprise by day, and at night it was the custom of Don Mariano to take refuge in the mountains; so that although living in constant apprehension, yet he considered his person as secure. In this solitary spot Don Mariano passed his time, solaced by the attentions of a beloved sister, who had torn herself from her friends in Guanaxuato, to partake of her brother's fortune.

'Mina and Herrera had formed for each other a warm friendship; the former gave to the latter his entire confidence, of which he was in every respect deserving. Mina arrived the next day, about noon, at the Venadito, where he was most cordially received by his friend. He understood that Orrantia was in Irapuato, at a loss to discover what direction he had taken, and he knew that he would be more confounded when he heard of the dispersion of the patriot troops. From these circumstances, and the position of the Venadito, Mina thought himself perfectly secure. He therefore determined to pass the night at the rancho with his friend, and ordered the horses of the cavalry out to pasture. During the afternoon Don Pedro Moreno, who resided in the neighbourhood, visited Mina and remained with him. The troops encamped in advance of the house; videtts were posted; and the general was so satisfied of his security, that, contrary to his usual custom, he retired to rest on the floor in the house. We mention these circumstances, because the sequel will show, that the general, in this rare instance of a departure from his usual habit of sleeping with his men, committed a most unfortunate error.

'Among the pernicious and impolitic practices of the patriots, was that of permitting priests to come out of the enemy's towns to perform mass among them. Many of these men were spies and agents of the royalists, and never failed to collect every possible information for the advantage of their masters. The road by which Mina had that morning

passed, lay through a small pueblo to which a padre repaired weekly from Silao. It was Sunday when the general passed through it. The padre waited on him to pay his respects, conducting himself with all that humility and sycophancy which his fraternity so well know how to use, when a point is to be gained. Mina treated him as he always did persons of his description, with attention and respect, but at the same time with caution. The padre was either informed of or conjectured Mina's destination; but be that as it may, he was so very anxious to carry the gratifying intelligence to the royalists, that the instant Mina departed from the pueblo, without waiting for his dinner, he mounted his horse and set out for Silao, distant about five or six leagues.

‘Mina's suppositions of Orrantia's incertitude of the course of his proceedings were well founded; for the latter was totally at a loss where to look for the general, and had marched to Silao in that state of uncertainty. The dispersion of Mina's troops increased the perplexity of Orrantia; but while he was in this state of confusion, (as he expressed himself in his despatches to the viceroy,) he received from the priest the unexpected but important information, that Mina had gone to the Venadito. Had not Orrantia by accident arrived in Silao that very evening, the padre's intentions and information must have been of no avail, because it was the intention of Mina to have marched from the Venadito the ensuing morning. A concurrence of unfortunate circumstances, however, seems to have led to that catastrophe which we are about to narrate. Orrantia, notwithstanding the fatigue of his troops, lost not a moment in putting them in motion, and having gained a position suitable for his design, placed them in ambush near the Venadito, intending, as soon as day-light should enable him to discern objects, to fall upon Mina's party.

‘At dawn of the morning of the 27th, Orrantia's cavalry sallied from the ambush, and advanced in full speed on Mina's

encampment. The alarm was given. The troopers of Mina, finding themselves cut off from their horses at pasture, mingled with the infantry, whose first impulse was to save themselves by flight. If thirty infantry only had united at that juncture, such was the situation of the ground, that they could have repelled the whole force of Orrantia, or at least could have held him in check and made good their retreat. But officers and soldiers thought of nothing but their own safety; in the utmost disorder they rushed forward to gain the summit of the hills, and thence escape by the barrancas in the rear. Mina, awakened by the noise and tumult of his flying troops, started from the floor, and rushed out of the house in the same apparel in which he had passed the night, without coat, hat, or even his sword. Regardless of his person, his first object was to attempt the rallying of his flying troops: but all his exertions were unavailing. He soon found himself alone. He beheld the enemy pursuing and cutting down his flying comrades; and attempted, when too late, to secure his own safety; but the enemy were upon him. Still hallooing to the fugitives to halt and form, he was seized by a dragoon: having no arms whatever, resistance was useless.

‘If Mina, on first leaving the house, had attempted to escape, he might have succeeded with as much ease as many others: but we suppose such a thought never entered his mind. His favourite servant, a coloured boy of New Orleans, after the general left the house, saddled his best horse, and went in pursuit of his master, carrying likewise his sword and pistols; but unfortunately he found him not.

‘The dragoon who captured Mina was ignorant of the rank of his prisoner, until informed of it by the general himself. He was then pinioned, and conducted into the presence of Orrantia, who in the most arrogant manner began to reproach him for having taken up arms against his sovereign, and to interrogate him concerning his motives in thus becoming a traitor, insulting him, and lavishing upon him the

bitterest criminations. Mina, who on the most trying occasions never lost his presence of mind and characteristic firmness, replied to the interrogatories in so sarcastic a strain, and with such strong expressions of contempt and indignation manifested in his countenance, that the brutal Orrantia started from his seat, and *beat with the flat of his sword his disarmed and pinioned prisoner*. Mina, motionless as a statue, endured this indignity; and then, with a crest brightened by conscious greatness, and an eye glowing with the fires of an elevated spirit, he looked down upon his conqueror, and said; "I regret being made a prisoner; but to fall into the hands of one regardless of the character of a Spaniard and a soldier, renders my misfortune doubly keen." The magnanimity of Mina filled every man present with admiration, and even Orrantia stood confounded with the severity of his rebuke.

'The capture of Mina was considered by the Spanish government as an event of such high importance, that they have honoured the present viceroy, Don Juan Ruiz de Apodaca, with the title of Conde del Venadito. Linan and Orrantia have been presented with military crosses; and to the dragoon who actually took Mina, a yearly stipend has been assigned, accompanied by promotion to the station of a corporal.

'A letter, purporting to be written by Mina to Linan, on the 3d of November, after his capture, has appeared in the Mexican Gazette, which, although it contains nothing but what might be expected from a man whose mind was soured by the conduct of such men as Padre Torres, yet is couched in a style that renders it a suspicious document; besides that the whole tenor of Mina's conduct, from the moment of his capture to that of his execution, forbids the belief of his having written the letter in question. We further know, that subsequent to his capture, he wrote a letter to his countryman, Don Pablo Erdozain, who commanded at the work of

Tepeaca, in which letter, written in the provincial dialect of Navarre, he gives some instructions about his own private affairs, and concludes by wishing Erdozain success, and exhorting him to pursue a conduct marked by honour and consistency. We have thought proper to mention these circumstances, in order to counteract any erroneous impression that may have been made by the publication before alluded to in the Mexican Gazette. We have, on other occasions, noticed the recantations and penitential documents published in that Gazette, relative to Hidalgo, Morelos, and other patriot chiefs, all of which are now well known to have been forgeries of the royalists, for the purpose of deceiving the people.

Five of the officers of Mina's division, and some few of the soldiers, escaped from the Venadito. Don Jose Maria Liceaga succeeded in his flight on horseback. The Creole troops in general began their flight so early in the alarm, that they had time to conceal themselves in the broken ground. Of the division, four men were killed. Don Pedro Moreno, who had fled up the side of the barranca, was overtaken, killed, and his head severed from his body: this trophy was afterwards stuck on a pole. Don Mariano Herrera, and about fourteen of the troops, were made prisoners: these, with the exception of Don Mariano, were executed.

Orrantia, after the disgraceful scene we have already noticed, inquired the force of the patriots in his neighbourhood. Mina informed him; when, conceiving perhaps that a desperate effort might be made to rescue the general, he immediately retreated upon Silao with his prisoner, who was treated with every indignity. This ungenerous treatment was borne by Mina with his characteristic fortitude. The situation of his companions engrossed his reflections; and while on the road, his endeavours to cheer them up were constant.

On reaching Silao, he was put into irons by his savage conductor. Thence he was removed to Irapuato, and finally to Linan's head-quarters in front of Tepeaca at Los Reme-

dios, where he was committed to the care of the regiment of Navarra. There, his treatment was such as a brave man deserved; every humane attention was shown him, and his situation was made as comfortable as possible.

' We have understood that among the few of the papers which fell into the hands of the enemy were some in cipher. To obtain an explanation of these was a matter of great consequence, because they would develop the names of certain patriots who resided within their walls, and who had held correspondence with Mina. Fortunately for the writers, Mina had been accustomed, on receiving any communication of importance, to copy it, and destroy the original. All his answers to their inquiries breathed fidelity to a cause in which he had been so shamefully treated, and thus displayed in a new light the nobleness of his character. We have conversed with some royal officers who were present at these conversations; and they have assured us, that such was the admiration excited by his conduct, that there were few officers in Linan's army who did not sympathize in Mina's misfortune, and were much more disposed to liberate than to sacrifice him.

' Upon the arrival at Mexico of the express which had been despatched to announce the capture of Mina, couriers were sent by the viceroy to every part of the kingdom, to convey the cheering intelligence. Te Deums were chanted in the churches; salutes of artillery, illuminations, and rejoicings, took place in every town in possession of the royalists; and such was the general joy among them, that they hailed the capture of Mina as the termination of the revolution. These demonstrations on the part of the government and its adherents, are in themselves no common eulogium on the character of Mina.

' In the city of Mexico, a great anxiety prevailed to behold Mina, and had he reached that place, great interest would have been made to save his life; but the viceroy, fearing the

consequences that might ensue should he be brought thither, and being in constant dread lest he should escape, despatched an order to Linan for the immediate execution of his prisoner.

'When this order was communicated to Mina, he received it without any visible emotion. He continued to resist all overtures for the purpose of drawing information from him, but regretted that he had not landed in Mexico one year sooner, when his services would have been more effective. He likewise regretted quitting life so deeply indebted to certain individuals, who had generously aided his enterprise.

'On the 11th of November (as well as we can now recollect) he was conducted under a military escort to the fatal ground, attended by a file of the Cacadores of the regiment of Zaragoza. In this last scene of his life was the hero of Navarre not unmindful of his character; with a firm step he advanced to the fatal spot, and with his usual serenity told the soldiers to take good aim, "*Y no me hagais sufrir*," (and don't let me suffer.) The officer commanding gave the accustomed signal; they fired; and that spirit fled from earth, which, for all the qualities which constitute the hero and the patriot, seemed to have been born for the good of mankind.'

ART. II.—*Extracts from Jacob's View of Germany.* 4to. pp. 450. London, 1820.

1. *Agriculture.*—'It was my fortune to fall in with a very intelligent man, a considerable landowner and farmer, who was very communicative, and appeared to be remarkably accurate. He accompanied me to the large village or rather town of Arangeon, where he resided, and where he invited me to see his premises. I learnt from him, that the usual course of cropping on the farms between the spot where the rich meadows ceased, and his estate, was the following: The land when cleaned was manured, and sowed with buck wheat; after that a second dressing of dung is administered, and after a single

plowing, rye is sowed. The rye is usually harvested in July, when turneps are sowed after a single plowing. They have three crops in every two years. The produce of the buck-wheat on an average of years, is a last, or 10½ quarters to four malts, or two morgens of land, or twenty to twenty-two of our bushels to the acre. The rye is estimated to produce about two more of our bushels to the acre than the buck-wheat; but this year, as is the case in England, rye falls considerably below an average crop. The turneps are the worst, because the most neglected of the three crops. The seed, instead of being of one kind, was red round, white round, tankard, and some other species, with which I was not acquainted, all mingled together. The plants were healthy and quite as thick as was necessary; but though the bulbs were formed, they had not been hoed, nor had even the harrows been drawn through to thin them. It is therefore impossible they should become a tolerable crop. This was the only deficiency I noticed, either on my companion's land, or in the track which we had spent two hours together in passing over. As far as I could judge, the portion of manure administered before the buck-wheat and rye, was small. I could not hit on any measure with which my companion was acquainted, that enabled me to reduce his quantities to cubic yards, or our common cart loads; but I was led to guess that not more than seven or eight of our Surry and Kent cart loads were applied to the acre. My informant, in a language between Dutch and German, but very intelligible to me, remarked, speaking of manure, "*wenig und ofters ist besser als viel und selten*;" a little frequently is better than much and seldom. I observed the farm yards and the hogsties, were well bedded with a fine sand, but that very little straw was applied to be converted into manure. There can be no doubt but such sand will imbibe and retain the fæces of the animals; but it may be doubted, if so much ammonia is administered to the land by this mode as by the putrefactive fermentation which is pro-

duced by the abundance of straw, that is trodden in with the exuvise in our English farm yards.' (P. 48—50.)

2. *Dykes*.—'The road I had hitherto travelled was on the top of the dykes which confine within the canals the whole water of the country. As far as my eye could determine, these dykes are on the side towards the fields, about thirteen or fourteen feet in height, but varying according to the elevation or depression of the land. The slope from the top to the bottom forms an angle about forty-five degrees. I thought them about twenty four feet wide at the top, and if both sides sloped equally, they would be somewhat more than double that width at the bottom. The inner side, however, borders a canal, which is usually from four to six feet in depth. The bottom of the canal must, consequently, be from six to eight feet higher than the level of the surrounding fields. From this situation of the water above the land, it will be readily conceived, that great solicitude must exist to maintain the dykes in good condition; and that the expense of clearing the fields of the floods, by pumping the water to such height must be enormous. The dykes are formed, and kept in repair, by bundles of willows interlaced, so as to form a slanting wall, and the interstices are filled with earth well puddled, and thereby rendered compact. The expense of maintaining the dykes is supported by a tax laid on the surrounding lands, which is levied by commissioners, according to long established usage, in such manner as to create little discontent, and scarcely any suspicion of unfairness. The expenditure in human labour is great, but is much exceeded by the cost of the willows, though they grow near the places where they are wanted, in very extensive plantations.' (P. 15.)

'One of the richest tracts of country in the vicinity of Arnhem has been often exposed to tremendous inundations. These are frequently felt at the breaking up of a long frost; but in no instance so calamitously as in the winter 1808-9. A violent tempest from the north-west had raised the waters

of the Zuyder sea, some feet above the highest mark of the spring tides, and the waves beat with unusual violence against the dykes, constructed to break their fury. The thaw on the Upper Rhine had increased the quantity and the force of its waters, which brought down masses of ice fourteen feet in height, and more than half a mile in length; to which the embankments, softened by the thaw, and somewhat injured, presented an insufficient barrier. A breach made in one part soon extended itself, and the torrent quickly covered the country, bearing before it by its force, the villages, the inhabitants, and the cattle. The height of the Zuyder sea prevented the water from finding an outlet; and it consequently remained on the ground for a long period, in spite of the exertions of the surviving inhabitants. By this event, more than seventy houses were totally destroyed, a far greater number irretrievably damaged, and of nine hundred families, more than five hundred were rendered utterly destitute; more than four hundred dead bodies were left on the borders of the current, and at the city of Arnhem, five hundred persons, mostly women and children, with many hundred head of cattle, were rescued from a watery grave, by the hazardous heroism of the inhabitants, who ventured in boats to their rescue.' (P. 57, 58.)

' In the Seven Provinces, which are usually distinguished by the name of Holland, from the most important of the number, there is still kept alive a chivalrous spirit of independence; there exist recollections and associations, which recall the patriotic minds to the periods when their ancestors, resisted the power of Spain in its zenith, contended with England for the dominion of the seas, and, with proudly remembered triumphs, checked the ambitious hopes of the Grand Monarque. The numerous monuments in their churches to the memory of their heroes, and the trophies that their public buildings display, have kept alive this spirit; the late conduct of their fleet before Algiers, and the praises conferred

on it by our Eatinouth, have blown into a flame a spark, which French oppression had never totally extinguished.

'In Belgium, on the other hand, the name of independence has for three centuries been unheard; submission to masters over whom they had no check, by whom a forced obedience was required, and who administered none of those consoling flatteries which the most rigid despots find it necessary to use towards their subjects, was their sole duty, and in that duty they were fully instructed. Instead of investigating they submitted, instead of inquiring they yielded, and thus sunk in mental acquirements, to a state in which they were fitted to be either the instruments or the subjects of oppression, as best suited the purposes of those governors who happened to obtain authority over them. Of every religion we should speak with respect; but whilst that of Holland was reasonable, sincere, and tolerant, that of Belgium was even below the general level of the corrupt church, of which they formed the most irrational part, in every thing that was childish, superstitious, and persecuting.' (P. 71, 72.)

'The high reputation of Amtman Meyer, who resides about eight miles from Hanover, induced me to visit his establishment, where I was not so fortunate as to meet the proprietor, who had been described to me as the most scientific agriculturist in the vicinity. His amt was still more extensive than that of Calenburg, and included within the area, besides his dwelling, and those of the superintendents of his farm and the barns, stables, sheep-house and cattle-stalls, a very neat church. The land round this establishment shows more abundant marks of good cultivation, and more proofs of the liberal application of manure, than I had before witnessed in Hanover.'

'The *kohl-ruben* had attained a good size, and were flourishing, whilst a considerable breadth of the *mangel-wurzel* was growing: but both of these crops appeared to me not sufficiently hoed to give the roots space to extend to the dimen-

signs which they would attain by a different mode of culture. I observed here the first stalk of clover hay that had met my sight since I entered Germany. Around the borders of some fields were small patches of tobacco, such as I had first seen before noticed in the course of my rides. I was told the quality of it was bad, and too weak for any but boys to smoke it. They seem to learn this abominable practice at a very early age. I was surprised one day, by being asked by a shepherd boy, of whom I had made some inquiry, and who appeared not more than twelve years of age, if I could give him any fire, or the materials for supplying him with it, as he had lost either his flint or his steel, and could not light his pipe.

Contrary to the usual course in such establishments, the cows here are farmed to a Dutch dairy-man, who professes to make butter and cheese of the same kind as is produced in Holland. The cows, from ninety to one hundred, are let to him for one thousand rix dollars annually. In the summer months they are depastured on the meadow lands, by the side of the river. In the winter, they are allowed ten pounds of hay, and fourteen pounds of straw, daily. I heard sad lamentations on the dryness of the present summer, of the want of food on the meadows, and the consequent scarcity and poverty of the milk. The contrivances of the Dutchmen to save labour, were very admirable. The milk and cream were in a cool cellar, the butter was churned by a very simple machine worked by a wheel, in the apartment at the top of the house; this was turned by a boy, and by it one hundred pounds of butter were at some seasons made daily, in about two hours. The presses for the cheese were worked by the same machine which churned the butter.

The attempt to make various kinds of cheese from the same land is necessarily futile. Cheese denominated Swiss, Dutch, Cheshire, and Gloucester, is made by this man. I tasted each, but could perceive no similarity to those of ei-

that of the districts by the names of which they were distinguished, nor any great difference betwixt one and another; for all, if not absolutely bad, were at least very indifferent.' (P. 123—125.)

ART. III.—*Self-Cultivation, Recommended, or Hints to a Youth leaving school.* By Isaac Taylor, Minister of the Gospel at Ongar. Republished by Wells and Lilly, Boston, 1820.

THIS is a discreet and sensible essay on practical education; and although not remarkable for depth or novelty of thought, is calculated to do good, by inculcating in a pleasing style many truths that cannot be too often told, nor too deeply impressed on the mind of pupils and preceptors.

The preface explains the aim and scope of the work as follows:

‘It may prevent misapprehension in the reader, and consequent disappointment, to state distinctly the object of the present volume. It is not an attempt to depreciate the instruction which schools are intended to give; nor by any means to institute a mode of self tuition, which shall render them needless. The *self-cultivation* recommended, is rather intended to *render them complete*.

‘It is a very common mistake, which the author has found extremely detrimental to youthful improvement;—that masters are to teach their pupils; and that the whole burden of education lies on the tutor. That the thoughtless, volatile young, should take up such a notion, is no wonder: but the manner in which many teachers operate, seems to intimate that they also make the same mistake; for all their teaching is *telling*; substituting the means for the end. That teaching is alone efficient which is connected with *doing*. The pupil must not be a mere recipient, a listener; but an actor, if he would even comprehend the lesson; if especially he would make that morsel of knowledge his own.

'This mistake is not, however, the exact object of this address; but rather, one consequent upon it: which is, *that when a child leaves school, his education is finished*. A notion destructive of all real improvement; which steals from the mind almost all it had gained; and as it prevails totally or partially, prevents so far, all future improvement, all actual excellence.

'That such an idea does obtain, is perhaps within the recollection of most of us; lies under our observation, as far as the young surround us; and becomes the main obstacle to our wishes for their improvement, wherever their improvement is connected with our own labour, anxiety, and comfort.

'To prove, therefore, to the young, that their education is not finished, but only begun when they quit school; that all their hopes for honourable excellence must rest on their own exertions; that now especially their exertions promise successful issue; to rouse the noble determination of acting well: of putting forth mental energies on principle: this forms the single object of the following pages.

'If those who are still under tuition, should peruse the work and imbibe the spirit of it, it is hoped their present opportunities may be made more advantageous; but, put into the hands of such as have just left their tutors; should it engage them to become tutors to themselves, it is presumed then its application is more appropriate, and its beneficial effects may be hoped for to their greatest extent.

'With this hope it is, that SELF-CULTIVATION has been placed in a variety of lights, and its importance and efficiency delineated. To generate the principle is the first object. Should this endeavour be favourably received, some of the means most likely to guide in the process, may be developed in a future volume.

'May the present appeal forcibly impress the importance of the enterprize; the important enterprize will then be begun;

and much may be hoped from its progress during life; its completion must be watched for in another world.'

We pass to his second chapter 'On the different sources of Instruction.'

WHERE did you learn this? is a question sometimes not easy to be answered. The true reply if given, would point out sources of instruction which we had never considered as such. Perhaps the most important principles of action, the most efficient rules, and motives and habits, if rightly traced, will show, that not in one school but in several, we have taken our degrees; not from ostensible masters, but by gratuitous instruction; not from a parent's care, but by some servant's villany, we became thus knowing. To be aware beforehand, how such knowledge may be obtained or avoided will have its use.

Much of course may be attributed to the direct instruction received from masters, and schools, and the various tasks set us in them. So much given to be learned by rote, and that every day, must leave some traces of knowledge on the dullest mind. As the memory of children seems peculiarly retentive, it is a benefit to have had it stored with ideas, if they are but tolerably good and appropriate. Yet want of interest in the instruction given, occasions great inattention to it, and absurd misapprehension concerning it. It will be well if any thing remains sufficiently correct and impressive to become of actual service in life. Unless self-cultivation be early begun, which may seize, correct, and fix such floating notions, the chance is much against their permanency and effective usefulness.

Learning by rote is likely to be more useful, when the tutor has skill, patience, and fatherly feeling enough to engage him to add personal explanation and examination. Difficulties are sometimes cleared by a word. The truth is pointed out, and its importance impressed, by a single question, an

inquisitive look, or a marked emphasis, while the kindness with which such a mode implies will engage attention, and thereby rouse the youth's own powers:—the principle most important to success. Very favourable have been their opportunities, who, beyond the daily routine of tasks and duties, have enjoyed the *viva voce* lessons of an elegant mind, devoted to the labour of education, and stimulated by every symptom of success. If, indeed, vacant inattention, or the spirit of hardened obstinacy, ruled over those precious moments, the lessons, however excellent, could make but little impression; and should the same disposition remain, that self-cultivation should be roused to operate on such instruction can scarcely be expected.

‘In many cases the instruction given at schools has been premature. Not all children of the same age, or the same standing, are equally forward: and if all are expected to receive the same specific lesson, the effect cannot be beneficial. All instruction requires some previous knowledge to receive it. If the lesson be given, therefore, before the mind is sufficiently opened to comprehend its meaning, it will not be received. The whole will be lost; or the part retained, for want of its corresponding parts, will become an absurd and useless notion.

‘Will it be any wonder, then, if all the time and expense bestowed on schools and masters, produce but a small stock of knowledge:—if the parent be eventually disappointed, by the little attainment made; and the scholar disappointed too, in feeling himself not competent for the situations he is called to occupy. Perhaps he leaves his tutors with a rooted aversion against them; and against all knowledge; an aversion which cleaves to him through life, and grows with every experience of inability. Not able to rise to the various occasions before him, he fixes himself, with a sort of valiant obstinacy in some redoubt of ignorance; and affects to laugh at all who strive after an excellence which he is now determin-

and never to submit. A lost character this. Intellectualism is frozen up. The mind dozes and snores; or, if at all roused, turns its activity a-kimbo against instruction, and finally to resist and resist every attempt to communicate useful or honourable instruction.

In spite of every reluctance during the years of school, and although much time was lost in things which are not effectively learned, or which, if learned, would never have been actually of use; yet will small remnants and shreds of knowledge be brought away. Something is forced into the most resisting mind by incessant endeavour: something seen or heard, or parrot-like learned by rote, retains its impression, and becomes perhaps the seed of increasing discernment. Should self-cultivation begin, however late, her necessary occupations, these trifles, mis-shapen, partial, and scanty as they are, will be of excellent use; the mind, when it begins to operate, will work upon them, and, almost unconscious of where and how it came by such ideas, will find them, use them, and be set forwards by the means to much advantage.

Imperious circumstances, however, teach much more than masters do; and forcing the attention, fix the knowledge so gained in a much more indelible manner. "I will," and "I won't," are favourite expressions with inconsiderate boys. While mere boys, disgraceful as are such expressions, they may pass; but the first step taken after school is over, meets with as positive and more powerful "you shall," and "you shan't." Nothing remains, after a little ineffectual struggling, but a compromise. The doughty resolve is deferred in its execution; becomes less and less frequently resorted to; a sort of compliance becomes habitual, and an artificial pliability is superinduced, upon some of the most obstinate. The lesson might have been more easily learned; but as it must be learned, the sooner the better, whatever be the means.

The world is not so compliant as our fond parents; it cares little for our feelings, less for our whims, and it will

have its way. He who rumps and tears about the parour, as his own vagaries impel him, despising all rule and decency, must, if he come into the street, go with the crowd; after a little jostling, and shoving, and grumbling, he is obliged to mind whose toes he treads on; whose sides he elbows. He is forced to take care, or he will himself be cuffed and scoffed at, perhaps trampled under foot. No remonstrance could teach economy at one time; but straits and difficulties force in the necessary art of calculation, the easy method of taking care and saving. Impatience is constrained for its own sake to command itself, as the easiest, the only way, of preventing patience from being utterly worn out. Good manners, neglected so long, are courted now as the necessary passport to good company. Docility takes place of obstreperous resistance, as giving less trouble in circumstances which cannot be altered or avoided. It is well when something is found of sufficient power to force that mind which is dawdling to acts when desultory caprice is bound down to regularity; when indolence is roused and stimulated to at least the usual exertions of daily employment. Call the occasion hard, call the person an enemy: the occasion is excellent, the person befriends us much, by which we are brought into action, and such exertions are produced as may attain some useful object.

“I should like to be this,”—“I had rather be that,” says the unsettled, ineffective mind. What would be the result of such oscillation, if left without any sufficient impetus, but a total cessation of all action? It is well when some irresistible circumstance arises to say,—“you shall be neither the one nor the other. Here is a path opened before you; walk in it.” The caprice must be given up, the dislike overcome; the reluctant powers shall take the shape appointed and must expand in the only way left them. Many a character is thus saved from ruin; by what was regarded as a destructive circumstance. Obligated to learn, learning in that mode became easy, and after a while even pleasant. The lessons are appro-

prizes to the wants and situation, and their intrinsic value recommends them to adoption. The knowledge is indeed forced in, but its own usefulness makes it to be received with avowal, and retained with pleasure.

When the eyes are thus imperiously constrained to one object, much that was thought true concerning happiness appears to be false; and much that was despised as the dream of doting parents is found to be serious fact. Much which was felt unpleasant, by habit becomes bearable; nay, beauties or advantages are discovered, to make it desirable every way. Employment shapes the mind, the temper is moulded by the circumstances, and the character is gradually formed, fixed, polished, till the man ranks among his species as decidedly something, as something honourable and eminent.

Weighty motives may have much influence, even where the necessity is not so imperious. To be swayed by proper motives is the characteristic of a rational creature. If a youth deserves so to be ranked, he will learn the lessons of wisdom, when presented in so suitable a mode. He puts off the boy, from the forcible persuasion that something more manly now becomes him. When a person sees what ought to be, what must be, all that is in him of propriety and steadiness, will incline him to accommodate his conduct to the demands of his situation. None but the inconsiderate will so far disregard their own welfare as to refuse to learn what becomes necessary to them. Soon is it discovered, that something must be settled upon, some line of life adopted; and the appropriate knowledge must be gained, the suitable habits formed. The mind turns into that channel; stores up the maxims found to be important, and begins to assume some honourable shape. The only means in a parent's power will show the path which must be taken: the forcible necessity of considering a parent's comfort, or providing support, will bring all the affectionate feelings to bear upon the point, and induce the mind to take the proper resolution. Affection will make that smooth and

easy, which in its nature may not be pleasant; and will reward toil and suffering in a manner which will take off their bitterness. If by such motives the mind is actuated to choose to follow, to labour, in some distinct and effective mode; it is also trained by their operation to feel sensations the most conducive to happiness, and to act upon principles highly honourable to character. Even the effect of common custom is not small in forming character. Too powerful, indeed, is it in biasing the mind to evil, when the customs common are immoral. Where there is no pernicious tendency, this influence is as salutary as it is powerful. What others do, we feel to be attainable, to be necessary. Not to do the same, is in some degree disgraceful; as it implies want of capacity, of steady application, or of regulating principle.

‘Motives such as these have great influence in pointing out what ought to be learned, and in engaging that attention which is needful to the attaining the necessary knowledge. One consideration of this nature will instruct the docile mind very powerfully; will rouse it to fit itself for action; to take the shape needful for the occasion; to fix the prime attention on topics hitherto deemed dull, and to accustom to habits which the volatile call laborious. The mind is brought into exertion, the thing needed for real attainment; it is impelled by a motive felt sufficient; the activity takes a suitable direction. Its own acts are always gratifying; what it gains by self-exertion, will appear to be valuable, will be felt to be important. And though some false estimates may occur, yet by degrees better ability is attained, real knowledge is stored up, traits of character are formed, and the man rises into view disburdened of the boy, and glowing with riper judgment and more honourable feelings.

‘That example teaches better than precept, is so obvious as to be become an adage. Much is the character of the young influence, formed, exalted, or ruined, by such instruction. Could we distinctly trace them, many of our sentiments, and the points which form our character, would be found to have

taken their rise from direct or unconscionable imitation of those among whom we began to move. Happy is it for the young when the examples before their eyes are worthy of imitation: when, especially, some one example of honourable and successful mental energy is near enough to be distinctly discerned and carefully studied. Powerful is such influence; salutary in its effect, and highly useful in forming the emulative young to sentiments and habits of excellence. Some virtues seem almost beyond attainment; but if their actual existence is discerned, fostered, eminent, and shining, in some living characters, then indolence hardly durst say that the thing cannot be done. Honourable station, won as the reward of talent and useful exertion, will stimulate to similar endeavours, and give an ardor which will not be discouraged, and which shall not be disappointed. That steady consistency of character which arises from fixed principles and powerful motives assumed into action, is often derived from the accidental sight, but better still if from the constant contemplation of one whose success points out the road, and the means of similar advantages. Under the influence of such powerful instruction, ideas are roused and raised of great importance to future life: notions which only floated loose in the mind become fixed principles: virtuous dispositions are strengthened, and become able to resist the silly laugh of unthinking characters: and habits become established in a manner which may greatly support right conduct in difficult seasons.

It must not be forgotten, that strong as is the efficacy of example, it is not always good example which catches the attention, and influences the mind, and feelings, and habits of the young. To the ruin of many a fair prospect in life, of many a lovely character, as the first blossoms seemed to promise, pestiferous example, like a blight or mildew, has in one moment come across and destroyed all the fond hopes of the broken hearted parents. It is baleful to a young mind to perceive that certain hateful crimes are possible; that persons

live in criminal indulgences, who nevertheless maintain a fair character, and are received into what is called good company. All familiarity with such immoralities, tends to take off that horror at sin, which unpractised minds find to be a considerable preservative against it. Slight compliance will now and then be yielded to; and when once this awful lesson is learned, who can say how deep a proficient in vice, the tyro may become? By slow degrees, perhaps, but in a manner dreadfully certain, the best feelings are blunted, the better habits are broken in upon, the character soon becomes deteriorated. Principles are forgotten, checks of conscience no longer rise, or rise ineffectually. Insidious vice, which here and there penetrated and undermined principle, comes on some occasion as an inundation, and sweeps the whole mound away, or wears such a breach at least as permits continual damage. From being suffered, vice, under the fostering influence of example, becomes adopted; is heartily cultivated. The allurements which once filled with disgust, attract the now corrupted taste. Continued example leads to emulative viciousness, and with heorical boldness are the most desperate schemes of atrocity brooded over, hatched, and brought into open day. How is the dreadful instruction imbibed? What no precept could have effected, is gradually produced by insinuating example, and where the influence does not take effect to such alarming degree, yet the evil produced is always something: something to be dreaded and guarded against with the utmost care, by such as watch with anxiety the powers which most effectually combine to form and fix the growing character.

‘Possibly more than we are aware of, will the actual character receive its form and value from some accidental words, spoken with, and sometimes without, particular intention. The young mind feels their power, and acts ever after under their influence. A kiss of approbation, given by a fond mother, at sight of a juvenile drawing, done at stolen opportu-

ilities, by West, when a child, fixed his growing inclination to the arts. "That kiss made me a painter," has he often said. One word of encouragement has frequently by inspiring hope, stimulated to the requisite exertions. A prognostication of future eminence has half occasioned its own fulfilment, by setting the object full in view, and rousing the delighted imagination with the foretasted enjoyment of destined honours. A small success, in itself a trifle, shall, by being noticed and approved, so seem to place the greater success within reach, that the ardent mind feels as if a little more only, and the whole will be obtained. This little more will indeed show the falsity of such hope, but it will also by nearer approximation increase the impetus, and eventually ensure the success. A sneer shall sometimes check, most unfortunately check, rising endeavour; will give the timorous mind to fear it never can excel, or rouse the proud mind to determine it will rather give up all than endure such sneer again for endeavours which must be imperfect. Emulation is nipped in the bud, and perhaps never do the powers recover the benumbing effect of one foolish sarcasm. If indeed the sarcasm were directed against some folly, some attempt at unworthily excelling, becoming eminent in criminality; then its influence is beneficial. There are those who have been saved from all the shameful preeminence of low buffoonery, by a contemptuous smile, or a serious hint of caution. Those who think a single word can be of no avail, greatly mistake: it may give light and afford a clue, the only thing needed in some cases to direct exertion, and ensure success. It may cheer under present difficulties, and stimulate the rising mind to effective labours. Not the whip, but a mere chirrup, will encourage the generous steed to perseverance: and a word spoken in due season, how good is it! Those who are apt to speak words at random, without considering what may be the effect of a silly sentence, should take this hint; and be on their guard, lest they do irreparable mischief. And such

as have only opportunity to drop a hint, or even dart a look of intelligence, may be encouraged to their tiny endeavours: a single seed may take root, and show at least its own excellence; perhaps become a store in future years.

‘ By many ways, then, is the character expanded. By many ways is the mass of knowledge gained. There is scarcely any day passes without some impression, good or bad, being made. Some seed sown, which in future life shall spring up: well if it be the principal wheat. But how often do the unsightly and pestiferous weeds appear, intermingling with, perhaps overpowering the better crop! we sigh, and say an enemy hath done this. Whatever dwells on the mind, becomes a maxim, inspires dread, or raises a wish; will have a powerful influence on coming days, and will do much towards forming the man. The notion which is deeply impressed, will find its time for action; the fact which has been practically explained, will never be forgotten; that knowledge cannot be torn away from the memory, nor its influence on the heart hindered. The habit formed by indolence, by mere custom, by insidious or virtuous design, will continue; and imprint itself deeper and yet deeper on the pliant mind. The mass of knowledge or feeling of principle or conduct, will be the result of many lessons, gathered from various and often unsuspected sources.

‘ Yet powerful as will be the effect produced by these differing modes of instruction, one much more powerful remains to be considered:—that which is the professed purpose of this volume to recommend; even *self-cultivation*. Whatever of the former modes may take effect without this assistance, will be found not to be excellent, but feeble; not to be virtuous, but vicious: for this principle must be put in exercise, or nothing will be gained worth having. No power can compel the mind; it must act itself. Vice cannot be forced into it against its own will. Indolently at least it solicits, or actively it cultivates the baleful gratification. No wonder then,

if virtuous principle, if useful knowledge, require active reception and diligent cultivation; and that by the mind itself. Weeds will grow apace, grow merely by negligence; but plants of value, of delicacy, of fragrance, or of clustered fruitfulness, demand all the fostering care, watchfulness, and support which the owner can give them: and the more liberal he is in his daily attention, the more abundant will be his satisfaction, or increase, in their prosperity. There is a selection to be made, which can only be done by one's self; which sentiment shall be adopted; for various and even opposite ones will offer. Habits will solicit indulgence; some of which must be resisted, and others cultivated. Paths of knowledge will open; the vista may appear delightfully inviting, which will in fact only bewilder or lead astray. The mind itself must judge in order to which it must examine, determine, and act accordingly. Such action, such careful examination, is the very process recommended. One maxim ascertained by one's self, will give more real knowledge than twenty demonstrated by others, even though done much more adroitly. Self-cultivation works to better purpose. Without her aid, nearly all that others do is lost; with her effective delightful labour, much is gained, and gained to purpose; fastened, stored up, placed ready for use, and often resorted to in the actual business of life.'

The remainder of the volume, of which we have extracted only one *seventh* part, is much in the same strain. On the whole it may be a useful *home* school book, and being small and not expensive, deserves for those reasons, among others, to find favour as such.

ART. IV.—*Epitaph on the late Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith.*
Suggested by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Professor of Theology
at Princeton.

Hoc tumulo conditur
Quod mortale fuit Viri admodum reverendi
SAMUELIS STANHOPE SMITH, S. T. D. L. L. D.
Nuper Collegii Neo-Cæsariensis Præsidis,
Et ejusdem
Sacrosanctæ Theologiæ et Philosophiæ Moralis Professoris.
Natus Peques, Pennsylvaniensium, A. D. MDCCL,
Evangelii Ministri insignio Filius, ipse insignior;
Literis humanioribus in Aula Nassovicâ imbutus;
In eadem Tutor tres annos;
Ordinibus Sacris initiatus, A. D. MDCCLXX.
Academiæ Hampden-Sydnienensis, apud Virginienses,
Fundator et Primus Rector;
Inde revocatus ejus Almâ Matre, ad manus Professoris,
A. D. MDCCLXXIX;
Vice-Præses creatus, A. D. MDCCLXXXVI;
Denique Præsidis dignitate exornatus, A. D. MDCCXCV:
Quibus muniis omnibus præclaris et gravissimis,
Satisfecit,
Quanta ipsius laude, quantoque bono publico,
Alumni permulti studiosi et sibi devotissimi,
Ubique testantur.
Sed, eheu! aliis inserviando ipse consumitur.
Laboribus fractus assiduus, morbisque creberrimis,
Sceptrum Academicum alteri dedit, A. D. MDCCCXII.
Tandem languore lento paulatim confectus,
Animam Deo placide reddidit die 21mo. Augi. A. D. MDCCCXIX.
Ætatis suæ LXX.
Theologiâ, Philosophiâ, omnique doctrinâ exaltus:
In docendo peritus, in scribendo ornatus,
In concionando perpolitus, gravis et valde disertus;
Saluti, honori, emolumento Reipublicæ maximè deditus;
Beneficentiâ, hospitalitate, urbanitate, venustate præstans;
Ecclesiæ, Patriæ, Literarum, Collegii Decus.
Hocce Marmor,
In memoriam operarum ejus, dotumque eximiarum,
Et reverentiæ suæ,
Curatores Collegii Neo-Cæsariensis
Ponendum atque inscribendum curaverunt.

ART. V.—On the Employment of Common Salt for the Purposes of Horticulture. By Samuel Parkes, F. L. S., &c.

[This Essay, extracted from the Horticultural Memoirs of Edinburgh, was rewarded by the prize medal of the Caledonian Horticultural Society, for 1819.]

As a science, *Horticulture* is comparatively but of a modern date. It was unknown both in Greece and in ancient Rome; for in all the accounts which we have of the baths, the grottos, and the aqueducts, which were considered so ornamental to their cities, there is, I believe, nothing described which conveys any idea whatever of our modern gardens. The Britons, like the Romans and the ancient Germans made use of herbs and fruits; but, according to Strabo, they were such as grew in the fields and woods, without cultivation. Indeed it has often been questioned, whether the hanging-gardens of Babylon, of which so much has been said, were not more for the display of an original kind of architecture, or for the ostentatious exhibition of ornamental and expensive sculptures, and enormous idols of gold and silver, than for any purposes of real utility.

Even in the Augustan age, when the wines of Italy were in general estimation, little was known of the true method of cultivating the vine, as appears from a story which is recorded by Pliny. He relates that a celebrated grammarian, who lived in the reign of Tiberius,* bought a vineyard, which had been so much neglected by its former owner, that it had become almost barren; and that when, by care and attention, he had rendered it fruitful, his neighbours, who had no idea that trees could be so improved by cultivation, and whose

* In a century or two after this period, it is probable that the Romans had acquired more knowledge of the management of vineyards; for we read that, about A. D. 278, the settlers in Britain, finding that some parts of the Island were not unfit for vineyards, obtained permission from the emperor Probus to plant vines here, and make wine from their produce.

vineyards had always been much less productive, propagated a story that he had procured such unusual crops by the arts of magic and sorcery.*

It likewise appears from a variety of testimony, that the ancients were equally ignorant of the methods of rearing shrubs, herbs, and plants. Such of these as were cultivated, were preserved merely for the purposes of medicine; and though the medical professors had this stimulus, their knowledge of varieties seems to have been very limited. Theophrastus, a writer of great credit, who carefully collected plants as well as minerals, and who collected not only those of Greece, but travelled in Egypt, Ethiopia, and Arabia, for the improvement of science, was able to obtain only 600 species. M. Rollin, however, tells us, that when, by order of Pope Nicholas V. in the middle of the 14th century, a translation of the work of Theophrastus was printed, the physicians of that day, perhaps the only class of men who attended to the orders of plants, were so dissatisfied with the narrow limits of botanical knowledge, that resolutions were taken to go in quest of it to the very places whence Theophrastus and others of the ancients had written. He adds, that in consequence of these decisions, voyages were made to the islands of the Archipelago, to Palestine, to Arabia, and to Egypt; and these expeditions were attended with so much success, that in the beginning of the 16th century, the learned were in possession of the description, not of 600 only, but of more than 6,000 plants, with engraved figures of each.†

It seems, however, that botany did not obtain much of the appearance of a science until the beginning of the last century, when Louis XIV, with the munificence becoming a great prince, commissioned Mons. Tournefort to make a botanical excursion through many of the provinces of Asia and

* Pliny, lib. xiv. c. 3.

† Rollin's History of Arts and Sciences of the ancients, vol. iii.

Africa, to collect plants, and to make observations upon natural history in general. This great man received the king's order in the year 1700, and although he was driven home in 1702, by the fear of the plague which then raged in Egypt, he brought home so many new plants, that he could enumerate 1,356 distinct species, without including any on those which he had collected in his former travels.

The learned throughout Europe were proud of these achievements, and Tournefort was considered to be one of the greatest ornaments of France. In England, however, we had the excellent and eminent John Ray, a man whom we had equal reason to value and admire, who indeed rather preceded Tournefort, and was equally assiduous in his endeavours to promote the knowledge of plants. In consequence of the exertions of this great man, and of the methodical arrangements which he had formed of the vegetable kingdom, together with the subsequent labours of Boerhaave, Linnæus, Hudson, and others, botany, about the middle of the last century, assumed a distinguished rank among the sciences of Europe.

Such are the fruits of industry, when directed by taste and by the energies of an enlarged mind; but the discovery and arrangement of new plants were not the only benefits that were achieved by the exertions of a succession of great men, all directed to the attainment of one important object; for with the knowledge of plants, the want of gardens increased;* and as these became more common, the public gradually ac-

* I am aware that there were gardens in Great Britain before the Norman conquest, belonging to the monks, but the inhabitants in general had not this useful luxury. There were also large vineyards here in the 12th century. William of Malmesbury says, that the grapes produced in the vale of Gloucester were of the sweetest taste, and made most excellent wines, but these were likewise the property of the great barons, the monks, and abbots: for the general inhabitants of the country participated neither in the credit nor profit which was attached to these establishments.

quired a taste for planting; until the desire of possessing a garden became general throughout Europe.

The changes which this produced in society were many and important; and, I have no doubt that, a person now travelling through Europe, and making this one of the objects of his inquiry, would find the character of each people more or less favourable, according to the degree in which a taste for gardening prevails among them. Were I asked to enumerate the causes which produced that increase of civilization, which has gradually taken place during the last two or three centuries, I should most certainly place the introduction of gardening next to the invention of printing. The possession of a garden has a natural tendency to soften the character of the most ferocious; it attaches a man to home, and doubles the value of his habitation; and whenever its cultivation is engaged in with ardeur, it not only affords an inextinguishable means of occupying leisure hours, but it has also the important effect of diverting the attention from all low and unworthy pursuits.

Buffon, the celebrated French naturalist, was so enamoured of his garden, that he erected a pavilion within it, in which he could study with convenience. There he usually retired at five o'clock in the morning, and was then inaccessible. Prince Henry of Prussia named this sylvan retreat the 'cradle of natural history.' The illustrious lord Bacon has pronounced gardening to be the 'purest of human pleasures, and the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man.'

The dissemination of a taste for gardening is, in my opinion, one of the most valuable effects of the establishment of all horticultural societies; and I have no doubt but that, in this way, the Caledonian Horticultural Society will be found to be eminently useful. While addressing the members of this respectable association, I hope I may be allowed to say, that I feel proud of having been enrolled among those whose efforts tend not only to the improvement of natural history,

and rural economy, but also to the promotion of moral habits and propensities. Punctuated with these feelings, I shall greatly rejoice if the following observations and collection of facts, upon a subject in which the public seem now to take considerable interest, should in any degree excite a general desire in others to further the important objects of the Society.

The subject which I have now chosen for discussion and investigation, is the application of *Common Salt to the purposes of Horticulture*, the several branches of which I propose to consider in the following order:

1st. That common salt, when applied in due proportion, has the effect of promoting the health and growth of vegetables.

2dly. That it has the property of rendering fruit trees and succulent plants unfit for the food or the habitation of worms and insects.

3dly. That common salt is one of the most efficacious substances that can be employed in a garden for the destruction of worms and insects; and,

4thly. That common salt may, with material advantage, be likewise used for the destruction of weeds, or other noxious vegetables.

Under the first division of our subject, it is to be observed, that the celebrated Dr. Darwin, when treating of common salt as a manure for land, asserts, that this substance 'is a stimulus which excites the vegetable absorbent vessels into greater action than usual, and that in a certain quantity, it increases their growth, by enabling them to take up more nourishment in a given time; and consequently, to perform their circulations and secretions with greater energy.' Sir Humphry Davy, from what he says in his *Agricultural Chemistry*, seems, on the other hand, to think it also probable, 'that common salt acts as a manure, by entering into the

composition of the plants, somewhat in the same manner with gypsum, phosphate of lime, and the alkalies.

These opinions will be thought to have great weight, as few persons, comparatively speaking, will be able to confirm them by their own experience, in consequence of the very limited attention that has hitherto been bestowed on the use of salt in horticulture, the more useful way, perhaps, of treating this subject, will be to lay before the society the evidence of those practical men, who have already published the results of their experiments, and then to draw such conclusions as their communications may seem to justify.

Dr. Brownrigg, who, in the year 1748, published a valuable work '*On the Art of making Common Salt*,' makes the following statement

'Salt,' says he, 'contributes greatly to fructify the earth, and when properly used as a manure, affords ample nourishment to corn and other vegetables, and renders kingdoms rich and fertile, where it happens to abound in the soil.' p. 448.

Mr. Hollingshead, a gentleman of considerable fortune, who resided near Chorley in Lancashire, and spent many years in making experiments on the application of common salt as a manure, and who also made powerful efforts to obtain a repeal of the salt laws, published a few years before his death, a very interesting pamphlet on the subject. In this work, to which I am greatly indebted for much useful information, he relates, that 'when foul salt was permitted to the farmers duty-free, a person near Middlewich in Cheshire, trenched his garden in autumn, mixing with the soil a quantity of foul salt. The following spring, it was dug or delivered in the usual method, and planted with potatoes. The crop produced therefrom was such as far exceeded his most sanguine expectations. Twenty of the potatoes were produced, which weighed sixty pounds.'

Several other testimonies to the beneficial effects of common salt in the culture of the potato might be produced, but

is collected more decisive as that of Reverend Dr. Cartwright, which is published in the fourth volume of the *Communications to the Board of Agriculture*.

Having previously prepared a piece of land for the experiments, on the 14th of April 1804, a portion of the land was laid out in beds of one yard wide and forty yards long, twenty-four of which were manured in different ways; one of the beds had no manure, and fifteen of the beds had salt put upon them, in the proportion of a quarter of a peck to each bed. On the same day the whole was planted with potatoes, a single row in each bed; and that the experiment might be conducted with all possible accuracy, the same sets were planted in each bed. On the 21st of September, the potatoes were taken up, and the produce of each row was accurately ascertained; from which it appeared, that in every instance excepting one, where the salt was used, the crop was found to be superior; so that, of ten different manures, most of which are of known and acknowledged efficacy, salt proved superior to them all, one only excepted, viz., chandlers graves; and that bed in which salt and soot were combined, produced of all others, the *best* crop. But the most singular circumstance, and that which has induced me to submit the relation of this experiment to the society, is, that where salt was used, whether by itself or in combination, the roots were entirely free from the scabbiness to which potatoes are often liable, and from which none of the other beds were altogether exempt, although there were in the same field nearly forty beds of potatoes, besides those which were planted for the sake of these experiments.

In the culture of the *turnep*, salt is also very efficacious. In the twenty-seventh volume of the *Annals of Agriculture* is a paper communicated by Davies Giddy, Esq., president of the Penzance Agricultural Society, which contains an account of some very important experiments on this subject. At Metchenhaus 1790, Mr. Sichel, a member of the Society,

entered upon an estate, so much impoverished by the former tenant, as scarcely to return the value of the seed. In the spring of 1791, Mr. Sickler prepared two acres for turneps, which had borne seven crops of oats in succession. The last crop did not produce nine bushels on an acre. In the first week of April, the earth from the ditches was carried into the field, and laid in four piles; each received three cart-loads of sea-shell sand, and five bushels of salt. The earth from another ditch, chiefly consisting of the decayed soil, which had been taken off the ground in former tillage, was placed in three more piles, and each of these received also three cartloads of sand, but no salt, on account of the apparent richness of the earth. Half the field was manured with the four first piles; but the three last not being sufficient for the other half, what remained without manure was sown with salt, at the rate of ten bushels to an acre.

That part of the field where salt had been used, either mixed with earth or alone, produced about half a crop of turneps, but the crop totally failed where was no salt.

In 1792, three acres, which in 1791 had borne a crop of wheat, not exceeding twelve bushels on an acre, were ploughed before Christmas, and brought into fine tilth by midsummer following. On each acre were sown twenty bushels of salt, excepting that two ridges towards the middle of the field were purposely left without any salt; on these two ridges the turneps totally failed, but the remainder of the field produced a plentiful crop.

In 1793, four acres of land, completely worn out by successive tillage, were ploughed before Christmas; three acres were sown with salt, at the rate of twenty-five bushels, and the remaining acre with eighteen bushels, without any other manure. The crop was in general a good one, but visibly best where the greatest quantity of salt had been used. Since that time, crops of turneps have been raised, with equal success, by the use of salt; and in the severe winter of 1794-5,

it was observed that these turneps were much less injured by the frost, than others similarly treated and cultivated in the common way. The writer of the account suggests, that if turneps are less injured by frost when they are manured with salt, than when they are cultivated in the usual manner, it must indicate an extraordinary degree of health and vigour in the plant; but a single observation is insufficient to establish such a fact.

The free use of salt, in the culture of the carrot, has also been found very efficacious. The effect of enlarging the growth and consequently increasing the crop of all esculent vegetables, has long been known to all the gardeners in America. Sir John Sinclair likewise informs us, that drilled carrots grow well in a salted bed, the salt being laid under the surface, in the centre of the intervals between the rows, and at some distance from the roots, in such manner, that it may be dissolved before the fibres of the roots meet it. See *Husbandry of Scotland*, second edition, vol. ii. Appendix, p. 182.

Some years ago, Baron Humboldt discovered that a weak solution of any of the oxy muriatic salts has the property of accelerating and increasing the growth of vegetables. This effect is probably owing to the circumstance of the oxy muriates being converted by exposure to the air into common muriates. It might, however, be within the scope of your society's plan and intentions to offer premiums to such gardeners as would willingly make farther experiments on bleachers' residuum, an article which may be had for little or nothing, and which, if divested of the sulphate and muriate of manganese, which is always contained in it, would doubtless prove a very powerful and beneficial manure.

A gardener of considerable celebrity at Chorley in Lancashire, of the name of Beck, made use of common salt in his extensive gardens for upwards of thirty years, especially upon his *onions*; and he found that the application of this salt very

far surpassed that of all other manures. He never took any care to ascertain the exact quantity of salt which he employed; but when he was questioned as to this point, he said, that he thought he was accustomed to use it in the proportion of about sixteen bushels to an acre of land. His practice was to sow the salt immediately after he had covered in the seed; a point which should always be attended to, because it has been found, that, if the salt be sown after the plants show themselves above ground, the whole crop will inevitably be destroyed. On the contrary, if a moderate quantity of salt be sown upon the land as soon as the onion seed is deposited in the ground, say about six pounds to one square perch of land, or four ounces to a square yard, the result will not fail to be striking and advantageous.

The general failure of the onions last year has been much spoken of, but I do not hear of a single gardener that employed salt who had not a very abundant crop. As a corroboration of this, I may infer to the letter of Mr. William Morton of Biel, which was read to our Society on the 8th of September last, and which states the benefits he had derived from the use of brine, made by the solution of common salt in water, and which he had applied to his beds of onions, shallots, and other roots. I shall, however have occasion, before I conclude this address, again to refer to Mr. Morton's letter.

Seeing that common salt produces such striking effects in the culture of potatoes, turneps, carrots, onion, shallots, &c. I cannot help being surprised that it has not been brought into general use long since, especially as I observe, that more than 200 years ago, the lord Chancellor Bacon, in the most unequivocal manner, recommended its employment in the practice of horticulture. His words are these; 'several herbs, such as radish, beet, rue, pennyroyal, like best being watered with salt water; and I advise the extension of this trial to some other herbs, especially those which are strong, such as

mustard, rocket and the like.—*Lord Bacon's Natural History*. I must, however, now proceed to the consideration of the effect of salt in the cultivation of fruits.

The action of common salt upon *fruit-trees*, when judiciously applied, is equally beneficial. In cider countries it has been the practice on some estates, where the owners have been ambitious to have fine orchards, to dig a small trench a few yards distant from each apple-tree, and to put within it a small quantity of salt, which, by means of the rain, becomes dissolved, and is gradually conveyed to the roots of the trees. This practice is said to increase the quantity of the fruit, and to preserve the trees in the utmost health and vigour.

Mr. Hollingshead, whom I have before mentioned, and who studied this subject for many years, remarks, that 'those farmers who reside near the sea-shore, might derive considerable advantage from watering their grounds with sea-water, or sowing them with sand from the beach, below high water-mark, during the spring and autumn, as the particles of salt contained therein would be a great benefit. *Fruit-trees*,' says he, 'and the hop plant should also be sprinkled with sea-water, or have salt or sea-sand laid about them at some distance from their stems. The cotton-tree and sugarcane, in the West Indies, would also derive considerable advantage from this mode of treatment.' p. 21.

There is a very striking experiment on record, which was made by the late Mr. Gilbert, steward to the late duke of Bridgewater, on the effect of common salt upon apple-trees; and from my own knowledge of that gentleman, I have no hesitation in saying, that I believe the account may be strictly relied upon. This gentleman, who was not only steward to the duke, but also a large salt manufacturer, had an estate contiguous to his salt-pits at Windham in Cheshire, on which was an orchard planted with apple-trees, which, being grown old, constantly bore in the spring a profusion of blossoms, but never brought any fruit to perfection. To remedy this

defect, the tenant spread a quantity of rock-salt, bruised small, about each of the trees, at some distance from their stems; and ever since that period all the trees in that orchard have continued to be very productive, yielding abundance of fine, large, and well-flavoured apples.

A merchant at Liverpool, with whom I am well acquainted, has sent me an extract from a letter which he received from a very respectable correspondent, on the state of the fruits in the gardens at Droitwich, a town in Worcestershire, which is one of the most considerable places in Great Britain for the manufacture of common salt. It runs thus:

‘It is a remarkable circumstance, and worthy observation, that about the 15th of July, when the small fruit began to fail, and become scarce in the markets, in consequence of the great drought, the fruit in the gardens at Droitwich had not the least appearance of the want of rain, but, on the contrary, was in a state of the greatest possible luxuriance; and I am certain I speak within compass, when I say I could have gathered hundreds of clusters of currants that would have weighed half-a-pound each. The stems of the bunches were so long and numerous in the clusters, and the currants so large, that I remarked to my children who were with me, I was convinced their appearance, so different from every other place at the same time, arose from the presence of salt in the atmosphere, occasioned by the boiling of so many pans at the salt-works here.’

In addition to these facts, I am desirous of remarking, that the employment of common salt in agriculture and horticulture, is much more frequent in foreign countries than it is in these kingdoms; for I have the most unquestionable authority for stating, that ‘salt is employed in the cultivation of the vine and other fruit-trees on the borders of the Rhone, and that they are improved by this application.’ &c. &c.

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ART. VI.—Krimmel's Picture—'Return from Boarding School.'

THE engraving published in this number, is taken from a picture intended as the companion to the one presented in our last. The two viewed together, show the story which the artist meant to depict, and explain the moral that he wished to convey.

In the first is seen the young damsel in unadorned and rustic simplicity, but in the moment of departure for the boarding school, to which she is destined by the mistaken pride and fondness of her parents—for the purpose of acquiring the refinements of a city education. In the second plate we perceive the metamorphosis effected by the ill-advised experiment.

Decked in the most fashionable attire, and seated in the midst of luxurious articles of furniture, that appear to have been brought with her or for her from the town—her dress and figure form a striking contrast with the rusticity of the other members of the family;—while the indications of her newly acquired accomplishments, and *improved* taste—the piano, work-table, foot-stool, lap-dog—mirror, carpet—the mantle ornaments, and drawings over the fire-place, present an incongruous medley with the remaining furniture and decorations of the apartment. An incongruity however, not unfrequently to be seen in the parlours of our wealthy farmers.

Her foot on the overturned spinning-wheel, indicates her contempt for the morning occupations of former days, now laid aside in favour of the piano. And the miniature depending from her left hand, shows that the attractions of an epaulette and regimentals have been too powerful for her constancy, and explains why the plain dressed lover advancing to make the salutations of his first visit since her return, is scornfully repulsed by his fickle mistress.

The next most conspicuous figure is that of the father, reading with vexation and astonishment the various items

of the 'bill of tuition,' while his attention is vainly called to the neglected breakfast by the girl in waiting.

The back ground contains three figures in excellent *keeping*, with the more important personages of the scene. The mother points with great complacency to the drawings over the mantle piece, and the stupid admiration of the elder visitor, as well as the envy of the younger, are distinctly marked by the expression of their countenances.—The old grandame also, and her astonishment at the reception met with by the lover, and all the minor and even minute objects are perfectly consistent with the main design.

Mr. Krimmel's style of painting is the same in which Wilkie has gained a celebrity that places him among the first artists of the age; and that has given immortality of fame to Hogarth. Whenever the present insensibility to the interests of the fine arts shall have passed away, and the American public have learned to appreciate the labours of the pencil, Krimmel's name will rank high as an artist of great ingenuity of design, and truth and delicacy of delineation. And perhaps a future generation will pay honors to his talent that are now withheld from his living worth.

Some of the most remarkable among Mr. Krimmel's pictures are—'The Election ground,' 'Battle on Lake Champlain with portraits of the officers,' 'The Return from market,' all these in the possession of A. Lawson, Esq. 'Village politicians,' 'Quilting frolic,' 'Country wedding,' belonging to A. Murray, Esq.

'The Soldier's departure,' 'Blind man's buff' and the 'Cut finger' in possession of Messrs. Flandin and Winthrop, New York, and many others at his rooms in Spruce street above Seventh.

ADVERTISEMENT.

On the first Saturday of January next, will be published, by James Maxwell, at the S. E. corner of Fourth and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, the first number of

THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

OR,

JOURNAL OF CRITICISM, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS,

BEING A THIRD SERIES OF THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

Prospectus.

EXPERIENCE has demonstrated to the editors of the various magazines which have at different times appeared in the United States, that monthly journals are not popular with our reading public. There are perhaps strong reasons why they should not have received a greater share of favour from the community of late years. The establishment of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews has caused a new æra in periodical literature. Criticism, as it appears in their pages, is quite a different science from what it formerly was. Its tone is more elevated, its judgments more profound and comprehensive. It does not content itself with an examination of the literary merits of a book, and the respective performances of the author and printer; but it enters into the wide field of speculation and argument, treating less upon books than upon their subject matter. And bringing to the consideration of the subject great masses of learning, and a surprising power of analysis. Its disquisitions are generally of great length, and often display both depth of thought and extent of research: but the public is frequently left altogether ignorant of the merits of the work, the title of which is prefixed to the particular article.

It is plain that the number of pages generally given in a monthly journal, is too limited to admit criticism of this nature without incurring one of two inconveniences. A full review of a particular subject must either exclude other articles, or be continued from one number to another at a risk of losing its hold upon public attention. In order to gratify all classes of readers

poscentes vario multum diversa palato,

it is necessary that essays should be brief, and reviews confined to a rapid survey of the subject criticised, and such partial extracts as may seem to indicate the author's object and style of execution. In spite, however, of all the efforts of its editor, a monthly magazine will sometimes be overloaded

with articles of too great weight for the slender vessel he is appointed to guide, and may sometimes contain an undue proportion of matter better fitted for a weekly or daily journal. For many purposes a monthly journal is too brief, for many others its periods of return are too remote. If it be the object of a literary work to make the public acquainted with the contents and merits of new books, with the progress of science and the arts, and with the additions that are received to the stock of useful knowledge, it is evidently better both for the public and the author of a new book or useful improvement, that the vehicle of information should be of frequent recurrence. If on the other hand it be desirable that a subject should be fully discussed, and the merits of some of the more voluminous works made known, the proper medium is a quarterly not a monthly journal.

Under an impression of the inefficacy, for most valuable purposes, of a monthly journal of literature and science, the present editors of the *Analectic Magazine* have determined to change its form and period of publication. It will appear after the present year, under the title of '*The Literary Gazette*' and will be published every *Saturday* in a *quarto* form. Each number will contain sixteen pages, and as one page of the *quarto* journal will be about equal to three of the present *octavo* pages of the *Analectic Magazine*, the editors will be enabled to give more than twice as much matter during the year. No addition, however, to the present annual subscription will be required.

The new series of the *Analectic Magazine* will be conducted very nearly upon the plan of the *London Literary Gazette*, an excellent journal which is deservedly popular in England. It appears to be the aim of the editors of that work to give in each number, some account of the most promising new publications immediately after, and sometimes before their appearance in public, interesting extracts from others, abridgments of the most valuable articles in foreign and domestic journals, proceedings of learned or useful societies, discoveries in science, improvements or inventions in the arts, essays on men and manners. Their success in the undertaking seems to show decisively the advantages of a weekly over a monthly journal. Without making any very lavish promises, the editors of the *American Literary Gazette*, think that they can assure the public of an intention to conform as nearly as possible to this plan. From the comparatively small number of books published in this coun-

try, a greater proportion of foreign selections will be made. It is intended however, to give an account of every new American book to which access can be had. It has heretofore been a subject of complaint that sufficient notice has not been taken of American literature in American Journals. This defect has arisen in some measure from the want of sufficient communication between the channels of Literature in this country. We have no literary metropolis, such as Paris, Edinburgh, or London. Books are published in every state of the union, but a great proportion of them never reach this city. It is manifestly the interest of authors and publishers that this state of things should be altered. They are solicited to send a copy of each new American publication to the editors of the *Literary Gazette*.

Essays upon the state of society and manners, upon the institutions, legislation, and history of the United States, the biography of distinguished men, anecdotes and documents throwing light upon our annals will be inserted whenever they can be obtained. Each number will contain an account of the proceedings of some scientific or useful society in Europe or America, and a notice of discoveries, inventions, and improvements. Under this head it is intended to give a brief account of every new patent that is granted, for which purpose patentees are solicited to furnish their specifications. Of the fine arts it is hoped there may be materials for occasional notices.

A part of each number will be appropriated to a department of *Law*, under which head it is intended to give an abstract of the most important legislative acts of congress and of the different states, when materials for the latter can be obtained, notices of the decisions in the different courts upon important points, and the most remarkable trials before the criminal and civil tribunals.

Each number will also contain an analytical account of the chief articles in the new numbers of the *Edinburgh Review* and the other principal British Journals, of the *French Journal Des Savans*, *Revue Encyclopedique*, &c., in the *North American Review* and other principal American periodical works.

The numerous periodical works of Great Britain are still found to be attractive to the American public, and the most popular of our journals are in a great measure filled with selections from them. The *Literary Gazette* will possess the advantage of presenting more copious selections, and at a

much earlier period than any monthly or quarterly publication. The following will be regularly received, by the publisher, for that purpose. *Edinburgh Review*, *Quarterly Review*, *Journal of Science*, *Edinburgh Scientific Journal*, *Farmer's Magazine*, *Monthly Magazine*, *New Monthly Magazine*, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, *Constable's Edinburgh Magazine*, *Monthly Review*, *Eclectic Review*, *Repertory of Arts*, *Edinburgh Monthly Review*, *London Literary Gazette*, *Hunt's Weekly Examiner*, besides the most celebrated French Journals.

The page of the projected series will be so comprehensive, that three times as much selected matter can be given as the *Analectic Magazine* or *Select Reviews* have ever heretofore contained, besides the original reviews and *American Intelligence* abovementioned. And an advantage will also be gained in the facility of presenting *entire*, and immediately after their importation, such smaller productions of the British press, as are usually republished and read with avidity in this country.

Upon the whole, the editors flatter themselves that they shall be able to conduct a journal which, by combining some of the advantages of a newspaper with those of a literary and scientific magazine, may attract public attention, and be the means of forwarding the march of general improvement. They will merely add that politics, in the general acceptance of the term, will be carefully excluded from its pages.

TERMS.

I. The *Literary Gazette* or *Journal of Criticism*, &c., will be published every Saturday morning.

II. Each number will contain 16 demi-quarto pages.

III. Price to subscribers 6 dollars per annum, payable on the first of June of each year. Single numbers will be sold for 12½ cents. The usual discount will be allowed to booksellers and agents.

IV. Subscribers who prefer being supplied monthly will, on request, receive four numbers together at the end of every month.

In consequence of the low price at which the *Literary Gazette* will be sold, in proportion to the quantity of reading which it will contain, the publisher requests distant subscribers to forward the first year's subscription in advance.

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